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A WEEKLY JOURNAL

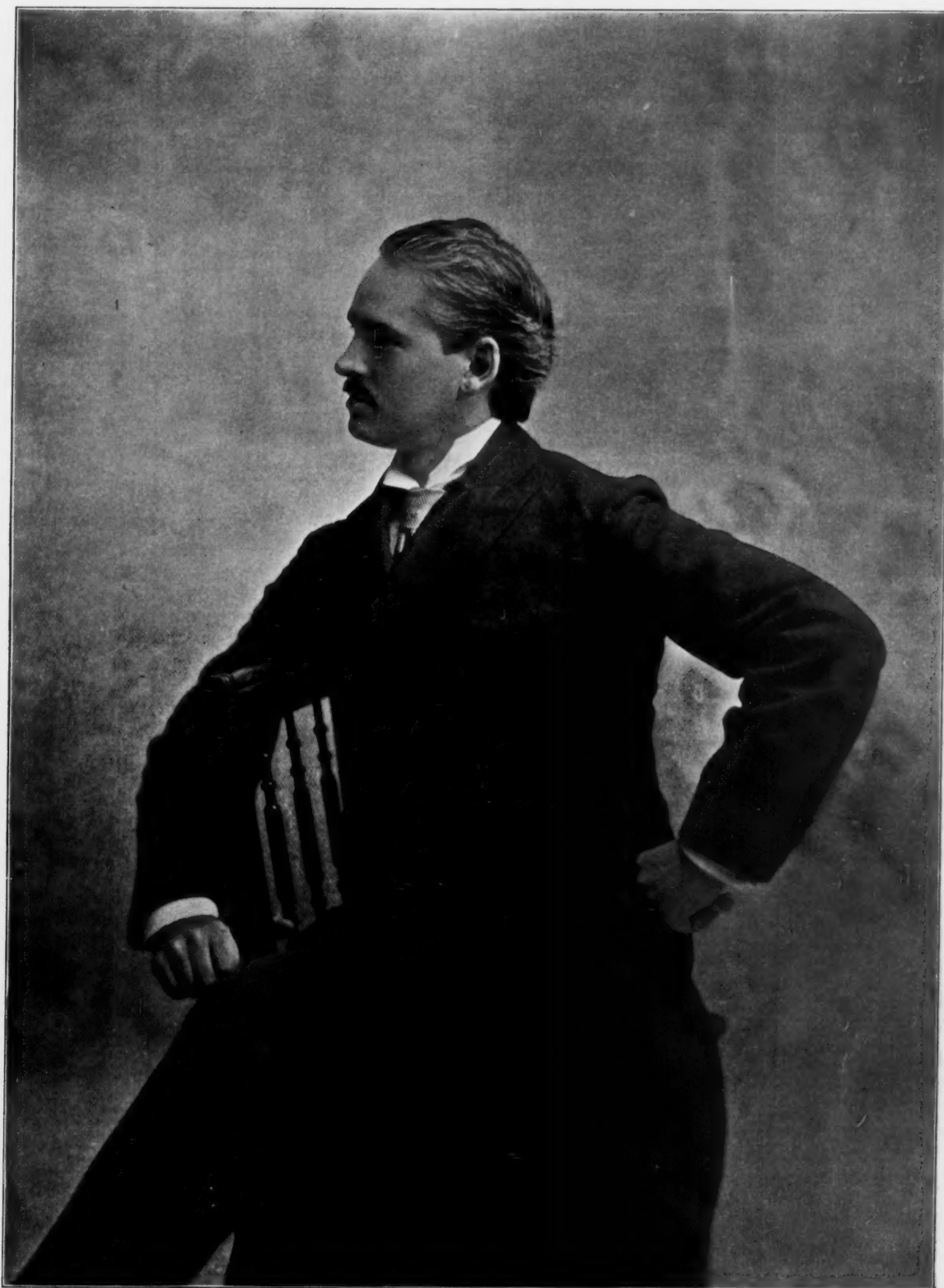
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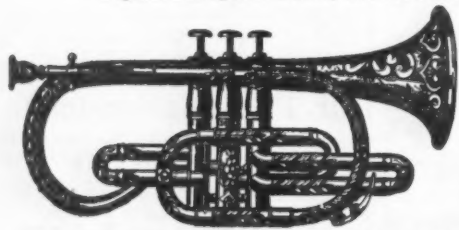
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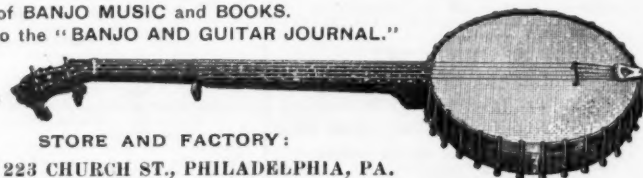
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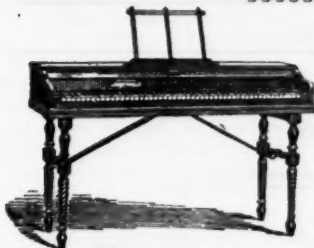
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STARTLING and incredible as it may sound, I do not hesitate to announce that I have lately heard something new in the line of piano playing. It was after the popular concert of Miss Clotilde Kleeberg, of which event I shall make mention later on, and at a soirée given by one of the directors of the Philharmonie, Mr. S. Landeker and his wife, at their splendidly furnished mansion and hospitable home, which was, moreover, gorgeously decorated for the occasion. Among the invited guests were the following personages, well known in musical circles of the German capital and elsewhere: Prof. Oscar Raif and wife, Prof. Franz Mannstaedt and wife, Court Opera Singer Fraenkel and wife, Court Opera Singer Lieban and wife, Miss Clotilde Kleeberg, Miss Emma Koch, J. H. Moore and Charles J. Ross (two young English pianists, pupils of Professor Raif and the producers of the novelty in piano playing about which I am about to write), Musikdirector Lang and wife, Kapellmeister Karp, Moritz Moszkowski, my colleague, E. E. Taubert, critic of the *Post*, and last, but as usual by no means least, Hermann Wolff, the genial concert manager, and his wife.

It is not my purpose to enumerate here the tempting and most *recherché* menu, nor yet to tantalize some of you with a description of the delicious wines with which it was washed down; nor yet do I intend, even if I were capable of so doing, to reproduce the witty, amusing and laughter causing speeches in verse and in prose which were given on this occasion; but I shall get at my subject presently.

Every musician knows that in the realm of piano playing there exist many works containing passages which present such technical difficulty to the performer that their execution is either a physical impossibility, or at least cannot quite come up to or fulfill the intentions of the composer. Among the standard compositions such works as, for instance, Schumann's *Toccata*, *Carnaval* and *Fantasia*, op. 17, also many of Chopin's studies and parts of his sonatas, may be mentioned as examples. They contain passages which, though played by the greatest pianists of our day, still leave something to be desired in their performance, the performance being either more or less of a struggle to hit the right notes or else a wholesale slurring over of these passages in virtuoso style, which, though often satisfactory to the ear of the average or even more educated listener, would not meet with the approbation of critics of the highest type, with whom any alteration of the original text is absolutely impermissible. The new idea of Messrs. Ross and Moore is to apply the modern principle of the division of labor to piano playing, and to perform such solos as the above named on two pianos, one playing the bass part and the other the treble. Of course it may be argued that a piece rendered in such a manner can never possess the same originality and homogeneity of conception as if it were played by one performer, but the same argument could then also be brought against four hand piano playing and performances for two pianos in general, or, going a step further, against also the string quartet or other chamber or concerted music.

In the case of these two young fellows the effect was really a most surprising, pleasing and artistically finished one. Of course they played with the utmost nicety of ensemble and virtually like one man, and it also goes without saying that the original text in all cases was strictly adhered to. They played on the occasion under notice the Chopin studies in A flat major, E flat major, A minor and F major, and the preludes in G, F and E flat major, as well as the Rubinstein C major octave study. This opens up a new vista for piano playing for two pianos, and I imagine that two performers such as the Misses Sutro will soon grasp the idea and give you an ideal performance of some compositions which individually might prove technically too difficult for either of these two young ladies.

Now for the musical doings of the week, which started on Tuesday night of last week with the second and for this season last chamber music soirée of Mr. and Mrs. Gustav Exner (violin and piano) and Fritz Espenhahn, the violoncellist. These concerts at Bechstein Hall are rather fashionably attended, as the concert-giving pair are teachers of some of the royal children. Otherwise they are not much above the average of domestic chamber music performances. The program opened with Christian Sinding's lately published piano trio, op. 23, in D major, which some

of the papers here treated as a novelty, performed for the first time. This, however, is not correct, as the interesting and quite valuable work was last season given from manuscript at one of the chamber music soirées of Franz Rummel, to whom, by the way, this trio is also dedicated. It was also much better performed on that occasion, more especially as far as the piano part was concerned. I gave a short synopsis at the time, and therefore don't need to return to the same mutton now.

The Exner program further contained the Beethoven string trio serenade, op. 8, in the performance of which the excellent viola player Adolf Müller, member of the Court Orchestra, participated, and wound up with the Schumann piano quartet. These latter well-known and familiar works I did not stay to hear, as I wanted to attend Mr. Franz Rummel's second piano recital.

This took place a little later on in the evening at the Singakademie, and was a well attended and in every way highly successful affair. Franz Rummel had an exceptionally good evening, and I have rarely heard him play with more brilliancy, and yet at the same time with more repose. Technically, too, he was in finest trim, and not the slightest mishap in even the most difficult passages marred the beauty and symmetry of his playing. I herewith give you his varied, attractive, interesting and comprehensive program:

Prelude and Fugue, G major.....Bach
Sonata, op. 111, in C minor.....Beethoven
Sonata, op. 30.....Weber
Impromptu, op. 8, No. 4, A flat.....Franz Schubert
Nocturne, op. 27, No. 1, C sharp minor.....Frederic Chopin
Preludes, op. 28, Nos. 23, 21, 19, 20.....
Grand Etude, Buch 1, No. 2, in E flat.....Paganini-Liszt
Liebestraum.....Franz Liszt
Rhapsodie Hongroise No. 8.....

The audience was delighted and spent applause in the most lavish fashion. After the last piece the demand for more, expressed in numerous recalls, gained the upper hand, and Rummel responded with the Mendelssohn Rondo Capriccioso, which he played in such delicious manner that renewed recalls were in order, and again, although time was now pressing upon the pianist, he had to yield to the encore fiends, and added the Mendelssohn Spinning Song. The audience seemed not yet appeased, but Rummel had to leave the hall in a hurry, as his train for Aix-la-Chapelle, where he was to play the next night, left ten minutes later. He succeeded in catching the train, and also, as I read from the papers of my native town, the Aix-la-Chapelle public. Saturday night he played in Cologne and with like great success. Rummel is a pianist who wears well and never disappoints you.

Somewhat different in style, and considerably different in many other ways, is Miss Clotilde Kleeberg, the Parisian Patti of the piano, who gave a so-called popular concert at the Philharmonie on Wednesday night. This very charming young lady is really very popular here, as could be seen by the vast audiences which filled the large Philharmonic hall almost to overflowing, and by the enthusiasm with which her performances were received by one of the best and most musical audiences Berlin could muster. I have several times heretofore referred to her exquisite performances of the smaller genre of piano music, while once before in an attempt at interpreting the Schumann concerto, also with the Philharmonic Orchestra, I found her disappointing. Such was not the case, however, this time, her selections, even those with orchestra, seeming to suit her and her abilities perfectly. She played in first place the Beethoven G major concerto. Had it been the one in E flat I doubt very much if her physical strength or her breadth of tone and conception would have been adequate for a profound performance. She did not quite exhaust the possibilities of the G major concerto, but such as it was her rendering of this more virtuoso or pianistic than grand work was a delightful, pure and most sympathetic one. She played the Saint-Saëns cadenzas, with which I was not acquainted, but which struck me as being very forceful and musically, albeit by no means Beethovenish.

The group of smaller pieces which formed the centre of the program consisted of Schumann's beautiful F sharp major romanza, nicely sung, but not deeply felt; the piquant Mendelssohn Presto in E, op. 7, which was the best and most crisply played piece of the group; the Chopin E minor study, from op. 25, and Schubert's A flat impromptu, after which for an encore upon heartiest applause and numerous recalls, Miss Kleeberg responded with the lovely little gem *Abschied vom Walde*, from Schumann's *Forest Scenes*.

The Chopin F minor concerto was a revelation to me in the way of gracefulness, neatness and general sweetness of performances; in the sterner portions of the work, however, such as the recitative episode in the slow movement, a slight lack of depth or truthfulness of feeling seemed to me perceptible; or did I only imagine it?

The Philharmonic Orchestra, under Prof. Franz Mannstaedt's careful and intelligent guidance, accompanied better and with considerably more discretion than is oftentimes their wont, and they contributed to the program in satisfactory performance Mendelssohn's *Fingal's Cave* and

Mozart's *Schauspieldirector* overtures, as well as a very clever scherzo entitled *Kobolde*, by Heinrich Hoffmann.

What happened after the concert I told in the initial paragraph of this budget. ***

My Thursday evening's musical experiences I can pass over with a few words, as they proved much of a disappointment. Miss Harriet von Muethel, a Russian pianist, and once upon a time a pupil of Hans von Bülow, gave a concert at the Singakademie with the Philharmonic Orchestra under Prof. Karl Klindworth's direction before a large sized, kindly disposed audience.

Miss von Muethel had imposed upon herself the somewhat burdensome task (even for a great pianist not a light one) of playing in immediate succession the Beethoven E flat concerto, the Chopin F minor concerto in the Klindworth arrangement of the score and the Schubert Wanderer fantasia in Liszt's symphonic arrangement with orchestra. Right from the outset Miss von Muethel proved herself unequal to the satisfactory fulfillment of this heavy impost. She was so frightfully nervous and agitated that she lost control of her memory and fingers at the very first difficult place in the Beethoven Emperor concerto. There was a rather awkward pause and then things were resumed and the lady floundered through the rest of the program as best she knew how or could manage it. There were painful moments over and over again; the worst and most harassing being in the fugal portion of the fantasia, but somehow or another the program was pulled through. The only really interesting thing to me was to see and hear Klindworth conduct his somewhat overlaid score of the second Chopin piano concerto. It is a most musicianly piece of love's labor, but the professor went too far in the opposite direction of the original; for while Chopin's orchestration (if it really is his own) is much too meagre and unsustaining as well as ineffective, Klindworth's is too rich and sometimes quite drowns the piano part, especially if it be in such weak hands as was the case on this inauspicious occasion. ***

Two more concerts on Friday night. The first one, below the average calibre, was the joint affair of Mrs. Josefina Gruson, a vocalist, and Prof. Hermann Geuss, pianist, which took place at the Singakademie and had drawn (?) (or was it a give away?) a very large audience.

Mrs. Gruson was rather gruesome with her open, flat and cold soprano voice, which, moreover, did not always coincide with the pitch of the accompanimental piano. Well, that was not the fault of the piano. The lady sang the Schumann *Mit Myrthen und Rosen* as if she were dying, but she did not even faint, the only thing that was faint being the applause. Then she made a feint at singing Schubert's *Wohn*, which graceful little Lied was given with considerable *avoir du poids*. Brahms' *Feldeinsamkeit* and two Franz songs were uninteresting in Mrs. Gruson's delivery.

If the lady was unsatisfactory, the gentleman was even more so; he really proved himself quite an incompetent pianist, whatever he may be as a teacher. His playing of Beethoven's F minor sonata (the *appassionata*) was, even from a merely technical point of view, so bad that I did not care to hear any more from him and fled from the Singakademie to the Philharmonie, where another concert was in progress. ***

This was given by the Berlin Liedertafel, an amateur male chorus singing society, under A. Zander's direction. They sing fairly well, but nothing to boast of, but I was interested to hear Hegar's *Rudolf von Werdenberg*, the composition which raised the altercation between Mr. Vander Stucken and the New York *Herald* critic. I am quite sure that the New York Arion sang better than the Berlin Liedertafel, and therefore Mr. Van der Stucken doubtless was right in his claim that his chorus did not sing out of tune; on the other hand I can sympathize with the *Herald* critic, for to judge by the effect which Hegar's harmonies produced upon my ears in the performance by the Berlin society I am uncertain of who is more to blame, the composer who writes them or the male chorus that undertakes to sing them. The biggest success gained by the Liedertafel on this occasion was with Buente's *Tandaradei* love song, with which likewise the Arion scored a triumph here three years ago, and which they sang much more spiritedly and with more polish than it was sung last Friday. Moreover the Arion sings it a full tone higher, winding up with the first tenors on high C, while here they gave out but a feeble B flat. I heard nothing new at this concert, except two old Chorlieder, *In Grosse Liebe* and *Schau Mägdlein*, harmonized very well by Conductor A. Zander.

The soloists were our American baritone Van Eweyk, who as usual sang excellently and who gave *Lieder* by Brahms, Franz and E. E. Taubert, and Mrs. Corally Boettcher, who in two groups of songs by Schubert, Rubinstein, Schumann, Bungert, Sommer and Fischhof displayed a nicely trained but small soprano voice, charming delivery and clear pronunciation of the text. Sommer's *Ganz Leise* is a very pretty song, and Fischhof's *Spring Has Arrived* was redemanded. ***

Our own American pianist, Teresa d'Albert-Carreño, gave a piano recital at the Singakademie last Saturday

night, which was well attended and successful in every way. The rumors which have lately been flying about as thickly as flies in Springfield, Mass., during music festival time, and to the effect that the handsome performer would separate from her third husband, or vice versa, did not seem to have affected her in any way. She appeared on the program with her full name and at the piano in exuberant health and apparently fine condition and beautiful appearance. At first, especially in the Bach-Tausig D minor toccata and fugue, as well as in Beethoven's Appassionata, she seemed a bit flurried; at least she played in that explosive style which is frequently the sign of nervousness barely under control. Later on, however, she was completely self possessed and finished her taxing and a trifle too extensive program with great virtuosity as well as brilliancy and irresistible élan and verve. She gave us Schumann's Symphonic Etudes in superb style, Beethoven's G major rondo, op. 52, very cleverly played, and in like finished style the Schubert B flat variations (Impromptu, op. 143, No. 3), Chopin's C minor nocturne and tarantelle in A flat, Rubinstein's E flat romanza and barcarolle in G, and lastly Liszt's D flat etude and the E major polonaise. The last named piece was played with Valkyrie-like bravura and elicited so much applause that an encore was inevitable, for which the Henselt bird study was chosen, and then, the public not yet being content and still wanting some more, the Schubert military march in the Tausig version was added as a second encore.

Mr. Hermann Wolff's series of ten Richard Strauss Philharmonic concerts came to a close with last night's tenth and last concert for the season. The Philharmonie held a fair sized but by no means a very large audience on this occasion. The program was an interesting one, albeit the Beethoven ninth symphony, which had originally been announced for performance, was withdrawn, as Siegfried Ochs could not spare the time to drill his chorus. I was not very sorry, for first of all I am no believer in the unwritten law that Beethoven's last symphony must be performed at all last concerts of the season every year; secondly, we shall have it from the Royal Orchestra anyhow, and thirdly, the substitution at this concert was by no means to be sneezed at. We had instead the Beethoven Coriolanus and Schumann's Manfred overture in really very fine performance under Richard Strauss' baton, and we had Leopold Auer as a soloist. The great Russian violinist gave us this time Spohr's new concerto (Gesangsscene) in wonderfully broad, noble interpretation, and with flawless tone, technic and bowing, and of smaller pieces the Chopin E flat nocturne (played in Wilhelm's arrangement in D), Arensky's pretty little serenade in G, and Auer's clever violin arrangement of Popper's clever little cello piece, La Fileuse. The last named virtuoso piece was most enthusiastically redemanded, and generally Auer met with all the success he so richly deserves. For particulars on this violinistic subject please look up Mr. Abell's column.

The second half of the program was devoted to excerpts from Richard Strauss' opera Guntram. A complete synopsis of this grand work I gave in these columns last summer after my attendance at the premiere at Weimar. I also heard the repetition at the Tonkünstler meeting in the same city, and now these excerpts again confirm my conclusion that Richard Strauss is perhaps the greatest living composer. He is most decidedly the greatest Wagner follower, and he combines the master's Tristan and Parsifal styles with considerable originality of ideas of his own and an orchestral technic which really is greater than that of Richard Wagner himself.

The excerpts heard on this occasion were the Vorspiel to the second act, a fine piece of festive music; the Friedens-erzählung; the Vorspiel to the opera itself, which is a perfectly immense piece of polyphonic Wagner writing, and the finale of the opera. The orchestral selections were grandly performed under the composer's baton, and were received with enthusiastic applause. The vocal excerpts were sung by the heroic tenor Heinrich Zeller, from the Weimar Court Opera, but his voice was not quite sufficient for the tremendous music sung in so vast an auditorium as the Philharmonie. I liked him much better in Weimar, but I predicted even then that there will be as few Guntrams in the wide world as there are Tristans, and possibly fewer.

Who will conduct these concerts, the heritage of Hans von Bülow, next year has not yet been decided, but one can trust Hermann Wolff that he will give us the best man who can be found.

Berlin held this week two visitors of interest to you and to me, and with whom I spent a good deal of what little spare time I had at my disposal. The first one of these was Mr. Rudolph Dolge, of New York, the son of Alfred Dolge and the great producer of the great autoharp. The other one was Arthur Nikisch, Esq., the conductor, who passed through Berlin on his return trip from Moscow to Budapest. He had been called to the former place to conduct one of the concerts of the Imperial Russian Music Society, and he had met there with the most unbounded success. The program consisted of the Tannhäuser over-

ture, Saint-Saën's Rouet d'Omphale, Goldmark's overture Sakuntala, and Beethoven's C minor symphony. His return to Germany was impeded by an incident which might be termed tragi-comic. He was taken out of his sleeping car some time about 5 o'clock in the morning, and although not absolutely treated like a Nihilist he was prevented from continuing his trip on the plea that his papers and passports were not in legal order. After considerable telegraphing forward and backward and Babylonian explanations which were difficult to understand, as the one party spoke no Russian and the other no other language, he was finally allowed to depart when he had shown a copy of the concert program, and by mute signs with a stick had given the officials to understand that he had conducted the concert. Poor Nikisch arrived here with a slow train, tired out and ten hours behind time. I was glad to find him in good health and spirits, however, otherwise. By special invitation we attended together yesterday morning the last rehearsal for the grand new production here of Rienzi. His appearance in the opera house created considerable interest, and he was made much of by Cosima Wagner, with whom he had a long chat; Count Hochberg, Henry Pierson, Dr. Muck, and many artists with whom he is on terms of personal friendship.

Nikisch made light of his alleged troubles at Budapest, which the papers, as usual, seem to have exaggerated. He said that he had sued Prevost for libel, and that everybody who knows that fellow's character laughs at the charges that he has brought against him. As for any future movements of Nikisch nothing can be said at present, as he is bound by contract to the Budapest Royal Opera House. Nikisch told me that he had much enjoyed a short visit from Paderewski, who had come on purpose to play his opera to him. The subject of the book is a Hungarian one, and Nikisch was surprised at the true national color in Paderewski's music. Although Nikisch held Paderewski's promise that the first production of the work should take place at Budapest under Nikisch's direction, he released the composer from this promise if he should think it advisable or preferable to have it first brought out anywhere else. I believe Paderewski now gives the preference to Dresden, and therefore my intimation to you that the work will first see the light of the stage at the Saxonian Court Opera House holds good.

The Berlin Royal Opera House has accepted for performance Sigismund Haussegger's comic opera in two acts entitled Zinnober. The composer is a native of Graz, in Austria.

Paul Kalisch has sung with success in The Hague, where Franck's Beatitudes were performed.

Siegfried Wagner conducted with great success, for the first time at Munich, one of the Odeon concerts last week and interpreted compositions of his father and grandfather.

Franz Betz, our great Hans Sachs, on the 19th inst. celebrated his sixtieth birthday anniversary, when he was made much of by his hosts of friends, one of whom addressed him in the language of the monologue from the second act of Meistersinger, not over tastefully, but as follows:

HANS SACHS AN FRANZ BETZ.
Zum 19. März 1895.
„Wie duftet doch der Flieder . . .“
Der Lenz steht vor den Thoren
Und lacht und grüsst herein.
Nun spitz! Du feinst die Ohren,
Denn ich soll sein Sprecher sein!
Was gilt's was ich Dir sagen kann?
Bin gar ein arm' einfältig Mann!
Denn wie auch wolt ich's fassen,
Was unaussprechlich mir schien?
Nicht Worte giebt's, die da passen—
Bleib' immer ein Fehler drin!
Dein Lied ist alt, und doch so neu
Wie Vogelsang im süßen Mai;
Und wer dich hört,
Lauscht wahnethört,
Lauscht noch dem holden Sang,
Wenn längst das Lied verklung.
So singst Du noch mit Schelzig—
Wie schlimm dagegen krächt's! Ich! —
Dir, der so herrlich singst,
Dir ist der Schnabel wohl gewachsen—
Tief in den Staub versinkt
Vor Dir die Dichtkunst von Hans Sachsen. . .

Hofrath Pollini, the indefatigable Hamburg impresario, is planning a Wagner stagione for St. Petersburg for the fall of this year.

Mme. Clementine de Vere-Sapio, after having sung with immense success at a recent London Philharmonic concert, and at the last Bradford subscription concert under Sir Charles Hallé, is now announced as soloist for the annual Wagner concert of Mr. Henschel at London. To judge from her selections, Dich Theure Halle, from Tannhäuser, and the Liebestod, from Tristan, her voice must have developed considerably, and it looks now like another case of Lilli Lehmann, who also was a coloratura singer before she intensified into a dramatic soprano.

I have received two inquiries lately why the subscription price for THE MUSICAL COURIER is \$5 in Europe, while it is

only \$4 in the United States. The answer is a very simple one. The postage in the United States, whether the paper is distributed in New York city or goes to Hoboken or San Francisco, is 1 cent per pound of papers, which averages on each home subscription about 10 cents for the year. The postage for each copy sent to Europe averages about 5 cents, which for the year counts up to just \$2.60. The price for European subscribers, therefore, should by rights be \$6.50, and not \$5, to reimburse THE MUSICAL COURIER Company for postage prepaid.

The Cologne Gazette announces the death at the age of sixty-four of Musikdirector Theodor Lautmann, formerly of Aix-la-Chapelle and late of Dueren, in the province of the Rhine. The deceased, who was my principal piano teacher, was an excellent musician as well as pedagogue, and that I did not learn more from him than was the case was certainly no fault of his. I shall always keep his memory in grateful remembrance.

O. F.

Encourage American Opera.

Editors The Musical Courier:

AMERICAN opera has been the burning question for many years at the headquarters of our musical general staff, and the ever increasing enthusiasm on the part of American audiences with regard to operatic performances has made it more incumbent on the interested parties to discuss the matter thoroughly. I was about to send you a preliminary article on the subject when I found Mr. MacDowell's letter in your last issue. From those lofty castles in air to a possible realization may be but one step, although I am afraid that matters will not change unless radical reform has become the watchword, and this seems to me the only way that the minds of those people will be enlightened who could further the realization of the project by means of their social and financial influence.

Let me tell you at once that there was some talk in Boston musical and theatrical circles as to ventilating this very same question, and steps were taken to consider the matter earnestly. Some influential capitalists, enthusiasts of music and opera especially, realizing the necessity of such an enterprise, discussed even the feasibility of carrying out such a plan on a sound basis. They talked about the building of a club house to further the interests of all arts, and paused with special stress on the future school of American opera writers and to give them a place wherein to try their strength in such a capacity. But the whole business dwindled (as usual) into ordinary club chats, with heated discussions pro et contra, but no conclusion at the end.

It is obvious that such a scheme as advocated by Mr. MacDowell is his letter is urgently needed, and we cannot conceive or adduce any reason why such a project should not be realized in the near future. Not only to incite American composers able to write for the stage to produce operas of their own, and have them given decently and with all the wonted artistic decorum, but also, and chiefly, to enable those composers who have ready their theatrical works of more or less pretensions and dimensions to see the fruits of their long and unceasing labor realized. At least give them a chance, and let them begin by producing smaller works by all means, that they may not be endangered in singeing their wings, like Icarus of blessed memory.

It is an undeniable fact that many gifted composers of this country (always in the sure hope of improving opera matters, and that a faint hope would be extant to have their ardent dreams realized) have written good musical works for the stage, and owing to the total lack of enterprise on the part of theatrical managers with regard to the production of serious operas (even in smaller shape) feel discouraged to a degree, seeing that there is no hope for them as long as theatrical people disbelieve in this kind of undertaking on the ground that it does not mean dollars and cents. Those latter do not even dream of making an attempt in this respect. They could try it easily on the following suggestion:

Suppose they gave a double bill at a performance, the one play being a sure artistic and financial success, and by giving a little opera as the second piece they may try to open the eyes of the audience, thus enhancing the public spirit and demonstrating clearly that there is a possibility to

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Among our last year's graduates, Miss Maud Bliss has been engaged by Mr. Francis Wilson and Miss Rena Atkinson by Mr. Wm. T. Carleton.

Students admitted at any time.

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further American artistic interests by the cheerful support of the public. The capitalists supposed to back any such schemes have not the heart to risk their money, for this simple and obvious reason, that because they do not trust such doubtful undertaking, as long they have not been firmly convinced and been brought to the conclusion, ad oculos, that it may and will turn out profitable.

But of one notion I am almost sure, and everyone deeply and sincerely interested in artistic matters will share my humble opinion. If such an attempt to establish American opera, even to begin on the smallest basis, should at the end prove an artistic and financial success, there would be an immense opening for the American composer, and it would be a sure death blow to that loathsome feature and compound mixture of what is generally called (or misnamed) "comic opera" or "musical farce," detrimental to earnest musical art, a scourge to ideal development in music.

Thus, this sham art confined to a back seat, there will prevail a purer atmosphere, strengthening the lungs of our aspiring and hopeful American youth; and gaining this project surer ground there will not be any longer that emigration of promising American vocal students to foreign shores, with half of the large crowd returning after a while, disappointed and disheartened. And according to the old saying: "Remain in thy own country and try an honest living," the stream of healthy musical life will fluently run through the muscular system of the main body of Apollonian art, diffusing its rich and refined blood to the earnest art students, empowering them thus to dictate sound principles on the musical community. And let it be true and repeated once more, that audiences, the contrary notwithstanding, can be educated, and they are prepared to follow willingly whenever their artistic instinct tells them they are on the right track. And they will certainly help and co-work to establish a national reputation as soon as there is some general belief in it.

Once the public at large is acquainted and assured of the possibilities of having a national American opera, there is but little doubt left that they will patronize any earnest effort, and it will be no longer a dream of the future to see good American musical works decently and artistically staged.

But as long as public spirit, represented in this case by prominent capitalists and music lovers, does not feel inclined to give a helping hand in order to carry through this scheme, I am afraid it will take quite a while before the scheme, like the one pointed out, can be made practical. A coalition of the foremost musical men of this country should be readily formed (clique and party spirit excluded), and they in connection with some keen-eyed business men should try to start this scheme. Then there is every hope that under the conditions given above in full it will be a successful project.

Yours sincerely,

Boston, March 30, 1895.

MARTIN ROEDER.

German Opera.—The Damrosch German Opera Company will not go to San Francisco. The trip would necessitate an outlay something like \$9,000, and the risk would be too great. The company will close in Kansas City May 1 and return to New York about May 3, and the foreign resident singers will return to their respective homes, with the exception of Fraulein Galski and Herr Rothmühl, who have been engaged to sing in the German version of Lohengrin and Freischütz, under the management of Mr. Rosenbach, at the Star Theatre.

The Mulligan Recital.—Mr. Wm. E. Mulligan gave the last of his three supplemental organ recitals at St. Mark's Church, Tenth street and Second avenue, last Thursday. This was the program:

| | |
|--|-------------------|
| Overture, Sakuntala..... | Goldmark |
| Tenor soli— | |
| Lead, Kindly Light..... | Sullivan |
| The Rebuke Hath Broken, &c..... | Händel |
| Recit. and air (Messiah). | |
| Mr. Harry Pepper. | |
| Adagio..... | Widor |
| Communion..... | Gounod |
| Pastorale in G..... | Salomé |
| Contralto soli— | |
| How Goodly Are Thy Tents, &c..... | Ward |
| Eye Hath Not Seen, &c. (Holy City)..... | Gaul |
| Mme. LeClair-Mulligan. | |
| Offertoire Funèbre (third symphony)..... | Beethoven-Batiste |

The fifth recital of the regular monthly series was held last Sunday evening; the soloists were: Mr. John C. Dempsey, baritone; Mr. Carlos Hasselbrink, violinist, and Mr. Schmidt, cello.

Miller.—Mr. B. F. Miller, the tenor, whose engagement with the Rev. Dr. Kittredge's Madison Avenue Church expires May 1, has definitely decided to go to London and continue his studies. Mr. Miller has been doing a great amount of social work recently, and one of the greatest successes that he has met with was on the occasion of the reception that the members of the Union League Club gave him at the club house, Fifth avenue and Thirty-ninth street, Thursday night. Mr. Miller has the assurance of Signor Mancinelli, Mr. Frank Damrosch and others that his voice is a brilliant one. Mr. Miller will sing on the occasion of the third private concert of the Apollo Club, Tuesday evening, April 23, in Madison Square Garden Chamber Music Hall.



CHATS WITH MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS ON MUSICAL STUDY IN PARIS.

It is not career that is objectionable, but the undertaking of it by those not called to it. It is not the coming to Paris that is wasteful, but the coming of people not prepared to come.

The greatest favor you can do our girls is to raise obstacles in the way of their starting on a career in the first place, and starting for Paris in the second. Could the student material be weeded out by wise discrimination, three-fourths of all the trouble, disappointment, heartache, home disturbance and waste would be done away with.—*Chorus of Mothers.*

TO prevent girls from coming, to weed out the material, to erect some sort of a sieve through which the chaff might be winnowed from the wheat, so that in looking later for the harvest a few blades and bare earth be not the result; such is the cry of all wise mothers, wise daughters, wise friends.

This does not mean not to cultivate the talent of song by any means. It means to stop thinking that a talent for song is talent for a stage life.

"You ought to study for the stage."

"Why don't you study for the stage?"

"You're awfully foolish not to study for the stage."

As well say when looking at a feather, "Oh, what a beautiful bird!"

If ever "save us from our friends" was needed as a litany, it is in the case of "the girl who sings."

Before coming to study the students here I had no idea of the immense difference between singing and making singing a profession. The importance of it grows so with every investigation that it is no exaggeration to say that I lie awake nights thinking about it.

The money that is swallowed whole here; the time that is wasted here; the strength, health and energy that are misdirected here; the spirits that are broken forever; the good possible mothers that are changed into bad impossible prima donnas; the charming hostesses that are converted into slattern and awkward actresses; the disjoining of home relations, the tainting of home interest and the somersaults of our sweet American home training that have to take place before even a successful footlight is reached, are reasons enough for grave discussion by our American thinkers.

Later on we shall know just how many American girls are actually studying here, and then we can watch for ourselves how many come to the top. Of the others a few go home unspoiled, content with a certain improvement, development and polish that have been attained, and consecrate the same to friends and children. The big rest are spoiled for any future. For see:

Many girls come here fully intending to seek only a home finish. But once here it is like getting caught in a Monte Carlo play room. They find themselves in the midst of a regiment marching to the battle ground, and the one thing to do is to fall into line. The work is so earnest and concentrated; the career seductions so great; the future mirage so close to the eyes; the effect so brilliant and bewildering; one thing leads to another, one door opens to another, one step compels another, a whirlpool ensues and the fly is trapped.

The following is a résumé of the thoughts of mothers of students here in response to these suggestions:

What would you do and not do if you had it all to do over? What preparation could have been made at home? In what way could the Paris professors advance foreign pupils more? What are girls to do with these expensive musical educations after marriage? Is it safe for girls to live here alone while studying? Best ways of living, &c.? Effect on girls of the churchless life here. What about gymnastics, complexions, &c.? What about papa while mamma and the girls are off studying?

It is more sad than surprising to find that in the frenzy of career hunting papa, who ought by right to form the biggest figure in the discussion, sinks to comparative insignificance.

"Oh, dear old Pop, he doesn't care so long as we are having a good time." "Papa is an angel! He was perfectly willing we should come, and then he is so proud of Nan." "Oh, well, we can't have everything in this world. We had no peace at home with Mellie's ambition. Guess he was glad to get rid of it; better come on and get done with it some way."

One or two expressive proofs indicate that "Pop" is a

man to go his own way and let the women go theirs. "I guess the old man can take care of himself" shows a similar free articulation of domestic members. "We don't see papa any more when at home than when in Paris" indicates the lamentable condition of commerciality and club that makes so many American householders but necessary ciphers within.

Two fathers had married a second time and so disjointed domestic affairs that the girls went adrift. The second venture of one or two mothers has worked a similar result. Tears came into the eyes of one or two wives at the memory of the lonely man at home who sundered the habits of years for his daughter's advancement. Anxiety for his comfort, fear as to his conduct and the overwhelming adoration and tenderness that belongs to the ideal load of the ideal home is sadly lacking among the musical contingents of the Paris schoolroom. Part of this is papa's fault and part of it is his misfortune.

People reading these lines must not imagine that all American homes are going to the dogs. I guess there are a few Edens left into which the serpent of career has not entered; and then it must be remembered that this thing of female ambition does not grow in happy homes ordinarily. It is almost always the result of restlessness, disturbance or disorder of some kind or of pronounced genius which is found in one girl in five hundred.

As to career after marriage an equal insouciance, not unmixed with contempt, pervades the expression as to marriage and post-marital obligations. As most of this is the result of experience as well as of observation of the home lives of relatives and friends, it is in one sense logical, and in the cases where men and not women are the cause of the opinion just. If men were better lovers as husbands and fathers we would not have so many career hunters in Paris.

"My husband gave us everything we wanted," said the pretty mother of a charming daughter. "We were well provided for, had all the money we wanted, but he gave us nothing of himself. Our lives were fearfully monotonous. I have seen Mamie chafing under it since she was thirteen. We had no entertainment, no interest. Women want more than four walls nowadays. A cage grows awfully tiresome, no matter how well cared for." (It seems as though any well cared for woman could provide entertainment for herself, her daughter and her husband besides; but there's the excuse from life.)

An unusually bright New York woman says, "Men call women angels in words, but their acts do not say it. They have no idea how we suffer in the effort to be content and quiet on nothing. They treat us as stupid, separate creatures, or as toys. They trample thoughtlessly on our tenderest feelings, and expect us to endure all with a constant smile. They go about their work, and often their pleasure, and forget us. We get so lonesome and impatient. My daughter could never endure from a husband what I have from mine. So I am perfectly willing she should prepare herself for a public life, and make her own life if her husband does not make it for her."

"They say we must not work, but they let us work just the same," said another, with a flash of her gray eyes. "They let us work, or rather drive us to it, by making us beggars, and acting as if we were thieves of money already given. My father was a rich man, but he fairly turned white if we asked him for a necessary sum. I lay awake the night before planning how I should manage it. I gave piano lessons on the sly, and I tell you my frankest life has been since I left my home. I left them all tearing mad because I would 'go out in the world' to make money. Had I chosen to teach (for which I am not fitted), to sew, or I believe to wash, neither husband, brother nor father would have bothered their heads about it; but to go off to sing before the public—oh, horrors!"

"It gives away the secret of their thoughtlessness, you see," said a thin lipped brunette. "Men don't mind what they do, but they do hate awfully to get caught."

"I never knew but one consistent man," gurgled a droll little blond, "and he would not let his wife pack her trunk. He called her 'his life,' and acted indeed as if she were so. She pitied artists and students and that stuff."

"Many a day, yes, and many a night, have I spent alone," said a black eyed Western woman, with a burr in her voice. "Let him try it a while now!"

"I am glad I studied for the stage before marriage," said a still young widow, who is almost ready for her second début. "My husband took me from the stage. We were happy, but he died without providing a cent for the future. I have four little children to support. Were I thrown upon chance now I should probably be sewing on shirts in a Broadway cellar at starvation prices, or living on relatives, which would be still worse. I have my own home here in Paris, keep a servant and nurse, get a good income, enjoy my work and behave myself; for I am an American woman and have a pride in being straight and upright."

"Why do you call it an 'expensive education'?" asked the wife of a rich Pennsylvania man. "It seems to me that people are in the habit of thinking everything that is done for a girl is expensive, while if paid out for a boy it is all right. The most extravagant musical education in

Paris (by extravagant I don't mean wasteful, but taking in all the extras) is nothing to the college expenses of boys. I guess not; we have boys in my own and my husband's family and I know. Why their side expenses even for unnecessary and hurtful luxuries would pay the regular education here. Yet you should see the satisfied complaisance with which papa draws his checks for Charley and Will, who are to be engineers, and such a row to get the terms for Paris because Alice wants to be a musician! I cannot see any reason or justice in it myself."

"I don't see why a woman's life should be spoiled by a simple mistake of marriage," said another. "A man's is not. When men quit leading double lives to supplement domestic ennui, I will say that girls should not sing after marriage. Not till then."

"Yes, but a woman ought to be regularly divorced if she must leave her home?"

"Most certainly."

"My husband is coming over in summer and we will talk it over," said a piquant Colorado matron while on her knees before the Fausten prie dieu. But there was a slight clinch of the slender fingers on the corner of the prie dieu as she spoke, that said husband would have to be endowed with unusual powers of persuasion if he expected to buy two tickets for home in the fall.

"An education is never lost," says a lovely Tennessee mother whose daughter would be an ornament in any musical circle as singer or thinker; "especially one so broadening, developing and refining as a musical education. Children are apt to inherit my daughter's musical temperament. She is there to direct or give them lessons, to save the ruin of their voices, to correct errors and steer their taste and judgment. She can sing well instead of ill for her husband's guests, she can sing for her husband, and so add to the loveliness of home. Besides, her mind has been trained in many ways. I should have no objection to seeing my daughter on the stage. I should much prefer it to an unsuitable marriage. But I should most certainly never consent to her leading a public life after marriage unless warranted by her husband's affairs or conduct."

"Marriage! Fiddlesticks! You bet I give men a good letting alone!" cries a fine Lillian Russell blond. "I loathe the very thought of marriage, and I am perfectly mad for a career. Nothing could stop me. I love the work and the difficulties and the thought of crowds and applause—no matter what I would do after marriage. I will never marry."

"I never think of men at all; they do not appeal to me. I would not interrupt my career for any man I ever knew," said a girl, snapping the spring of her music roll.

"God help the woman who has to sing for the public—for any reason—after her marriage," sighed a Chicago girl with a voice like a nightingale and eyes like a summer night. "What regrets have we about what we have done and not done?"

"Not to have known more about the Paris life—the living Paris life, and the Paris study life!"

"We jumped in the dark and we have been stumbling ever since. We have wasted money in trying to arrange a living place. We came without sufficient preparation. We are trying to do five educations at once, each one dependent on the other for success. We sought teachers by their names instead of by their fitness to impart in our particular case. We have changed from one to another, mixing our ideas, discouraging our spirits and wasting our time and voices. We have neglected health and looks in the chase. We are just getting settled!"

"CHORUS OF GIRLS."

How do you mean preparation? What could you have done at home that would have saved you time and money here, and that you would not have to undo when you get here?

"Oh, lots—lots! For instance——"

(To be continued next week.)

PARIS.

Such a rage for songs. The charming Salle Bodinière has become a veritable song headquarters. Two and three times each week lectures on the subject with illustrations of all possible types are given. There are the Naïves Chansons, Chanson des Gueux, Chanson de Paris, Chansons des Ancêtres, Chansons des Soldats and Chansons des Enfants. In April M. Clovis Hugues gives a series of lectures on Les Chansons de Richépin, and the scholarly musician M. Julien Tiersot is publishing his third collection of popular melodies of the French provinces. Something ought to come of this Renaissance. All the singers are complaining of the lack of new songs.

Surely the Parisian audiences have left nothing undone to testify to their appreciation of M. Sarasate. Everywhere he appears is the same demonstration. I don't see how an artist could wish for anything better. On Sunday he played at the Colonne concert the Beethoven First Symphony and a Mendelssohn concerto; also a Raff composition, La Fée d'Amour, and an unpublished morceau of his own of the Spanish Dance type, ravishing to a degree, with the orchestra and his perfect playing, which electrified the house. He goes from here to Madrid, where he

plays for the Société des Concerts, and from thence makes a tour through Spain. In June Mme. Berthe Marx-Goldschmidt plays with him in four concerts in London.

Did you know that Mme. Goldschmidt was a thorough Parisian, born in Paris and studying in the Paris Conservatoire? Henri Herz was her first teacher. She has an exquisite summer home here in the midst of the Fontainebleau woods, Marlotte, where she rests between her artistic engagements. Her father, a violoncellist of note, was an intimate friend of Berlioz and Liszt. Her brother is a clever painter. She has a very sweet, womanly nature, timid and sensitive naturally, with a large sympathy for humanity and a tenderness for all animals, the dog being her especial favorite. She is a woman, moreover, who knows how to keep a good servant, direct a household and arrange a charming costume with her own hands. She goes to Holland soon to give a series of recitals. In conversation the other evening I heard her quote four times from THE MUSICAL COURIER subjects which were treated in the editorials.

Mr. Gunsbourg, the enterprising Monte Carlo manager, has an invisible orchestra and darkened hall, after the Bayreuth style.

M. Lamoureux's concert on Sunday was composed exclusively of preludes, overtures and symphonic pieces of Richard Wagner, with conference on the works by M. Catulle Mendez. This heroic chef d'orchestre is initiating the idea of mid-week concerts in Paris, giving a choice program on each Thursday. This is much needed here. Four first-class concerts at the same hour of the same day once a week is not a wise distribution of musical education.

Othello, Sigurd, Montagne-Noire, Zampa, Toréador, Mignon, La Nuit de la Saint-Jean, Lakmé, Les Noces de Jeanette, Mireille, Lalla Roukh, at the Opéra and Opéra Comique.

The Chanteurs de Saint Gervais are making their ancient repertoire fashionable in society. At a recent social function given by Mme. Thierry-Delanoue, the classic music was enthusiastically received. Among the guests were: Lord and Lady Dufferin, Lady Hermione Blackwood, M. and Mme. Casimir-Perier, Lord and Lady Terence Blackwood, Count and Countess de Ségur and many of the French nobility.

Another interesting society musicale this week was a soirée given by Mme. Szarvady, in which the gracious hostess, the Countess Potocka and the Countess de Guerne interpreted works of Schumann, Mozart, Scarlatti, Rameau and Bach. The Countess de Guerne was applauded in the grand air from Noces de Figaro, and in verses of Sapho and Au Loin of Schumann. The guests were almost wholly princes, princesses, countesses, marquis, &c., among others the Prince and Princesse E. de Polignac, the latter an American; M. and Mme. Kinen, the latter née Miss Eustis, also an American, and her mother and sister, Mrs. and Miss Eustis; also M. and Mme. Jean Gounod.

Tschaikowsky's Onéguine has been given a second time at Nice with even more brilliant success. The accompanying lecture on Russian music by Ch. Vanor was intensely interesting.

Some recent discoveries of unpublished works of Chopin are interesting to the culte. A pianist, Mlle. Krzyzanowska, played some of them last evening at the Salle Erard. It was the first time that an adagio and a presto by this master were heard in France.

The pupils' concert given by Mme. Colonne on Friday was a very brilliant one. There were many good voices among the girls, and three that were of really lovely quality. In method all bear more or less the brand of youth, freshness and front placement that characterize four of the best singers in Paris, who are her pupils, Mlle. Marcella Pégi, Mmes. Auguez de Montalant, Jeanne Leclerc and Jeanne Remacle.

MM. Marsick and Pugno are even surpassing themselves in masterly work this season. They had to respond four times to recalls on the Rubinstein concerto, op. 19, this week. As their work is purely classic and wholly devoid of affectation of any kind, the enthusiasm ought to be very gratifying. A sonata in D minor by Saint-Saëns, played on Monday, is dedicated to M. Marsick. M. André Hekking replaces M. Josef Hollman in their trio.

M. Ed. Colonne goes to Budapest to-morrow to give concerts, and thence to Moscow.

Two interesting artistic events—the marriage of M. Félix Danbé, son of the chef d'orchestre of the Opéra Comique (making the second marriage in this family within three months), and the engagement of Mlle. Leduc, daughter of the well-known music publisher, to a member of the Comédie Française. Best wishes of THE MUSICAL COURIER!

The pieces which the band will play on the departure of the boys for Madagascar, at Sathouay, the 28th, will be the Marseillaise, Sambre et Meuse and Chant du Départ. The President goes down to present the flags. Poor boys!

Thank Sainte Cecile that one man has been brave enough to say "Cut and trim the Wagner operas," and that it has been a MUSICAL COURIER man who had the courage. That's just exactly what they want, some of them. Not only the poor long-suffering masses, but very many very intelligent musicians would hail the measure

with real delight. Wagner's music is all right, but portions of his operas are dreadfully unnecessary.

What will superstitious Calvé do, commencing an English engagement on May 13! Even Patti's 10,000 frs. will scarcely antidote the evil.

Mme. Roger-Miclos has returned to Paris after her long and successful German tour. At Berlin, where she gave a concert of the works of French composers, L'Afrique, of Saint-Saëns, and a concerto of Gabriel Pierné, were endorsed.

M. Riéra, a premier-prix pianist of the Paris Conservatoire, has been appointed professor of piano in the Conservatoire Royal, of Bucharest, by the Ministre des Beaux Arts of Roumania. Felicitations!

A young pupil of Widor's organ class, M. Louis Vierre, has had splendid success in an organ concert at d'Ecully. He played the Benediction Nuptiale of Saint-Saëns, a Cantabile of César Franck, the Symphonie Gothique, by Widor, and toccata and fugue of J. S. Bach.

Meantime M. Widor himself has had a great victory at Monte Carlo, where a concert devoted exclusively to his works was given. A symphony in A, a concerto for piano and orchestra, a serenade for orchestra, an orchestral suite, Conte d'Avril, a fantaisie for piano and orchestra, and the well-known Marche Nuptiale were warmly applauded. Much credit of the success is due to the piano interpretation of M. Isidor Philipp.

Mi-Carême is at its height. The city is a symphony, à la Loie Fuller as to color. Every tint and hue of the Notre Dame windows is to be found in the colored snow of confetti that falls through the sunlight from roofs and windows; in the labyrinth of paper ribbons lacing the blue sky from the tree tops; in flocks of colored balloons; in the picturesque costumes of the pageant that has been streaming through the boulevards since noon, and in the gay dresses of the child-like mass that has buried the streets and is in turn half buried in a bed of soft colored paper. The air is filled with cheery laughter, shrill cries, bright chatter and the war cries of the confetti battle. An occasional cornet, horn or drum punctuates the unique festival, but they do not know the first earthly thing about a street band.

Oh, for an American band! the maddening rhythm, the bewitching chords, the power, the force, the swing and the go of an American band! FANNIE EDGAR THOMAS.

A Prophecy for the Future.

AS a representative of my sex I wish to extend thanks to the writer of News from Paris, in THE MUSICAL COURIER of March 20.

Fortunate indeed for us that all rules are subject to exceptions, and that the one ray of light shining through this eternal darkness saves us from a fate worse than—words fail me here and I pause to go on. Thus by a happy coincidence of the exception of the rule applying to both sexes we are saved from almost an ignominious extermination.

It was indeed kind and condescending, to say the least, of him to inform us, to quote his own words:

"That women have never done anything striking in the two arts, music and architecture, and as we have had at least nineteen centuries in which to begin it is not too cruel on our part to suppose that nineteen centuries more may go over their heads without a change in the record."

The magnanimous spirit shown in his limitations of cruelty when he anticipates our future record demands recognition and universal praise on our part, as perhaps this is one of the things we can do.

A little interval of nineteen centuries more, thus the decree has gone forth, and our fate and future in those two lines have been indefinitely settled; a rare thing in life to have matters of great weight so irretrievably decided.

But wouldn't it have been a trifle more charitable had there been the addition of six or eight centuries A.C., when we were still in the bondage of abject slavery, and by so doing would have given an indirect cause and lessened the stigma?

The writer, no doubt, meant well, and for all we know may be Argus eyed, and thus possessing this happy or unhappy faculty of discerning the future (if Argus eyed), has seen it of course from all points of view.

Does Madame Augusta Holmes realize what she has done, the awful calamity she has precipitated on her sex? Surely had she considered the thought and weighed well the final result of its development, never would she have

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allowed herself to have been the exception in musical composition, and by so doing to thus expose our mental weakness; and as for the illustration of architecture at the Chicago Exposition, that simply is the finishing touch, and the reckless spirit portrayed in taking such a risk speaks volumes. We would inquire, Were the more primitive productions of the "heroic sex" (considered on general principles) so much superior to the present illustrations of the gentler sex? The reply might be, the present advantage of centuries of development, and more than nineteen of them at that.

From that point of view there can be no comparison, only general, as first stated.

When anyone takes up the study of an ancient people it is taken for granted that in order to comprehend and to fully understand their development, their country, language, literature, arts, in fact, everything that pertained to their environments, in order to give a correct judgment, must be studied. This is conceded by our most learned scholars; then why, by all that is just and due womankind, don't you take into consideration her environments from the beginning of civilization? It is only within the last two or three centuries, more especially in the nineteenth, and in America, that woman has been emancipated and given a chance to show what latent powers of genius she possesses, which is nature's birthright to her and has until recently been undeveloped and crushed.

Give her a chance and we think our pessimistic friend and prophesier of the present and future great lack in our record may have an opportunity yet before he shuffles off this mortal coil (unless he is now in his dotage, which may account for his lack of good judgment) to read and reflect on the great things accomplished by the women of the twentieth century, not only in music and architecture, but in limitless other sources, beyond his apparently dim intellectual comprehension.

Has woman not succeeded in almost everything she has so far attempted, and proven herself equal, outrivalled and shown herself of superior ability in many instances over the so called higher gifted male sex? In all times, ancient and modern, men have given full vent to their inclinations of advancement, have developed with the ages and have always considered themselves first. With woman, she was oppressed, downtrodden, a slave, illiterate, and if talent or genius existed it was suppressed and crushed out, and for her previous to this to have accomplished more than she has done would have been, under existing circumstances, impossible. The great composers all had to undergo severe and rigid study.

The masters of architecture studied, studied incessantly, while in those times, especially in Greece, the home of perfection in architecture, women were forbidden, according to the rule, to become educated or learned (except the exceptions) and were subjected to the most retired, aimless and oftentimes dissolute lives.

While this, as the ages have come and gone, has gradually undergone a radical change, yet to throw off the results of this bondage and influence at once and compete with the highest developed types of centuries, none but a person wholly incapable of judging could expect, much less censure a sex for not favorably comparing or developing such ability in the space or limit of one or two centuries.

Wouldn't the concession and grudgingly given compliment to Madame Holmes show more of a just statement and a fair criticism to have omitted that narrow and bigoted statement as a prerogative?

This is the age of criticism, and they who escape its refining or unrefining fire are rare, and more than the exception, if public life be attempted.

Then if a criticism is given Madame Holmes, why not meet her on the rules and principles laid down from which to criticize, and not because she is a woman, or that none of her sex ever built a St. Peter's at Rome, a Parthenon or some other masterpiece of architecture? That in composition we have, as a sex, no Passion music or ninth symphony, but criticize it on its own merit, and not because she is a woman.

If Mme. Holmes has proven herself capable of some re-

markable or, we will say, even fair work in music, why stamp above and between the lines in a manner almost of apology that it is the work of a woman and must be judged and condemned accordingly? She has proven her sex capable of still better results as it develops.

But we must be patient, since we are diminishing the list down to a limit of two things, and have an exception for each of these. Our pessimistic correspondent can keep as a reserve fund his supply of cruel sympathy and condescending commendation for his elder or younger brothers, who may (with him) need it in the future, when they see an American Parthenon designed and completed by women.

And a conservatory founded and conducted by women, whose recital programs disclose compositions of the highest type in music, and are not the exceptions, but the rule; for we will then, as now, not need his sympathy or criticism.

And after all, we can be generous and make allowance, for it is just possible he is fearing in the near future we will far outlive the laurels won by his own sex, and win them too in much less than nineteen centuries, while he is in the meantime composing a funeral march and an apology.

NANNIE CLARK.

Dresden Letter.

DRESDEN, March 23, 1895.

MRS. TERESA D'ALBERT-CARREÑO on March 14 gave a very successful piano recital in Braun's Hotel, on which occasion the exquisite virtuoso displayed all the brilliant qualities which first made her renowned in Dresden. Her fiery temperament, her impulse, &c., were acknowledged both by public and press, in spite of the fact that they sometimes got the better of her intellect; very often leaving the grandeur and the repose of the execution—in compositions where these qualities are required—thoroughly aside. In the Beethoven sonata appassionata, for instance, one cannot possibly understand why the last aerial variation in the second movement must set in with such a vehemence of tempo and forte playing where just the reverse is expected. The grand Chopin C minor nocturno was likewise overhastened, lacking breadth of style, and the Études Symphoniques by Schumann, of which Mrs. Carreño gave a brilliant, dashing, virtuoso-like reading, would have been just as much again appreciated by the musicians and the music lovers in the audience, to whom the virtuoso style is not all, had the pianist rested at least one second between each of the variations; but her hot temperament took her mercilessly along, giving us no time to enjoy the great beauties of the work. Except this speed, which may have been occasional, the execution technically and artistically corresponded to the highest demands upon a virtuoso of our day, and Mrs. Carreño was furiously applauded. The Schubert op. 142 B major theme and variations was no doubt the only number of the program which was rendered quite in the style of the composition. I never heard it played to greater perfection. Bach-Tausig, Rubinstein, &c., were also represented on the program. For the Liszt selections I could not stay, but I hear they were quite marvelously executed. Mrs. Carreño had to respond to several encores.

In the elegant parlors of Miss Natalie Haenisch a 5 o'clock reception took place recently, to which the lady of the house had invited a select number of her friends, musicians, artists, composers, &c., among whom was the well-known Dresden critic L. Hartmann. Miss Haenisch on this occasion introduced the Norwegian composer Gerhard Schjelderup—whose opera *Der Liebe Macht* we are going to hear soon in the Court Opera House—and his charming sister, a musically highly gifted lady, who is a prominent pianist. Miss Schjelderup this time occupied the same seat before Fräulein Haenisch's Blüthner grand where I last saw Anton Rubinstein, and where on another occasion Miss Adele Aus der Ohe during her stay in Dresden delighted Miss Haenisch's friends by her fine piano performances. Fröken Schjelderup at the piano, with uncommon dramatic talent, interpreted parts of her brother's operas; she also as a singer gave proofs of her many-sided musical endowments. With great temperament and warmth

of execution she sang some Lieder and the same Norwegian folk songs which she on the previous night had the honor to sing before his Majesty the King of Saxony at a soirée given by the Duchess of Schleswig-Holstein, the mother of the German Empress. The quite fascinating, unpretentious fashion in which these songs were rendered, thoroughly lacking the perfume of the salon atmosphere, by which so often simple folk lores are deprived of their original freshness and unconscious beauty, impressed us like direct greetings from that northern land where they were first sung. Two other vocalists—Fräulein von Schmalz and Miss Köhler, pupils of Miss Haenisch—gave great pleasure by the fine rendition of songs by different composers. Mrs. Schirmer, of New York, of whose charming, hospitable home I have heard so many enthusiastic accounts, was one of the ladies present.

Speaking of Norway reminds me of another Norwegian singer, Miss Eliza Wiborg, of Stuttgart (also of the Haenisch school of Dresden), who as a Royal Opera singer of that city, in company with her sister Lalla Wiborg, sang at a court concert there—as communicated to me—with unusual success. Miss Haenisch is now busy with the musical education of other new talents. In the last examination performance, some weeks ago, many fresh art novices (among them two American ladies, of whom I, on another occasion, shall have something more to say) were introduced to the audience. Many of these will surely, after the due course of industrious studies with their renowned teacher, make a career as good singers. At this performance several musical authorities were present, judging very favorably of Fräulein Haenisch's exquisite voice training, by which she achieves such good results. The program comprised compositions by Händel, Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Wagner, Schubert, Schumann, Meyerbeer, Rubinstein, Hartmann, &c. An old French song attracted general attention.

Moriz Rosenthal in the fifth Popular Philharmonic Concert stirred up no end of delight by his unique and astounding technic. He played the Chopin E minor concerto and soli.

Clothilde Kleeberg, also one among the many pianists who yearly visit Dresden, was as warmly greeted as ever.

On Prof. C. Halir, of Berlin, the soloist of the sixth Philharmonic concert, the daily papers spend the highest praise for his interpretation of the *Gesangsscene*, by Spohr.

Prof. Arthur de Greef, of Brussels, who was the pianist of the last Nicodé orchestra evening, had quite a sensational success with the Saint-Saëns' G minor concerto. He also played several solo numbers.

Miss Edith Walker's concert on March 21 was very favorably criticised by our leading critic in the *Dresdner Zeitung*, L. Hartmann, and the other papers.

All of these last mentioned five artists, however, I was not able to hear on account of ill health. The weather is simply abominable, and nearly everybody is more or less influenced by the reigning influenza, which causes great confusion in the opera repertory, so many members of the opera personnel being laid up with the illness.

In the Opera House Hänsel and Gretel is still having its run. A Nibelungen cyclis closed up the other day with the *Götterdämmerung*. Gunkel's Attila is still in preparation, so one has every reason to hope it will be well prepared. *Der Dämon*, by Rubinstein, is supposed to follow next, then Ghismonda, by d'Albert, then Schjelderup's *Der Liebe Macht*, then Paderewski's new opera, *Qui Vivra*, Verra. Meanwhile very old works appear on the repertory, such as *La Muette de Portici*, *Le Domino Noir*, *Il Trovatore*, *der Freischütz*, &c. Genoveva, by Schumann, we do not hear or get, but we hope on and hope ever to hear it some day.

Dvorák's symphony op. 95 (*Aus der Neuen Welt*) will be played in the next Royal Orchestra concert. In the last one, on April 19, Hugo Becker, the cellist, will be the soloist.

A. INGMAN.

New York Philharmonic Club.—On April 17 the New York Philharmonic Club, Eugene Weiner director, will give a concert at Orange, N. J. Hattie Bradley will sing several soprano soli.

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MR. WATKIN MILLS, England's great baritone, assisted by Mrs. Marie Harrison, the well-known Canadian soprano, is singing to enormous houses in Canada. Local papers speak of them in glowing terms, and are most enthusiastic over Mrs. Marie Harrison. The *Mail and Express*, of Toronto, speaking of her singing in Gaul's cantata, *Una*, says:

"Storms of applause greeted her efforts and in recognition of the beauty of her astonishing range. Mr. Mills and Mrs. Harrison also sang in London Barnby's cantata, *Rebecca*, to an enthusiastic house, comprising in the audience the Vice-Regal party and the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen. Selections from the oratorios of Elijah, Messiah, Samson, The Creation and the Stabat Mater were given.

"In the *Inflammatus* Mrs. Harrison showed a magnificent breadth of style and power, and the ease and brilliancy of her runs and trills in the Rejoice, from The Messiah, which fell from her lips in delicate crystal tones, made the audience fairly wild over her voice, which is not only voluminous, rich and velvety and of a deliciously sweet quality throughout, but is the phenomenal or unprecedented range of four octaves, extending from D fourth line below the staff to D sixth line above, singing five D's.

"After the termination of this engagement Mrs. Harrison will return to her celebrated teacher, Mme. Florenza d'Arona, of New York, to continue her studies for grand opera, in which she will no doubt appear to even greater advantage than in concert.

"Mr. Watkin Mills was also most successful, and was received with rapturous applause upon every appearance, and his fine numbers on the program provoked repeated recalls. In addition to the soloists there was an orchestra of fifty picked musicians and a chorus of 250 voices."

Paderewski in Paris.

PARIS, March 20, 1895.

TO do anything great, even interesting, in the line of piano concerto creation is about as difficult a task as a composer can give himself to-day. Leaving aside the older masters, who wrote for an instrument wanting in the sonority and brilliancy of our modern grands, almost every great composer of the century has contributed some masterpieces to concerted piano music.

Nothing that Beethoven has written for other combinations of instruments surpasses in powerful beauty his incomparable concerto in G major, or his concerto in E flat, and as for Schumann's piano concerto, it embodies all the loveliest soarings of romanticism seemingly possible to an imagination rich in an inspiration truly transcendental. Chopin's concertos contain motives of heavenly beauty. Liszt dazzles and dazzles and re-dazzles again. Rubinstein overwhelms one with his colossal tone color, his inimitable outpouring of simple, beautiful song, and Brahms plunges one into an inner soul musing, unique in its philosophical intensity. Then there are Weber, Mendelssohn, Henselt, Saint-Saëns, Grieg and most sombrely great of all, Tschai-kowsky.

In an art field so vast, so great, so full of all things rich and strange, to create something not only great and interesting, but original, is indeed a triumph, and this Paderewsky most assuredly has done with his Polish fantasia.

Fresh from his triumphs in Dresden and Leipzig, Paderewsky came here for rest and quiet in order to work on the orchestration of his new opera, but he has a heart as big as his genius, and when he was begged to play, and the benefits accruing to others on account of this were pointed out to him, he did not say no.

A house literally packed from floor to ceiling, the vast Cirque d'Ete, where the Lamoureux concerts are given,

greeted him on Sunday, March 10, and at this concert he was down on the program for his own Polish fantasia.

I heard the work at two rehearsals and at the concert, and what struck me most forcibly about the fantasia was that, while the themes are distinctly Polish, they are nevertheless just as distinctly non-Chopinesque, something truly wonderful in a Polish fantasia written for the piano.

The Poland foreigners know best is that proud but weeping, dejected Poland, without hope, crushed and downtrodden—that sadly mourning country Chopin has depicted for us with such ineffable poetic perfection. But those of us who have visited the country know of another and larger Poland—the true Poland, the virile, silent Poland. A Poland with hope and a Poland which, in spite of the iron tyranny of Russian rule, still lives and hopes and waits. It is this Poland that Paderewski portrays. A suffering country, but a country in whose breast burns an unquenchable fire of patriotism—a country conquered but not subdued.

In the broad opening theme of Paderewski's Polish fantasia there is a certain note of sullen dissatisfaction truly depictive of the national character, and even in the calm beauty of the lovely andante there is a bitterness, a slumbering restlessness that one feels is liable to be awakened at any moment by a wandering thought, caused by some pang of hidden pain, while in the *krakowiak* you have all that insolent, haughty caprice which, no matter how hidden by polished courtesy, is yet inborn in every Pole, only needing a spark to light up into a fierce blaze, and which is certainly their most national fault as a people and one infinitely charming.

Paderewski has not stooped to steal his themes from national melodies. They are all original; he has simply gone to his own inspiration and written as his Polish nature directed, using national rhythm and tone color as attributes only. In consequence of this his work has a certain subtle refinement and originality not always possible in national compositions, and his themes are all naturally woven together, therefore free from that patchiness too often inseparable from works the themes of which have been borrowed from national melodies.

The orchestration is superb, and it is owing to this fact specially that the non traces of Chopin can be proven. In fact, fine as the piano partition undoubtedly is, that for the orchestra is still finer. The ease with which Paderewski handles combinations of the most difficult harmonic effects is wonderful, and his skill in contrapuntal groupings marvelous. In short the fantasia is better described as a work for orchestra with piano than for solo piano and orchestra. In some places the piano partition is so fugitive that it seems to me to suffer by contrast with the orchestra and to lack that flowing continuity that has become associated with the solo work of concertos. Several times during the execution I felt greedy for more piano, which may have been, however, merely a desire to have more and still more of Paderewski's marvelous execution.

Taken as a whole, the fantasia is one that grows on the hearer with every repetition; and so many, so new and so subtle are its beauties that it is only after repeated hearings one is able to grasp fully the entire grace and breadth of the composition. The piano partition is of the most startling difficulty, yet there is not a bar written for mere effect. Even the glissandi represent and mean something only possible to represent by glissandi.

Under Lamoureux's direction the orchestral work was done in a somewhat careless fashion—in fact, I longed for Paderewski himself to take the baton in his hand for a few minutes and show the orchestra what superb effects might be obtained with a little more dash and finesse, but Paderewski is one of the queerest men in creation. It amuses him to hear his compositions played badly. In this respect he stands unique, I think, among composers.

As to his own playing it was simply beautiful beyond

words. Paderewski's technic is marvelous, and its finish something startling. With him the piano remains the piano, and his effects are never orchestral, but masterly absolute and complete. No living pianist can approach him.

At the concert on the 10th his success was so enormous that Lamoureux would take no excuse but to have the fantasia repeated on the Sunday following, and again on the 17th an audience such as is rarely gathered in Paris crowded to hear him. At this concert, besides the fantasia, he played the op. 37 No. 2 G major nocturne of Chopin and a Liszt rhapsodie.

On this occasion I had a chance to judge in how far his playing could be compared with Rubinstein's, and I came to the conclusion that all comparison was impossible, for the simple reason that there are no two points alike in the playing of either. Rubinstein's reading and Paderewski's differ as widely, perhaps, as it is possible to differ. But while Rubinstein was undoubtedly the more colossal pianist of the two, Paderewski's playing has something I have never yet heard in any other pianist—an originality in the highest degree intellectual and emotional. He has not Rubinstein's marvelous resources of tone color and sensuous glow, but he is able to fascinate the mind, and from the first bar to the last he holds you breathless by a series of novel and original effects. His is an absolutely new school of piano playing, unique, thoughtful, poetic, and altogether the originality of his readings is something extraordinary, something that, even apart from his marvelous technic, exquisite grace and tone nuance, gives a charm and an interest that are endless.

The Chopin G major nocturne Paderewski played in the most exquisite manner possible to imagine, and as I have never before heard it interpreted. This nocturne was one of the few, perhaps the only one, that Hans von Bülow could play, and play it he did—as those who have heard him must remember—most beautifully, with the deep, tender insight of a poet. There was an infinite melancholy in his reading, and also an infinite calm. Rubinstein's reading, again, was quite other. He played the first part rapidly, and although the execution was as legato as possible, there was an indefinable restlessness impressed on the hearer by his use of crescendo and diminuendo; then, gradually calming down, he would sing the second part with a simple beauty of tone color inimitable. Paderewski played it unlike either, yet with a perfection unrivaled by any. It was a barcarolle under his fingers, a tender, passionate song, softly wafted over the waters and telling of emotions only possible of expression in song, gravely but calmly. The finesse of Paderewski's playing was marvelous, his tempo rubato masterly.

And after this wonderful poem one of the Liszt rhapsodies. It was a jump from dreamland into everyday life, picturesque, but commonplace. What did Paderewski do? Why, with his unequalled originality he actually made Liszt interesting. There was a joy in his reading, demoniacal but splendid. He did what I have never known any other pianist do: he made one forget the display of technic and he put meaning in his passage work. His Liszt was a revelation and a novelty—in fact, while listening I could hardly grasp the stupendous fact that new beauties had been interpreted in a Liszt rhapsodie.

Next month and in May Paderewski gives some piano recitals and we are to hear him go through three splendid programs. I shall then and at last have a chance to know Paderewski in all styles of piano playing.

ALEX. MCARTHUR.

Amsterdam.—The Netherland Opera at Amsterdam gave quite recently a first representation of the one act drama *Seleucia*, by Brücken-Flock, a Dutch army officer. The work is said to be finely orchestrated and shows much talent.



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Futile Search for Kaschoska.

SIGMUND KASCHOSKA has successfully disappeared from the sight of human kind—from the face of the earth. He is probably dead. Certain facts have been unearthed in support of this statement.

Mr. Kaschoska, who was the son of Rabbi Grützhandler, one of the most prominent ministers in Warsaw, Poland, had as his guide and counselor here Rabbi Bernhard Hast, of 339 East Sixty-second street. Rabbi Hast and Rabbi Grützhandler were schoolfellows, and the son, Sigmund, regarded the former in the light of a father. Sigmund was engaged as chorus master for the Damrosch German Opera Company. He had signed a contract about the latter part of November and seemed joyous over it. He lived at 353 West Thirty-fifth street, and when he related his good fortune to the family with whom he boarded a member jokingly said to him:

"Well, Sigmund, there will be no need to worry about work any more."

"No," Kaschoska replied, "I have procured the best engagement of my life. I shall now be able to satisfy my ambition as a musician."

"No need to think of suicide just yet awhile," exclaimed one of the family, jokingly.

Such a matter had never been mentioned before, but the remark seemed to arrest Kaschoska's serious attention, for he answered:

"No fear. But if I do ever disappear you will never be able to find a trace of me!"

No one placed any weight upon the expression, but now it is called to mind that Kaschoska gave himself over to reflection the remainder of the day. That was December 3, 1894. He was about as usual all of Tuesday, the 4th, and retired at midnight after having passed a jolly evening with the family. He had visited the residence of Rabbi Hast the previous Friday and seemed more hopeful of life's prospects than ever.

But now it is known that on or about December 4 he conversed with a member of the family where he resided. To that person he gave instructions that in case he should at any time disappear his clothing was to be given to one of his friends and his music to be gathered up and sold. It is also known that he burned all letters and papers that he possessed.

Between the hours of 12 midnight December 4, and 6 A. M. December 5, Kaschoska left the house and from that day to this he has never been seen alive.

The family, however, did not notify Rabbi Hast of Kaschoska's disappearance until nine days after. This in itself would seem to be an act of neglect; yet the plea of the family is that they expected that he would return, and they dreaded to make the affair public, lest the report might injure his prospects in the event of his reappearance.

As soon as the matter was out, however, THE MUSICAL COURIER took it up, and upon the assurance of Mr. Damrosch and others that Kaschoska was alive, published the statement. Then it came about that the man supposed to be Kaschoska was not he. The New York Herald of about December 18 stated that a man's body had been picked up on the shore of Staten Island and was alleged to be that of Kaschoska. The absurdity of that report was proven by Rabbi Hast and the writer, who learned that the man found did not answer to the description at all and had been identified as a former employé of a physician in Harlem.

Fräulein Felicia Kaschoska, the missing man's sister, and also his father, the Rabbi Grützhandler, have made piteous appeals to a score of persons in America, and upon the strength of these letters Rabbi Hast and the writer made a fresh effort the past week to find if possible any trace of the musician. Through the courtesy of Henry H. Porter, president of the Department of Public Charities and Correction, the searchers were granted permission to go through the different wards of the asylums for the insane. They visited the almshouse and the workhouse on

Blackwell's Island, and the asylums on Ward's Island. They searched the morgue and examined the photographs of the dead. The complete files of the city's record have been gone over, all the police stations have been visited, also Bellevue Hospital, while a general description of Sigmund Kaschoska was given at police headquarters and a general alarm sent out. The Associated and United Press wires carried the message over the land, but all with no good result.

When last seen Kaschoska had but \$2 in his possession. He carried away the keys of the house.

No doubt he is dead. The most conservative among his friends declare that it must be so.

Leonard E. Auty.

THERE is a decidedly interesting music room on the uptown west side of New York. The view from the wide windows takes in a beautiful expanse in Central Park. There is a home charm about the little salon. There are over 500 songs, ballads, &c., and an endless amount of musical compositions on and about the piano and in the desks and drawers. One gets a warm, honest Yorkshire welcome as Mr. Leonard E. Auty comes forward. This man from Huddersfield is the tenor about whom so much has been written. He will sing for you and convince you of the wonderful resonance of his voice, his decided enunciation, intelligent delivery, phrasing. There is also noticeable a splendid carrying quality, the style is firm and healthy, and his voice is endowed with pathos and refined feeling.

Mr. Auty knows by rote every oratorio ever written; he has committed over 500 songs to memory, and has a famous reputation as a singer of Scottish ballads.

This remarkable repertoire is not to be wondered at when it is known that Mr. Auty has been singing since he was nine years of age. He was the leader of a choir at a time when so small that he had to stand on a hassock to see over the rail. At the age of eighteen he was the conductor of an oratorio society.

Mr. Auty made his debut as a professional singer in 1882 in Glasgow, Scotland, at the City Hall. He was then twenty-one years old. He sang through England and Scotland with such artists as Santley, Ilma di Murska and Orridge. The critics in all of the cities gave him warm praise.

Mr. Auty came out to the States in 1884 and engaged as tenor soloist in church work in Philadelphia. He remained in that city until 1893, when the congregation of Grace Church induced him to come to New York. After the close of his engagement there he sang in concerts and festivals with many prominent artists, among them Mme. Nordica and Mr. Watkin Mills. Finally, Mr. Auty was engaged as tenor solo singer at the Church of Heavenly Rest, where he is now singing, although he will not remain there next season.

He has created a number of tenor rôles, notably the part in Dr. Hugh Clarke's Jerusalem, and the tenor part in Leslie Carpenter's Ninety-sixth Psalm. Gilchrist wrote Heart's Delight for and dedicated it to Mr. Auty, who sang it the first time.

From the mass of encomiums that Mr. Auty has received for his artistic work during his thirteen years as a professional singer it would seem almost impossible to find one adverse criticism. The Newark Advertiser pronounced him "by all odds the best exponent of the tenor part in oratorio music heard in this city." THE MUSICAL COURIER declared that "he made a decided success." The Philadelphia Call said: "Mr. Auty covered himself with glory by his superb singing of the chant of the Muezzin and by his fine delivery of the solo O Night."

The press noticed Mr. Auty's interpretations of The Desert; The Creation; If with All Your Hearts; Every Valley; Samson; Total Eclipse; Hymn of Praise; The Stoning of Stephen; He Fell Asleep; Land o' the Leal; Tom Bowling; Amo, Amas, I Love a Lass; Judas Maccabæus;

O' a' the Airts; The Macgregor's Gathering; The Enemy Said; Then Shall the Righteous Shine; Romance; In Native Worth; Philistines, Hark! the Trumpet Sounding; In Rosy Mantle; Eulalie; Come into the Garden, Maud; Behold My Friends; Haste, Israel, Haste; Glory to God; Whence this Dejection; With Redoubled Rage Return; The Veiled Picture; With Verdure Clad; Lakmé; The Message; The Distant Shore; The Soldier's Dream; Bay of Biscay; Sound an Alarm, and many others.

On one occasion when in Philadelphia the tenor who was to sing the part in Schumann's Paradise and Peri was suddenly taken ill in the midst of the work. Mr. Auty happened to be in the audience and went upon the stage and sang the part at sight.

It is to his credit that the salaries of singers in the Philadelphia churches were increased.

Unless Mr. Auty signs for another year of church work very soon, it is his intention not to devote any time in that direction, but to sing in concert and oratorio altogether. He is engaged to sing with the Philharmonic in oratorio at Camden, N. J., May 7; he will sing Sullivan's Prodigal Son during the festival at Richmond, Va., May 16, and will also sing there May 17.

A Ratcliffe Caperton Concert.

THE complimentary concert to Miss Emilie Paige, given under the direction of Mrs. Ratcliffe Caperton on Monday afternoon at the Hotel Metropole, Philadelphia, was one of the most successful musical events of the season. The appearance of Mme. Chalia, the already acknowledged Spanish prima donna, and the celebrated violinist Mr. John F. Rhodes, together with Mr. Ernest H. Schelling, Philadelphia's favorite pianist, and Miss Sypher, a young mandolin soloist, would alone have insured an artistic treat, but the program was rendered more attractive by the introduction of several of Mrs. Caperton's professional pupils.

Miss Marie Warren, soprano, sang with exquisite delicacy Macheroni's For All Eternity, and with true dramatic ability Liszt's Lorelei.

Miss Helen Hall, whose debut in oratorio in Cedar Rapids, Ia., during the past winter met with such favorable criticism, sang Mir Träume von einem Königs Kind, by Ludwig Hartmann, and Dudley Buck's Sunset, with all the breadth of expression and purity of style required in these songs.

Miss Mary Hall sang most daintily a little song by Lynes and Dr. Hartmann's glorious Schwanenlied, calling forth the hearty applause of the audience.

Miss Susanne Massey, the young Philadelphia poetess whose book entitled God's Parable and Other Poems has just been published by Putnam's Sons, New York, contributed several of her own poems with charming effect.

The crowning success of the concert was gained by Mr. Johann Zeyber, whose pure baritone voice, thoroughly controlled, together with a musical appreciation of his work unusual in young singers, combined to gain for him an immediate success. He sang Con voi ber, Carmen; Waldwanderung, Grieg, and The Arrow and the Song, Balfe. Mr. Zeyber will make his debut in grand opera during the next year. He will go abroad in June, and Mrs. Caperton, his only teacher, will direct his career.

Falstaff.—Verdi's Falstaff was recently performed for the first time in Copenhagen, with Mr. Simonsen in the title rôle; but the opera was very coldly received.

New in Vienna.—A work by Humperdinck, the composer of the famous Hänsel und Gretel, has recently been produced by the Society of the Friends of Music at Vienna. It is a ballad for soli, chorus and orchestra, entitled The Pardon of Kevlaar, written to the words of Heinrich Heine. The Viennese critics consider the work wanting in invention and originality, and it has met with small success. It was produced by the German Liederkranz, New York, on November 18 last year.

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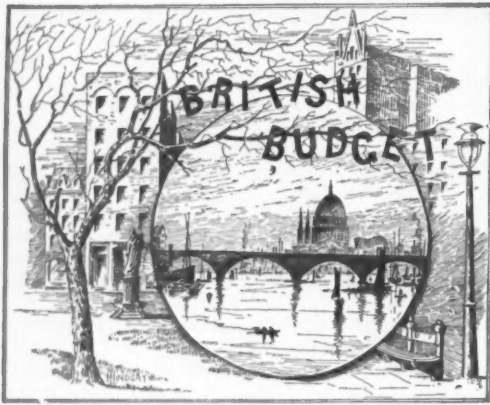
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THE London Ballads closed the twenty-ninth season last Saturday afternoon with a liberal selection of old favorite arias and ballads. Among the vocalists were Miss Evangeline Florence, Mme. Belle Cole and Mr. Edward Lloyd. Influenza and multiplicity of concerts and other attractions have cut down the attendance somewhat, and we believe that this season has not been as successful financially as was expected.

Scarcely had the audience left the hall when Mr. Robert Newman, the enterprising manager, had the seats taken out and the area of the hall arranged for a promenade concert. The decorations included a beautiful little lake in front of the orchestra with trickling water lighted by electricity, and banks of flowers and palms. This entertainment was a test to see if the public would patronize it, and no doubt the success will lead to a series in the summer or early autumn. An excellent program was provided, several vocal and instrumental soloists taking part.

At the Crystal Palace the soloists were M. Slivinski and Mme. Duma.

The attendance at the Popular Concerts seems to be increasing as the season draws to a close. Dr. Joachim and Herr Sauer no doubt had a great deal to do with the large audiences on Saturday and Monday. At the latter, the most interesting number was the revised version of Brahms' piano trio in B major, in which Herr Sauer played with undue force, and so injured the effect of the ensemble. Miss Sylvia Rita, a young English baritone, the daughter of Sir Benjamin Simpson, we understand, made a successful début.

Another concert of considerable interest the past week was that given by Miss Catharine Ellenberger, pupil of the Königl. Hochschule von Musik at Berlin and the late Dr. Hans von Bülow. Miss Ellenberger's work shows that she is a thorough artist; her technic is good and her interpretation marked with intelligence. She was assisted by several good artists.

The Musical Artists' Society gave its seventy-first performance on Monday evening. It will be remembered that this society was organized for the purpose of assisting young and unknown composers to a hearing before the public. The two principal items introduced were a suite for piano and violin, by J. B. Aitken, and a trio in E flat by Algernon Ashton. We cannot prophesy any very great future for either of these compositions.

On Wednesday evening the last concert of the season of the Imperial Institute Amateur Orchestra was given, and it is with pleasure that we note an improvement in this body of over 100 players under the inspiring leadership of their able conductor, Mr. Alberto Randegger. His grandnephew, bearing the same name, made his début as a solo violinist on this occasion.

Miss Ethel Sharpe, an English pianist and pupil of Mr.

Franklin Taylor, who has been very successful on the Continent, winning special commendation from Brahms, gave her first public concert on Wednesday evening in the Queen's (small) Hall. Her playing indicated that she is now prepared to take place among the leading English pianists.

The reception organized in honor of Mr. August Manns has been postponed until April 30, when it is hoped the veteran conductor will have recovered from his present illness.

Dr. Peace, organist of Glasgow Cathedral, gave a recital in Queen's Hall last Sunday, and will give another to-morrow. The other Sunday performances on the 24th inst. included the Philharmonic Union in Princes Hall, a recital in the Albert Hall, with Mr. Edwin H. Lemare organist; the Elijah, given by the Sunday League at Queen's Hall; with Miss Evangeline Florence as soprano soloist, and a grand reception given by a new society called Sunday Clubland at the Institute of Painters in Water Colors, Piccadilly.

Mr. N. Vert, the well-known London concert agent, has been appointed a director of the Carl Rosa Opera Company.

Mr. Henschel gave his annual Wagner concert on Thursday evening in St. James' Hall. The selections were arranged in chronological order, commencing with Rienzi and ending with Parsifal. Mme. Sapiro sang Elizabeth's Greeting and Isolde's Liebestod, winning special success in the latter. Mr. Henschel gave Hans Sack's monologue. Needless to say, the program was thoroughly enjoyed.

The same evening, in the Queen's Hall, Miss Mabel Chaplin, a young cellist, gave a concert.

Mr. George Grossmith has made arrangements to give two of his afternoons at St. James' Hall on May 30 and June 13. The Kneisel Quartet will give their first concert on Monday afternoon, June 10, at Princes Hall, and the two others of the series on the 17th and 24th. Lady Hallé left last week for a five weeks' tour in Norway and Sweden, where she will give thirty-four recitals.

Undoubtedly the principal musical event of the past week in England has been the performance of Edgar Tinel's masterpiece, St. Francis of Assisi, by the Liverpool Philharmonic Society on Tuesday night. A fine rendering was given by the augmented band of the society under the capable conductor, Sir Charles Hallé. The chorus had been carefully trained by Mr. Branscomb, and gave the choral numbers efficiently. The soloists included Mr. Edward Lloyd in the title rôle, Miss Anna Williams, Mr. William Green, Mr. Andrew Black and Mr. David Bispham. This is the most important of the provincial musical societies, and it celebrated its jubilee in 1889. This noble work formed a fitting conclusion to one of the most successful seasons that they have ever given.

At a meeting of the executive committee of the Leeds Festival, held on Saturday, March 16, when Sir Arthur Sullivan, the conductor, was present, the following program was decided on:

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

The Messiah.....Händel

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

Overture, Oberon.....Weber
New Choral Work.....C. Hubert Parry
Symphony, Jupiter.....Mozart
Cantata, The First Walpurgis Night.....Mendelssohn

THURSDAY MORNING.

Opera, Flying Dutchman.....Wagner
New lyric, The Forsaken Merman.....A. Somervell

THURSDAY EVENING.

Christmas oratorio (Parts I. and II.).....Bach
New Orchestral Suite.....Edward German
Vocal Piece.....
Piano Concerto.....
Overture or suite.....

FRIDAY MORNING.

Stabat Mater.....Dvorák
Symphony, Italian.....Mendelssohn
Piano Concerto, &c.....
Overture or suite.....

FRIDAY EVENING.

Cantata, Paradise and the Peri.....Schumann
New Orchestral Piece.....Massenet
Psalm 114, In exitu Israel.....Wesley

SATURDAY MORNING.

Mass in D.....Beethoven
Symphony in B flat.....Schumann
Psalm 42, As Pants the Hart.....Mendelssohn

SATURDAY EVENING.

The Creation (Part I.).....Haydn
The Golden Legend.....Sullivan

Sir Joseph Barnby's recovery was fittingly recognized by the staff of some 130 professors of the Guildhall School of Music, on Saturday evening, presenting him with a testimonial consisting of an illuminated album, containing an address congratulating him on his recovery, followed by the signatures of the subscribers. Accompanying this was a large, handsome, massive silver tray bearing an inscription, and having engraved upon it pictures of the various places with which Sir Joseph Barnby has been prominently associated. One is of York Minster, where he was a chorister; of Eton College, where he did so much for musical education of England; of the Albert Hall, where he has conducted for so many years with signal distinction, and of the Guildhall School of Music, the largest institution of its kind in the world.

It is said that the new opera by Mr. Hamish MacCunn, to the libretto by the Marquis of Lorne, is based upon a Scottish legend which is almost identical with the history of Lancelot and Queen Guinevere.

Signor Foli intends to sail about the end of April for a trip in the United States, partly for professional engagements and partly for a holiday.

The Bach Festival takes place next week, and a full report will appear in my next letter.

It is now settled that the season of Italian opera at Covent Garden will open with Othello on May 13, the title rôle being impersonated by Signor Tamagno, and *Desdemona* by Mme. Albani.

Herr Emil Sauer makes his last London appearance for the present season to-day at the Popular Concert in a piano quintet by Christian Sinding, one of the recognized leaders of the new Norwegian School.

Maurel's concerto for four violins and orchestra will be played by the Highbury Philharmonic on Tuesday next. Mr. Eugen d'Albert has succeeded Herr Lassen, who has just celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his début as conductor at Saxe-Weimar.

On April 6 Mr. H. Carleton Slack, who has completed his course of study in Milan, Paris and London, and thoroughly fitted himself for a teacher of voice production, returns to Boston by the steamer Paris, where he will reopen his studio. I give elsewhere an interesting talk I had with him, in which those interested in the subject will find his experience recorded and certainly worth their reading; for very few who study with the professors here ever get their sanction to the fact that they are fully capable of teaching their methods. Incidentally, what Mr. Slack says about Americans coming abroad to study is most interesting, and on similar lines to the experience given by Miss Fannie Edgar Thomas in her Paris department and confirmed by many cases that we know of in London. Mr. Slack has made several concert appearances in London, always with success, and while here has had several pupils, one of whom

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is so pleased with his mode of teaching that he is returning to America in order to continue his studies with Mr. Slack in Boston.

Miss Mary Churchman Brown, who has studied with Vannini for a year and Mme. Marchesi for the past two years, returns to America by the steamer Paris on April 6. This young lady has been very successful and was accorded the honor of a special matinée, when she was the only pupil asked to sing. Mme. Marchesi gave her the highest praise and encouragement, and said that she could not wish for a more perfect artist. While in London she has been studying with Mr. Randegger, who also speaks very highly of her work. Miss Brown has made a specialty of the better class of arias, songs and ballads in different languages for chamber concerts. She was born in Brooklyn, but lived mostly in Wilmington, Del., afterward studying with Mr. F. Peakes, of Philadelphia. Her many friends will be glad to welcome her home.

Miss Pauline Joran has recently returned from Italy, where she had the opportunity of studying the rôle of *Nedda* in Pagliacci with Leoncavallo himself, who spoke very highly of her conception of the part. She has been re-engaged for Sir Augustus Harris' coming season.

During the past week an extensive bazaar has been held by the British and Foreign Sailors' Society, and several events happened in connection with it which will be interesting to my American readers. One of the items on the musical part of the program was the singing by two American children, Ethel and Alice Dovey, from Nebraska, before the Duke and Duchess of Fife, of the well-known hymn entitled *The Child's Desire*, by Mrs. Jemima Luke. The old lady who wrote the hymn fifty-two years ago is still living at her home in the Isle of Wight, and is the daughter of Mr. Thomas Thompson, one of the three original honorary secretaries of the society. Miss Lillian Terry, of Chicago, who taught the children for some time previous to their coming abroad, accompanied them. Another interesting feature was the singing of Mr. Denis O'Sullivan, who gave the Emperor's Song to Aegir, accompanied by Mlle. Janotha. Mr. O'Sullivan made a distinct success. The United States Ambassador, Mr. Bayard, presented the American stall, presided over by Mrs. Bayard, Mrs. Parker and Mrs. J. Morgan Richards, with a number of copies of *Songs of the Camp*, by Bayard Taylor. Mrs. Cleveland sent twelve signed photographs, which were sold at a fancy figure. Messrs. Steinway lent a grand piano for the occasion.

FRANK V. ATWATER.

H. Carleton Slack.

THOSE interested in voice culture as it is taught on the Continent and in England will get some information from reading the experiences of one of the keenest observers and most serious students we have seen for many a day. At a recent musical function the London representative of THE MUSICAL COURIER met Mr. H. Carleton Slack, who, in the course of a conversation, gave his experiences and observations with so much assurance that we shall try to reproduce his remarks as nearly as possible. First, it may be interesting to know that Mr. Slack is from Springfield, Vt., where he was born and received a good general education, later studying music in Boston under Morowski for the voice and E. Cutter, Jr., for the piano and harmony. During this time he sang in church in Boston, and for the two years before he came abroad was instructor in the public schools of Stoneham and Lexington. Some indication of the superior ability of the man is shown in the fact that, though it was customary in these schools to give the professors on entering a low fee, and increase it each year, reaching the maximum in five years, so satisfactory was the work done by Mr. Slack that he was immediately raised to the maximum after the first year.

Being progressive, and wishing to find out whether there were advantages to be gained abroad, and whether there was knowledge over here not available at home, he arranged a long course of study in Europe. This he has just completed, and his professors give him no less distinction than to say that he is fully capable of teaching their methods.

"After leaving Morowski, to whom I am greatly indebted," he said, "I went to Milan, where I remained a year studying with Vannini, afterward going to Paris. My great object was to fit myself for a vocal teacher, and I was determined from the first to find out the best method of voice production and that which was the most successful, if possible. After some time spent in investigating the varying merits of certain professors of reputation, it was my good fortune to be present at a lesson given by Sbriglia. His ideas and methods so appealed to me that I put myself under his instruction, and remained with him during the greater part of the last two years. I was looking for a method of tone production which I could apply not only to

my own voice, but which I could impart to others, and the more I studied the more convinced I became that this was the method. Simplicity itself, yet withal appealing to the common-sense student, I determined to master it, and when last January I left Paris with his certificate that I had fully grasped the principles of his method and was able to teach it to others, I felt that satisfaction which comes when a difficult task is accomplished.

"What was my object in coming to London? I wished to do some further study in English work, principally oratorio, with Mr. Randegger, and I contend that this noted professor is unique in this particular line of work."

"You might tell me why you think it unnecessary for the American student to come abroad for his higher musical education?"

"I do not think it is necessary. There are, to be sure, some advantages that accrue to one, such as a greater facility for learning the language, a certain artistic atmosphere that lingers round the old places, the easy going life of the people is all conducive to study, and perhaps an impetus is given to the mind of the student who walks in the paths so often frequented by the great masters. But on general principles the student of music is equally well off in America. It is true that few really great artists become so without European study, but that is not because we have not the teachers or that the standard of music is not as high as in Europe. On the contrary, the fault lies chiefly—mind I say chiefly—with the students themselves. They will not allow themselves the time, and neither will they permit their instructors to teach them in the manner that they would be taught in Europe. Social duties, anxiety to make a dollar, persuasion of friends 'just to sing a little,' all tend to retard real vocal progress and leave the student in a half prepared state, so that when he wishes to get seriously to work he argues that his instruction was faulty and that he must go abroad as the only panacea for his lack of success. When he arrives and is asked in a most humiliating tone, 'What have you been doing all these years?' or 'How is it that there are no vocal teachers in America who know anything?' he uses large words or weeps copiously, and has to calmly submit to be called a numskull. One result of this is to make him think—and more often than not it is the first time he has done anything of the kind. This is the first essential to progress.

"If our students would but learn that before the veneer and varnish is put on, the real vocal structure must be built, and allow time and thought enough for the proper building of that structure, they would find in America plenty of able and competent instructors who could carry them to the highest point in the vocal art. If the student would seriously give up everything that interferes with his study, he would make the same progress at home that he would make abroad, and avoid many disagreeable experiences. Several well-known teachers in Europe have at one time tried their vocation in America, but found for the reason above pointed out that they were unable to satisfactorily fit their students for their work, not from their own shortcomings, but because the pupils would not study, think and wait.

"Another thing from which the best teachers of America suffer is the fact that there is a quantity of people who profess to teach vocal culture, and have for their grounding the blacksmith's art or the music of the running brooks. I admit that they have tact and business capacities, and their pupils succeed in everything except singing. It is this class of teachers that compels others in self defense to sometimes apply these lesser approved methods of polish which quickly show signs of apparent progress.

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MUSIC SENT FOR CRITICISM.

Richault et Cie., Paris.

ANATOLE LOQUIN, *Treatise on Harmony.*

The celebrated theorist and teacher Anatole Loquin, of Orleans (Collaborateur Musical du Dictionnaire de la Langue Française de É. Littré, Membre de L'Académie des Sciences, Belles-Lettres et Arts de Bordeaux), who has for very many years appeared as a reformer in special departments of musical theory, now puts forth as the crowning effort of his life in this respect a most exhaustive treatise on harmony, in the French language, entitled *L'Harmonie Rendue Claire et Mise à la Portée de Tous les Musiciens.—Traité Général des Traités D'Harmonie.*

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The twelve sounds of the chromatic scale he arranges in a paradigm of 144 squares, like the multiplication table up to twelve, in which the twelve scales may be traced.

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To describe the progression of the chord of G major moving to that of A flat it is sufficient to say 43 B 42, for 42 is the number of the major triad, and the intermediate letter B stands for the movement of the bass one semitone upward. This illustration is here marked "Associated with the name of Palestrina." The same progression as treated by Meyerbeer (who in each case used the second inversion or chord of six-four) is expressed as 50 B 50, because 50 is the symbol for this inversion of the common chord. As the harmonies become more and more complex so does the convenience here offered appear correspondingly useful. The chord of the German sixth on A flat resolving on G with six-four minor is indicated by 100 N 49, for 100 is the catalogue number of this form of the augmented sixth; 49 that of the second inversion of the minor chord, and N marks the descending motion of the bass part one semitone, as B stands for the semitone above. Here renewed thanks are due, but this nomenclature, although merely a convenience to writers on music, is absolutely essential to the author's system, for he is obliged to exhibit a list of 399 kinds of chords and 2,048 harmonic effects. These may be transposed into all the keys, and therefore, rejecting enharmonic equivalents, when multiplied by twelve make a classification of 4,788 chords and 24,576 harmonic effects.

This does not complete the tabulation, for the parts above the bass notes may be inverted among themselves in many ways (here called dispositions) which when duly displayed make enormously large categories. By calling in the aid of the mathematical doctrines of combination, variation or permutation, the above schedule of 24,576 effects may be enlarged indefinitely, until it is seen to be practically infinite. If the chord of C, when set for a vocal quartet may be displayed in very many forms, a chord of five notes (like

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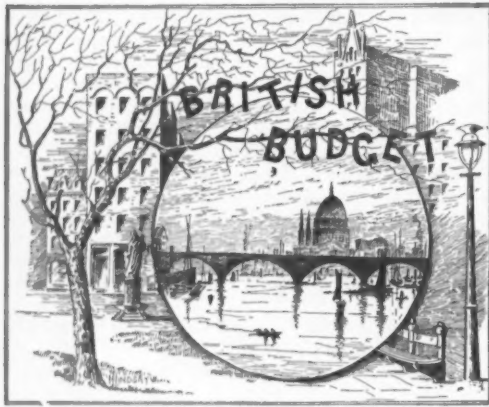
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BRITISH OFFICE OF THE MUSICAL COURIER,
15 ARGYLL STREET, LONDON, W., March 30, 1895

THE London Ballads closed the twenty-ninth season last Saturday afternoon with a liberal selection of old favorite arias and ballads. Among the vocalists were Miss Evangeline Florence, Mme. Belle Cole and Mr. Edward Lloyd. Influenza and multiplicity of concerts and other attractions have cut down the attendance somewhat, and we believe that this season has not been as successful financially as was expected.

Scarcely had the audience left the hall when Mr. Robert Newman, the enterprising manager, had the seats taken out and the area of the hall arranged for a promenade concert. The decorations included a beautiful little lake in front of the orchestra with trickling water lighted by electricity, and banks of flowers and palms. This entertainment was a test to see if the public would patronize it, and no doubt the success will lead to a series in the summer or early autumn. An excellent program was provided, several vocal and instrumental soloists taking part.

At the Crystal Palace the soloists were M. Slivinski and Mme. Duma.

The attendance at the Popular Concerts seems to be increasing as the season draws to a close. Dr. Joachim and Herr Sauer no doubt had a great deal to do with the large audiences on Saturday and Monday. At the latter, the most interesting number was the revised version of Brahms' piano trio in B major, in which Herr Sauer played with undue force, and so injured the effect of the ensemble. Miss Sylvia Rita, a young English baritone, the daughter of Sir Benjamin Simpson, we understand, made a successful début.

Another concert of considerable interest the past week was that given by Miss Catharine Ellenberger, pupil of the Königl. Hochschule von Musik at Berlin and the late Dr. Hans von Bülow. Miss Ellenberger's work shows that she is a thorough artist; her technique is good and her interpretation marked with intelligence. She was assisted by several good artists.

The Musical Artists' Society gave its seventy-first performance on Monday evening. It will be remembered that this society was organized for the purpose of assisting young and unknown composers to a hearing before the public. The two principal items introduced were a suite for piano and violin, by J. B. Aitken, and a trio in E flat by Algernon Ashton. We cannot prophesy any very great future for either of these compositions.

On Wednesday evening the last concert of the season of the Imperial Institute Amateur Orchestra was given, and it is with pleasure that we note an improvement in this body of over 100 players under the inspiring leadership of their able conductor, Mr. Alberto Randegger. His grandnephew, bearing the same name, made his début as a solo violinist on this occasion.

Miss Ethel Sharpe, an English pianist and pupil of Mr.

Franklin Taylor, who has been very successful on the Continent, winning special commendation from Brahms, gave her first public concert on Wednesday evening in the Queen's (small) Hall. Her playing indicated that she is now prepared to take place among the leading English pianists.

The reception organized in honor of Mr. August Manns has been postponed until April 30, when it is hoped the veteran conductor will have recovered from his present illness.

Dr. Peace, organist of Glasgow Cathedral, gave a recital in Queen's Hall last Sunday, and will give another tomorrow. The other Sunday performances on the 24th inst. included the Philharmonic Union in Princes Hall, a recital in the Albert Hall, with Mr. Edwin H. Lemare organist; the Elijah, given by the Sunday League at Queen's Hall; with Miss Evangeline Florence as soprano soloist, and a grand reception given by a new society called Sunday Clubland at the Institute of Painters in Water Colors, Piccadilly.

Mr. N. Vert, the well-known London concert agent, has been appointed a director of the Carl Rosa Opera Company.

Mr. Henschel gave his annual Wagner concert on Thursday evening in St. James' Hall. The selections were arranged in chronological order, commencing with Rienzi and ending with Parsifal. Mme. Sapio sang Elizabeth's Greeting and Isolde's Liebestod, winning special success in the latter. Mr. Henschel gave Hans Sachs' monologue. Needless to say, the program was thoroughly enjoyed.

The same evening, in the Queen's Hall, Miss Mabel Chaplin, a young cellist, gave a concert.

Mr. George Grossmith has made arrangements to give two of his afternoons at St. James' Hall on May 30 and June 13. The Kneisel Quartet will give their first concert on Monday afternoon, June 10, at Princes Hall, and the two others of the series on the 17th and 24th. Lady Hallé left last week for a five weeks' tour in Norway and Sweden, where she will give thirty-four recitals.

Undoubtedly the principal musical event of the past week in England has been the performance of Edgar Tinel's masterpiece, St. Francis of Assisi, by the Liverpool Philharmonic Society on Tuesday night. A fine rendering was given by the augmented band of the society under the capable conductor, Sir Charles Hallé. The chorus had been carefully trained by Mr. Branscomb, and gave the choral numbers efficiently. The soloists included Mr. Edward Lloyd in the title rôle, Miss Anna Williams, Mr. William Green, Mr. Andrew Black and Mr. David Bispham. This is the most important of the provincial musical societies, and it celebrated its jubilee in 1889. This noble work formed a fitting conclusion to one of the most successful seasons that they have ever given.

At a meeting of the executive committee of the Leeds Festival, held on Saturday, March 16, when Sir Arthur Sullivan, the conductor, was present, the following program was decided on:

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

The Messiah.....Händel

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

Overture, Oberon.....Weber
New Choral Work.....C. Hubert Parry
Symphony, Jupiter.....Mozart
Cantata, The First Walpurgis Night.....Mendelssohn

THURSDAY MORNING.

Opera, Flying Dutchman.....Wagner
New lyric, The Forsaken Merman.....A. Somervell

THURSDAY EVENING.

Christmas oratorio (Parts I. and II.).....Bach
New Orchestral Suite.....Edward German
Vocal Piece.....
Piano Concerto.....
Overture or suite.....

FRIDAY MORNING.

Stabat Mater.....Dvorák
Symphony, Italian.....Mendelssohn
Piano Concerto, &c.....
Overture or suite.....

FRIDAY EVENING.

Cantata, Paradise and the Peri.....Schumann
New Orchestral Piece.....Massenet
Psalm 114, In exitu Israel.....Wesley

SATURDAY MORNING.

Mass in D.....Beethoven
Symphony in B flat.....Schumann
Psalm 43, As Pants the Hart.....Mendelssohn

SATURDAY EVENING.

The Creation (Part I.).....Haydn
The Golden Legend.....Sullivan

Sir Joseph Barnby's recovery was fittingly recognized by the staff of some 130 professors of the Guildhall School of Music, on Saturday evening, presenting him with a testimonial consisting of an illuminated album, containing an address congratulating him on his recovery, followed by the signatures of the subscribers. Accompanying this was a large, handsome, massive silver tray bearing an inscription, and having engraved upon it pictures of the various places with which Sir Joseph Barnby has been prominently associated. One is of York Minster, where he was a chorister; of Eton College, where he did so much for musical education of England; of the Albert Hall, where he has conducted for so many years with signal distinction, and of the Guildhall School of Music, the largest institution of its kind in the world.

It is said that the new opera by Mr. Hamish MacCunn, to the libretto by the Marquis of Lorne, is based upon a Scottish legend which is almost identical with the history of Lancelot and Queen Guinevere.

Signor Foli intends to sail about the end of April for a trip in the United States, partly for professional engagements and partly for a holiday.

The Bach Festival takes place next week, and a full report will appear in my next letter.

It is now settled that the season of Italian opera at Covent Garden will open with Othello on May 13, the title rôle being impersonated by Signor Tamagno, and Desdemona by Mme. Albani.

Herr Emil Sauer makes his last London appearance for the present season to-day at the Popular Concert in a piano quintet by Christian Sinding, one of the recognized leaders of the new Norwegian School.

Maurel's concerto for four violins and orchestra will be played by the Highbury Philharmonic on Tuesday next. Mr. Eugen d'Albert has succeeded Herr Lassen, who has just celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his début as conductor at Saxe-Weimar.

On April 6 Mr. H. Carleton Slack, who has completed his course of study in Milan, Paris and London, and thoroughly fitted himself for a teacher of voice production, returns to Boston by the steamer Paris, where he will reopen his studio. I give elsewhere an interesting talk I had with him, in which those interested in the subject will find his experience recorded and certainly worth their reading; for very few who study with the professors here ever get their sanction to the fact that they are fully capable of teaching their methods. Incidentally, what Mr. Slack says about Americans coming abroad to study is most interesting, and on similar lines to the experience given by Miss Fannie Edgar Thomas in her Paris department and confirmed by many cases that we know of in London. Mr. Slack has made several concert appearances in London, always with success, and while here has had several pupils, one of whom

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May 8.

is so pleased with his mode of teaching that he is returning to America in order to continue his studies with Mr. Slack in Boston.

Miss Mary Churchman Brown, who has studied with Vannini for a year and Mme. Marchesi for the past two years, returns to America by the steamer Paris on April 6. This young lady has been very successful and was accorded the honor of a special *matinée*, when she was the only pupil asked to sing. Mme. Marchesi gave her the highest praise and encouragement, and said that she could not wish for a more perfect artist. While in London she has been studying with Mr. Randegger, who also speaks very highly of her work. Miss Brown has made a specialty of the better class of arias, songs and ballads in different languages for chamber concerts. She was born in Brooklyn, but lived mostly in Wilmington, Del., afterward studying with Mr. F. Peakes, of Philadelphia. Her many friends will be glad to welcome her home.

Miss Pauline Joran has recently returned from Italy, where she had the opportunity of studying the rôle of *Nedda* in *Pagliacci* with Leoncavallo himself, who spoke very highly of her conception of the part. She has been re-engaged for Sir Augustus Harris' coming season.

During the past week an extensive bazaar has been held by the British and Foreign Sailors' Society, and several events happened in connection with it which will be interesting to my American readers. One of the items on the musical part of the program was the singing by two American children, Ethel and Alice Dovey, from Nebraska, before the Duke and Duchess of Fife, of the well-known hymn entitled *The Child's Desire*, by Mrs. Jemima Luke. The old lady who wrote the hymn fifty-two years ago is still living at her home in the Isle of Wight, and is the daughter of Mr. Thomas Thompson, one of the three original honorary secretaries of the society. Miss Lillian Terry, of Chicago, who taught the children for some time previous to their coming abroad, accompanied them. Another interesting feature was the singing of Mr. Denis O'Sullivan, who gave the Emperor's Song to Aegir, accompanied by Mlle. Janotha. Mr. O'Sullivan made a distinct success. The United States Ambassador, Mr. Bayard, presented the American stall, presided over by Mrs. Bayard, Mrs. Parker and Mrs. J. Morgan Richards, with a number of copies of *Songs of the Camp*, by Bayard Taylor. Mrs. Cleveland sent twelve signed photographs, which were sold at a fancy figure. Messrs. Steinway lent a grand piano for the occasion.

FRANK V. ATWATER.

H. Carleton Slack.

THOSE interested in voice culture as it is taught on the Continent and in England will get some information from reading the experiences of one of the keenest observers and most serious students we have seen for many a day. At a recent musical function the London representative of THE MUSICAL COURIER met Mr. H. Carleton Slack, who, in the course of a conversation, gave his experiences and observations with so much assurance that we shall try to reproduce his remarks as nearly as possible. First, it may be interesting to know that Mr. Slack is from Springfield, Vt., where he was born and received a good general education, later studying music in Boston under Morowski for the voice and E. Cutter, Jr., for the piano and harmony. During this time he sang in church in Boston, and for the two years before he came abroad was instructor in the public schools of Stoneham and Lexington. Some indication of the superior ability of the man is shown in the fact that, though it was customary in these schools to give the professors on entering a low fee, and increase it each year, reaching the maximum in five years, so satisfactory was the work done by Mr. Slack that he was immediately raised to the maximum after the first year.

Being progressive, and wishing to find out whether there were advantages to be gained abroad, and whether there was knowledge over here not available at home, he arranged a long course of study in Europe. This he has just completed, and his professors give him no less distinction than to say that he is fully capable of teaching their methods.

"After leaving Morowski, to whom I am greatly indebted," he said, "I went to Milan, where I remained a year studying with Vannini, afterward going to Paris. My great object was to fit myself for a vocal teacher, and I was determined from the first to find out the best method of voice production and that which was the most successful, if possible. After some time spent in investigating the varying merits of certain professors of reputation, it was my good fortune to be present at a lesson given by Sbriglia. His ideas and methods so appealed to me that I put myself under his instruction, and remained with him during the greater part of the last two years. I was looking for a method of tone production which I could apply not only to

my own voice, but which I could impart to others, and the more I studied the more convinced I became that this was the method. Simplicity itself, yet withal appealing to the common-sense student, I determined to master it, and when last January I left Paris with his certificate that I had fully grasped the principles of his method and was able to teach it to others, I felt that satisfaction which comes when a difficult task is accomplished.

"What was my object in coming to London? I wished to do some further study in English work, principally oratorio, with Mr. Randegger, and I contend that this noted professor is unique in this particular line of work."

"You might tell me why you think it unnecessary for the American student to come abroad for his higher musical education?"

"I do not think it is necessary. There are, to be sure, some advantages that accrue to one, such as a greater facility for learning the language, a certain artistic atmosphere that lingers round the old places, the easy going life of the people is all conducive to study, and perhaps an impetus is given to the mind of the student who walks in the paths so often frequented by the great masters. But on general principles the student of music is equally well off in America. It is true that few really great artists become so without European study, but that is not because we have not the teachers or that the standard of music is not as high as in Europe. On the contrary, the fault lies chiefly—mind I say chiefly—with the students themselves. They will not allow themselves the time, and neither will they permit their instructors to teach them in the manner that they would be taught in Europe. Social duties, anxiety to make a dollar, persuasion of friends 'just to sing a little,' all tend to retard real vocal progress and leave the student in a half prepared state, so that when he wishes to get seriously to work he argues that his instruction was faulty and that he must go abroad as the only panacea for his lack of success. When he arrives and is asked in a most humiliating tone, 'What have you been doing all these years?' or 'How is it that there are no vocal teachers in America who know anything?' he uses large words or weeps copiously, and has to calmly submit to be called a numskull. One result of this is to make him think—and more often than not it is the first time he has done anything of the kind. This is the first essential to progress.

"If our students would but learn that before the veneer and varnish is put on, the real vocal structure must be built, and allow time and thought enough for the proper building of that structure, they would find in America plenty of able and competent instructors who could carry them to the highest point in the vocal art. If the student would seriously give up everything that interferes with his study, he would make the same progress at home that he would make abroad, and avoid many disagreeable experiences. Several well-known teachers in Europe have at one time tried their vocation in America, but found for the reason above pointed out that they were unable to satisfactorily fit their students for their work, not from their own shortcomings, but because the pupils would not study, think and wait.

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The twelve sounds of the chromatic scale he arranges in a paradigm of 144 squares, like the multiplication table up to twelve, in which the twelve scales may be traced.

The different intervals are indicated by letters based upon this scheme of twelve semitones and not upon our ordinary diatonic scale. Hence the unison is A; the major third, E; the fourth, F; the octave below, Z; the major third below, Q; the fourth below, R; the octave above is M. All enharmonic changes being disregarded, in accordance with the generally accepted method of tuning called equal temperament, a style of describing melodic progressions is made possible that, when completely formulated, as here, and brought into general use, will save much difficulty in the making of musical statements verbally. For this the author, Anatole Loquin, deserves general thanks.

To describe the progression of the chord of G major moving to that of A flat it is sufficient to say 43 B 42, for 43 is the number of the major triad, and the intermediate letter B stands for the movement of the bass one semitone upward. This illustration is here marked "Associated with the name of Palestrina." The same progression as treated by Meyerbeer (who in each case used the second inversion or chord of six-four) is expressed as 50 B 50, because 50 is the symbol for this inversion of the common chord. As the harmonies become more and more complex so does the convenience here offered appear correspondingly useful. The chord of the German sixth on A flat resolving on G with six-four minor is indicated by 190 N 49, for 190 is the catalogue number of this form of the augmented sixth; 49 that of the second inversion of the minor chord, and N marks the descending motion of the bass part one semitone, as B stands for the semitone above. Here renewed thanks are due, but this nomenclature, although merely a convenience to writers on music, is absolutely essential to the author's system, for he is obliged to exhibit a list of 399 kinds of chords and 2,048 harmonic effects. These may be transposed into all the keys, and therefore, rejecting enharmonic equivalents, when multiplied by twelve make a classification of 4,788 chords and 24,576 harmonic effects.

This does not complete the tabulation, for the parts above the bass notes may be inverted among themselves in many ways (here called dispositions) which when duly displayed make enormously large categories. By calling in the aid of the mathematical doctrines of combination, variation or permutation, the above schedule of 24,576 effects may be enlarged indefinitely, until it is seen to be practically infinite. If the chord of C, when set for a vocal quartet may be displayed in very many forms, a chord of five notes (like

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the major ninth) will have many more forms; and if the range of the tonal region be increased, as in the orchestra or church organ, or if within a small compass, say four octaves, a quintet or sextet, &c., of parts be written, it is evident that no tally could ever be kept of all the possible various ways of exhibiting even a few chords.

These 399 harmonies being duly tabulated, suspended discords are explained and the mode of indicating them illustrated; then follow immediately pedal points of one note, as usual, and of two notes, the tonic and dominant being sustained together.

An additional contribution to the lists of chords is made by placing certain harmonies on those notes of the scale on which they usually appear or are most effective or have their seats.

The work is very large, and yet no list of contents appears at the beginning showing the broad divisions of the subject into parts, sections, &c.; nor at the end is there more than the headings of different chapters, with the respective pages marked. It is therefore not practicable to seize at a sudden glance the new views here advanced and mentally survey the entire scheme as it is viewed by the author. Hence it is necessary here to assume and assert by way of economizing the time of readers that the second grand division of the work begins at page 138, where examples are offered of different harmonic progressions and not entirely of different chords—in fact, of dynamics rather than statics. These examples are carefully selected from the works of celebrated composers, who are, however, mostly French, although the writings of Mozart, Weber, Mendelssohn and even Wagner are quoted. All such illustrations are presented in the key of C, that the student may compare them readily, and clearly perceive differences without being obliged to transpose anything to find slight contrasts.

The only fault or shortcoming to be noted here is that the original key is not marked, for when the chords are greatly raised in pitch they seem thin, attenuated and cold, and a false impression is given.

Instead of the ordinary figures of a figured bass, the reader is confronted with the number of the chord according to the above classification, and letters indicating the melodic progression of the bass. For instance, the opening of Mendelssohn's overture to *Ruy Blas* begins, 35 O 44 M 44 N 159 O 42.

Wholly irrespective of any good the author's teachings may accomplish it must here be insisted that at least two services have now been rendered musicians in general, if they choose to avail themselves of them. If the above formula be read and comprehended it will at once appear to be a complete form of writing musical ideas, new or old; and as such harmonic phrases may be interpreted indifferently in all keys, transposition becomes easy. 35, is minor triad; O, the bass falls one tone; 44, now the chord is the first inversion of a minor triad; 44, the bass part rises one octave; 44, the chord is repeated; N, the bass falls a semitone; 159, the chord is now the second inversion of the chord of the dominant seventh on D; O, the bass falls, as above, one tone; 42, the chord is now D major triad.

These instructions may be carried out indifferently in all keys, but if some one key must be chosen (as when an organist is to supply chords in an oratorio), it would be sufficient to say "key of C," at the outset, taking an idea from the Tonic Sol-Fa system of notation.

The second point well worth the attention of young composers is this, that these illustrations are planned directly with the view of showing how composers have made certain chords proceed to particular degrees of the scale. Young students are commonly taught at first to move from the tonic harmony to the dominant or sub-dominant harmony and back again to the tonic; and a few other elementary progressions being shown, they are mostly left to invent for themselves more novel or unrelated connections. Here, from pages 138 to 353, we find systematically arranged specimens of the modes in which composers of credit have employed complex harmonies on any note of the chromatic scale and caused them to move directly to other highly elaborate (perhaps far fetched) chords on any other note of the chromatic scale, and yet also at the same time keeping fully in view the keynote and the necessity of recognizing its authority. By such systematic modes of classification no possible case need be neglected. The opening of Auber's *La Muette de Portici*, certain significant passages in Mozart's overtures to *Don Giovanni* and the phrase *Dum Pendebat Filius*, from Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, receive exemplification in due course.

The reviewer when exercising the creative faculty, and too impatient to wait for inspiration or hunt for words to set to music, was in the habit of seizing pen and paper, and after signing the key and time for a waltz (or other form worthy or capable of idealization) set himself the task of inventing phrases whose most emphatic harmonies should be on some strange interval above the keynote, or making the general trend of the chords show a strong leaning to some other note or quasi tonic, while still retaining the pre-eminence of the real and abiding keynote. When in C major, for example, continually flirt with the key of F sharp or with that of D flat; much as in the

modes an Ionian melody may seek the Phrygian or a Phrygian may cling to the Ionian.

A definite aim and exercise leads to definite results. If these are satisfactory new problems must be set; if unsatisfactory, the special difficulty must be faced anew later.

Liszt penned his first polonaise in G minor, and began with the chord of B major, and Mendelssohn opened the theme of his *Wedding March* in C with a harmony having F sharp for root. Both may have been inspired or have worked in this way, but they certainly struck out something new, and this is at least one chief aim of the composer in writing technical exercises. It is mostly left for geniuses like Beethoven to make a few simple diatonic progressions and other commonplaces deeply impressive, and convey most profound psychologic meanings.

We propose to make the third great division of this book to begin on page 354, for here the subject of modulation is taken up and treated systematically, beginning with modulations for one voice without accompaniment, and proceeding to modulations in more parts and regularly to all the keys. Here the author is not so greatly entitled to thanks as for the four points already mentioned, for his teachings differ in no marked degree from those of other didactic musicians.

One finds even in most of the best German books uncouth looking phrases, objectlessly wandering harmonies followed by the chord of the key sought, as though a person about to leave the room first walked all around it and then sidled out; but to modulate is to proceed immediately from one key to another, without the aid of any intermediary chords. Our author does not show this; yet, while exhibiting these rigmarole passages, most kindly points out which melodic note or chord initiates the point of departure or arrival, the terms note nuance and accord nuance being freely used. No mention is made of the influence of the rhythmic design in establishing the feeling of a settled tonality definitely. It would be better to begin by saying (that which every organist wishes to know) that an effective and instantaneous modulation may be made into any major key by joining the final chord of the key to be resigned as neatly as possible with the chord of the dominant seventh of the new key, if this be major; but with the chord of the minor ninth (with or without the root) if the key be minor. The minor ninth on E, for example, contains G sharp, D and F, sounds which do not occur together in any other key than A minor. Hence there is no ambiguity.

This is said here because this unflinching receipt will assist many persons presiding at the organ console, when a chant, say in E flat, is to be changed for one in two sharps, or to the pianist accompanying a singer in a series of German songs in widely different keys, or giving the pitch, &c., to a glee club chorus singing a capella.

The author regards the addition of the three genre diatonic, chromatic and enharmonic as absurd, illogical and anti-scientific, in a way that is comprehensible on the ground that he disregards the diatonic scale in favor of the chromatic (on which all his calculations and formulæ are based), and having resigned most unreservedly all perfect intonation in favor of the equal temperament system at last ignores grammatical forms and distinctions in writing.

While it is true that we allow many changes in the spelling of words that are made with certain ends in view, we do not permit unwarrantable alterations. One may write color for colour, and magot for maggot, but not ship for sail when sale is meant, nor buildings raised when razed or burned down is intended. Similarly in music, without the enharmonic change our notation would often resemble a succession of silly puns. Even now one must frequently refer to the context to find the meaning; precisely as in language the phrases to cleave asunder and to cleave together are comprehended. The contrast or difference here is as completely opposite as in raised and razed, which illustrates the enharmonic change, or difference, say, between the chord of the German sixth and the dominant seventh, because though written differently they sound alike. An analogous case with cleave is found when one notes the difference between, say, the chord B, D, F, A, when it proceeds to E, G, B; and the same chord unaltered in writing and in sound, if it be followed by C, E, G, for the contexture proves the latter form of the chord of the seventh to be the dominant chord of the key of C, with the root omitted, in which case the B may not be doubled. The author need not fear a conspiracy of silence. He will have to meet an active conservative opposition as ready for the fray as classical scholars who are anxious to preserve in spelling some indications of the roots of modern words.

As regards modulation in connection with modern advance, it may be well to state that in pre-Palestrina times and in old English cathedral music there was no modulation at all in our sense, for we only move to a precisely similar key repeated at another elevation. Nothing is changed except the pitch, and the relationship of the new pitch with the old; or as the books "of the new key with the old"; but when the Dorian mode was relinquished for the Lydian or Mixolydian a new flavor or atmosphere was experienced, somewhat similar to a change from minor to major or from a pentatonic totality to a Hungarian. With plagal and authentic modes, all of which could be transposed, over 100 scales were to be learned, and are now in practical use at

St. Francis Xavier's Church in Sixteenth street, New York, and elsewhere, where the church chant, plain or florid, is delivered with historic truth, and conscientiously, by the priests and choir and organists, devoted to the preservation of ecclesiastical art heritages, by which myriads of people throughout all Christendom have found relief and satisfaction for several centuries. Composers are thus provided with ready made schemes or molds for the immediate expression of particular soul states. The secular musician with mere major and minor modes to deal with must turn to the church Dorian for severe and solemn splendor, to the Mixolydian for a softened form of the major and so on. The most profound ideality is here, as it were, crystallized into a fixed form, to guide the young composer in the absence of more positive and directly applicable instruction in art from its purely psychologic side.

That which our author regards as a marvelous evolution in modern art may come to be viewed eventually as a retrograde movement, for constant modulation or change may prove a weariness, like perpetual travel, especially as here, where nothing really new is found.

To go into the question of modern unrest, dissatisfaction and consequent aspirations in daily life, with reference to the use of transitional keys in music, and as to how far equal temperament, by making all harmonies out of tune, causes uneasiness with concords, leads to a consequent preference for discords, which we do not expect to give a feeling of rest; and to what extent discords have been chosen to impart dynamic power, since flowing and intertwined counterpoints which gave continuity and onward motion to elaborate many parted movements have been relinquished, would be to spread too far and wide for the present.

On page 394 the defects of our present notation are pointed out, and this marks the beginning of what may be considered the fourth grand division of the work.

Such defects are inseparable from a notation which at best is only a rough kind of algebra representing a limited number of divisions of the octave. We require an indefinite number to obtain any approach to perfection; yet still prefer to have the ascending chromatic scale written with sharps, and the descending chromatic scale with flats, although sometimes apparently inconsistent in the matter.

The scale of seven sharps overlaps the scale of five flats, yet it must be taught in order that Bach's works may be comprehended and played from the original copy. Therefore one demands the scale of ten sharps, to learn how to form from it when required the relative minor key into which Bach modulates; or even Chopin, whose original editions showed great solicitude with reference to such grammatical matters. It is very greatly to be desired that editors, particularly German editors, would not alter so ruthlessly the works of great composers that every boarding school girl may strum such pieces as Chopin's nocturne in B major, which modulates likewise, or the study in octaves in B minor (op. 25), although here a chord containing four double sharps is used at a highly emphatic climax. If Liszt carries the woodwind into a key with many flats, and just before the close of the phrase the brass enters with the same harmonies enharmonically changed into sharps, because about to proceed further in this direction (vide the *Graner Mass*) and the woodwind is about to cease, such expedients should not be stigmatized.

When Wagner at the close of the first act of *Tristan und Isolde* writes E, D sharp, E, D sharp, E, many times in preference to E, E flat, E natural, E flat, E natural, to save writing many accidentals and to present to the orchestral player a copy which to him will be intelligible, he is not to be blamed for not making the change from C major to C minor in every case clear to every amateur in harmony. Were Wagner's works closely scrutinized from the point of view that he

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constantly tried to interest every member of the orchestra with his individual part, and altered it in accordance with the principles of melody irrespective of the strange appearance the score would present to mere harmonists, when these apparent contradictions are united at the same instant of time, it would be clearly seen that there was method in his madness. Instructive criticisms would then be forthcoming from men that unfold meanings, speaking from within, rather than from those persons who pry into art from without, and are more like spies and quizzers than lovers to whom much more is ever revealed.

There seems to be no real cause for belief that our notation could be altered as proposed for the better. It has proved itself equal to bear the marvelous strain put upon it during the past century, notwithstanding the new phases that have been greatly developed. Being uniform for all instrumental music, it is unlike the tablatures, Chinese elaborate figurations, Hindoo one line simplicities, &c.; it is the same for voices and instruments, which is a modern gain, and above all is accepted throughout Christendom. Students of political science may draw up constitutions on paper, but it is difficult to make them work, and we may well believe that whatever one may adopt it will in course of working (without any degradation of principles) soon develop inherent defects that may prove worse than those which are formed in older communities by a sort of growth. Hence the Australians do well to follow their own principles of action, and even to remain studiously in ignorance of what Canadians or other English colonists may do; and similarly with reference to the notation of both music and language, equally the spontaneous creations of the human spirit. On page 414 the fifth division may be said to begin.

It is a catalogue of chords that have been already explained by other theorists, with their names and terminologies added. This generalization of the results obtained up to the present day is another service to our art, even although the theorists named are only those of the French school; for the most usually employed chords here find a place, and they are compared and contrasted, rearranged in several different categories, and tabulated with uniformity that they may be readily surveyed and comprehended with the least possible mental friction.

The sixth great division begins on page 447, when an abstract of systems of harmony is exhibited in historic order to show the marvelous evolution of the science: Rameau, born in 1683; Catel, 1773; Reicha, 1770; Fetis, 1784; Barbereau, 1799; Durutte, 1803, and our own author, born 1834, who has been writing since 1859 on musical theory. No mention is made of the talented Logier, who first employed figures to melodies instead of basses, and strove to teach students to compose as one would put together (lit., *com-poser*) the parts of a watch.

This gigantic work is copyrighted for Europe and America (1895), and as it has hardly yet been fully distributed, some service has here been rendered our readers by a close scrutiny of all the matter presented in order that the above abstract of it might be here offered them. The subject matter has been reviewed in the order presented that intending purchasers of the book may infer from what is advanced respecting the work what subjects usually considered as pertaining to harmony are omitted and the space allotted for each division.

The tome is so large and costly in production that the marked price is made 50 frs. net; therefore it appears hardly likely to be placed in the hands of those harmony students who take a short course to fortify their knowledge of instrumental music, such as pianists in playing arpeggios, &c., and is less likely to meet the needs of singers.

Besides this there are no exercises to be worked out, and the treatise in many other particulars hardly seems suited for a course of instruction, but is rather a supplementary work for the delectation of a well practiced master seeking new views for the enlargement of his mental horizon.

The reviewer pleads guilty of a bias toward the author, because of the fact that in several particulars, as well as that already pointed out, his methods were anticipated, as well preserved manuscripts show, and because in searching for all possible chords and the use of the chromatic scale the author has detected a singular variation of the dominant harmony, and drawn marked attention to it.

Scholars will here find a chord that theorists in general ignore, which will prove of great value in minor keys, when gorgeous harmonies of deeply solemn splendor are required. The dominant seventh ordinarily resolved is now extremely commonplace, especially in cadences. The chord of the German sixth has the same sound, and yet a widely different signification, which is due to the resolution; although this is heard subsequently. Strangely enough there is a third chord having these peculiarities. This the author found by his thorough-paced way of discovering all possible combinations; but the reviewer found it by original investigations, while carrying out exhaustively a series of experiments, in which by raising notes greater brilliancy was attained, as when the G of the C chord is made G sharp; or greater gloom, as when the E in this triad is made E flat. He endeavored to soften the effect of the dominant seventh chord in obedience to the promptings of an Æolian

harp and the revelations discovered when trying to realize nature's proportions with organ pipes and difference tones. But the conversion of this seventh into a diminished seventh seemed impossible, because of the want of a satisfactory resolution. It suddenly occurred to him that were it resolved into a minor triad this seventh could proceed downward one semitone to the minor third. Here then was a real success. A chord was found which only required inversion to be immediately available. Since that time this resolution has been found in Mozart's Idomeneo, although no clue to the root is given, and the reviewer now learns that our author, proceeding on entirely different principles, has come upon the very same harmony. This is hardly a case where men think alike, but approach a new phenomenon by opposite routes.

The reviewer demonstrated this chord in a lecture delivered at the New York College of Music, calling it the Polish sixth, by reason of the use that he found Chopin making of it in the first piano concerto in E. Beginning at the thirty-seventh bar from the end of the allegro, it will be found used in six places. Four times it is grammatically written and twice ungrammatically, as in Mozart. All the notes but one move one semitone in the resolution, except one, which may fall two semi-tones or rise a fourth, being a fifth of the absent root.

The criticism this work is most likely to elicit from Saxon peoples will be based upon considerations respecting the style of the generalization here adopted, not its perfection or imperfection.

On a chime of eight bells 40,320 changes may be rung. To avoid repetitions, omissions or the non use or over use of any bell and for the needs of the bell ringers a scheme is formulated. Now, although this list is systematically constructed, we do not place it in the hands of a young composer as a help in the formation of a new melody.

A copy of the orderly successions for a triple bob-major is of no use to him. He must consider rhythm, emphatic sounds, intervals and many other matters, and should be guided by some psychologic aim, while regarding the necessities of poetry, dance lengths, &c., the limitations of the vocal powers, &c.

Nor in harmony will any such regulation scheme be available, for there must be, as it were, centres of gravity and a plan of construction showing a beginning, middle and end and a well considered design, which no mere classified catalogue of chords presents.

Hence it is preferred to begin by teaching the purest concords and to advance into the more elaborate discords, on the basis found in nature. The rainbow, or analysis of a pencil of white light, affords a scale of prismatic colors for the painter; and similarly the analysis of a single musical sound gives the harmonic scale to the musician. Between the fourth and fifth octaves of these super harmonics the entire diatonic major scale is found contained with the exact proportions. The accepted classification therefore is: unison, octave, fifth, fourth, major third, minor third, &c. Then follow discords, as of the dominant seventh, major ninth, &c., in a perfectly methodical manner. Here then with a physical basis, an acoustical classification is made which is true to nature, and when all is surveyed mathematically is seen to be systematized in a way that shows most beautiful gradations (the bisection of the canon); and the chords constructed by the union of such intervals have proportions which, when reduceable to simple ratios, represent simple consonances, and when not so reduceable exhibit complete discords.

Here, then, also is found a psychologic scale. The octaves give strength, the fifths fullness, the major thirds cheerfulness, and the minor thirds, when formed by depressions one semitone, show a depression of one degree in the signification. The succeeding discords begin with the sweet sighing minor seventh, and proceed to the more brilliant major ninths, and so on, from bland to interesting, from interesting to exciting, &c. These German critics may assert that the classification of the author is really no classification, because merely orderly and consistent in the same sense that the numerical progression 1, 2, 3, 4, &c., is orderly and consistent; while the old points of view and methods, capable of being imparted to tyros in teaching, are not only classifications, but generalized classifications, based as shown on physics, mathematics and psychology, which mutually illustrate and support by analogy one another.

This new system subjects the young composer to great mnemonic strain, and yet does not remove perplexities in the choice of chords, advise respecting the formularies for cadences, &c., or aid him in learning the inner signification of any one harmonic phrase. The above criticism, which awards five good marks for services rendered musicians, remains in full force, although one demerit must be recorded. The author (possibly with a view to simplicity) disregards notes outside the octave. But nature teaches that there is a veritable ninth, viz., the ninth overtone, which has the relation of 1 : 9, 2 : 9 or 4 : 9, and is the ninth diatonic note above the tonic and therefore one degree beyond the octave, for in art it cannot be treated as a second. (Ratio, 8 : 9.)

The ninth is a discord above a bass, which must be more than one octave above, and is usually resolved by descending, while the second is not a discord and may be no more

than one or two semitones above. The dissonant note being now in the bass, must here be resolved, and probably by descending.

If Teutonic peoples regard the work as supposed, it is quite possible that the Latin races may hail it with great delight, awarding unstinted and unqualified praise. The former may decide in accordance with ingrained habits of thought, and their modes of teaching or inducing such habits, combined with national egotism; and the latter, especially the French people, because of mental idiosyncrasies. They are naturally proud of mighty achievements in the past, of the noble deeds of their scientists and art producers. They like to be reminded of the great services rendered by French savants in the department of music, and may hope to find in the author another name worthy the highest honor. Being French and deeply imbued with national traits, and thoroughly in sympathy with such noble men as Laplace, Pascal and other kindred spirits recorded on the roll of famous French thinkers, let us hope he may be the means of recreating French art and unfolding to an admiring world the subtle influences that have led to the creation of such a mysteriously beautiful work as Gounod's Faust.

Chamber Music in Paris.—Raoul Pugno and P. Marsick, with the aid of André Hekking, violoncellist, gave recently their first chamber music concert. The program contained Beethoven's trio in D, op. 70; the second sonata for piano and violin by Rubinstein, op. 19, and a trio (op. 90) by Dvorák. Four more concerts are to follow.

A New Opera.—Ferdinand Hummel, the composer of the opera Mara, has finished a new work in three acts, Assarpat, which will probably be given a first representation at the Royal Opera House, Dresden.

Madrid.—La Dolores, the new three act operetta by Breton, the well-known composer of the Lovers of Terner, had an immense success at its first hearing in Madrid.

Cologne.—Fanny Moran-Olden, appearing at present as a guest at the Cologne Theatre, was much applauded, especially in the opera A Basso Porto, by Spinelli.

Bremen.—The representations of Christus, the sacred opera by Rubinstein, at Bremen will take place at the beginning of the month of June. Had death not claimed the master he would have personally directed the work; in his stead Prof. Heinrich Bulhaupt, who has furnished the words, will have charge of the management. Dr. Carl Muck, of Berlin; Julius Ruthardt, of Bremen, and Leopold Weintraub, of Breslau, will take the direction.

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ARTHUR P. SCHMIDT,

BOSTON:

146 Boylston St.

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136 Fifth Avenue.

Music of "America."

To the Editor of The Sun:

MUCH has been heard during the last few days as to how the words of our so-called national anthem, America, came to be written, but very few people appear to know anything about the music except that it is identical with God Save the Queen.

Dr. Samuel F. Smith himself seems to imagine that the air was originally German, but the best German authorities give no support to this view. The fact that Beethoven borrowed it from the English is referred to by Nohl in his *Beethoven Feier* (p. 55), and Chrysander's *Jahrbücher* (pp. 287, 407) credits it to Henry Carey.

The facts as given by Grove in his well-known Dictionary of Music and Musicians are these: "The first public performance was at a dinner given in 1740 to celebrate the taking of Portobello by Admiral Vernon, when it is said to have been sung by Henry Carey as his own composition, both words and music. * * * The fact that Henry Carey was the author is testified to by J. Christopher Smith, Händel's amanuensis, and by Dr. Harington, but for the evidence the reader must be referred to Chappell's full statement in his *Popular Music* (p. 694), and to Chrysander's *Jahrbücher*.

Heil Dir im Siegerkranz, the German version, was originally not a German, but a Danish song, and was written by Heinrich Harries, a Holstein clergyman, for the birthday of Christian VII. of Denmark, and published in the *Flensburg Wochenblatt* of January 27, 1790, "to the melody of the English God Save Great George the King." The German version is by B. G. Schumacher, and appeared on December 17, 1793.

The oldest known air bearing any resemblance to the melody of America, or God Save the Queen, is that at page 98 of a manuscript book attributed to "Dr. Jan Bull" and dated 1619. This, however, is in a minor key.

NEW YORK, April 5.

A. E. G.
New York Sun.

The Pendulum Timer.

PROF. EDWARD W. SCRIPTURE, of the Yale University Psychological Department, in describing the new apparatus called the pendulum chronoscope, otherwise known as the pendulum timer, said recently to a *New York Times* representative: "We have often heard the phrase 'quick as thought.' Most people think that is quicker than lightning or quicker than nothing at all. But thought takes time, as can be proved by experiments in the psychological laboratory.

"How do we measure time of thought and time of action? Let us start with a simple case. We have here a piano player. We will find out first whether he moves his fingers at exactly the same time he wills to move them. Let us put a telegraph key under each of his hands. We tell him to press both at exactly the same time. He believes he does so. But to these telegraph keys we have attached an apparatus by which we get records in thousandths of a second. The piano player sits at the left of the apparatus where the test is to be made. A big spark coil with batteries is connected with each key, and with two metal points resting on a revolving drum. The drum is covered with smoked paper. The moment each key is pressed a spark is made from its pointer. A tuning fork is so arranged that the distance between these sparks is recorded in thousandths of a second.

"The first person on whom we tried this experiment was a well-known musician. He was sure both keys went down at exactly the same time. The record showed that the left hand was fifteen-thousandths of a second behind the right.

"Let us advance one step further with the piano player. He is to press the left hand key when he hears a bass tone in a telephone held to his ear. He believes that he presses the key exactly the same moment the tone comes. In the laboratory there is an arrangement by which a record is made on the drum at exactly the moment the tone occurs in the telephone. The other record is made by key. The record shows that the moment of pressing the key is away behind that of sounding the tone; .300 of a second or one-fifth of a second is a very good average. This time is called simple reaction time to sound.

"Let us give the piano player a more complicated problem. When he hears a bass tone he is to press the left-hand key. When he hears a high tone he is to press the right-hand key. Now, he has to distinguish or discriminate between two things and then to choose between two acts. You can foresee the result. His time records are much increased. By subtracting the simple reaction time from these last records we get the actual time of performing these two mental processes measured in thousandths of a second.

"In a similar manner the psychologist can go through the whole domain of mental life in regard to the time it occupies. For example, suppose we wish to measure the time it takes to associate two ideas. The experimenter shouts some word, for example, 'house,' into a telephone which carries the word to another person in a distant room. This other person shouts back the first thing he thinks of, for example, 'street.' These two telephones are so rigged

up that they make records on the drum where these words are shouted. Now the time between the actual shouting of the word 'house' and that of the word 'street' represents the time lost by the mental processes that were going on in the second person.

"What has been done for sound in these experiments just described is also done in a similar way for sight, touch, &c. This graphic method is too complicated for use outside of the laboratory. The operation for taking records of mental times has hitherto been very complicated. To overcome this difficulty a new instrument has been invented in the Yale Laboratory. It is called the pendulum timer. The apparatus was constructed under my supervision. The credit for the invention of numerous springs, catches, buttons, &c., belongs to John J. Hogan, the mechanic of the Yale Psychological Laboratory. The apparatus was made for Prof. C. B. Bliss, of the University of the City of New York, in whose laboratory it now is. Being an entirely new thing and so readily applicable, it is expected that Professor Bliss will make a large number of measurements on mental time.

"A very accurately swinging pendulum is so arranged that to a person sitting just behind a cloth banner hung on the instrument a color is suddenly shown as a pendulum swings along. The person presses a button and this catches a light pointer attached to the pendulum. On a scale in front the exact distance traveled by the pendulum from the moment the color was shown to the moment the person pressed the button can be read off in thousandths of a second. This gives the time of the simple reactions for sight by using two colors, for only one of which the person presses the button. The mental processes of discrimination and choice are added to the simple reaction. The time becomes longer. Subtract the simple reaction time, and you get the time occupied by those two mental processes, discrimination and choice. When three colors are used the time is still longer. So on, for more. Or you can use letters, figures, words. Thus we have a direct measurement of the time of thought.

"The apparatus was constructed particularly for psychological purposes, but it is readily available for all cases where intervals of time less than a second are to be measured, such as the speed of a rifle ball or of a cannon ball. The apparatus consists of a triangular iron base about a foot wide, nickel plated, supported by three adjustable legs. An upright bar carries a heavy pendulum with a bob below and one above. Behind the pendulum hangs a silk banner to hide the apparatus from the person experimented upon. Behind the banner is a small knob. The pendulum is caught to one side by a fine catch. Someone releases this catch, it starts to swing and at a certain point it lets fly a shutter like a photograph shutter. This shutter exposes whatever the person is to see. At exactly the same moment it catches a fine pointer and carries it along. The whole apparatus stands about 3 feet high.

"In making this apparatus, all of which is done in the Yale Psychological Laboratory, a new principle has been followed. It is the same principle which the Greeks employed in their architecture, and which is sadly neglected to-day. This is the principle of beauty, added to usefulness.

"Handsome buildings are no less useful than ugly factories. Why should not scientific apparatus be also beautiful?"

It required about eight months to construct this apparatus. Professor Scripture has already received some of the advance sheets of his new book entitled "Thinking, Feeling, Doing," a popular psychology, which is to be published by Flood & Vincent, Meadville, Pa. To quote Professor Scripture's words: "It will be the first book in which a full account of the latest work in experimental psychology is told in language which every stock broker and car driver can understand."

Stockholm.—The late Swedish composer J. A. Söderman's posthumous work, a Mass for solos, chorus, and orchestra, was recently performed in Stockholm. The Stockholm papers speak highly of the performance under the conductorship of Mr. Franz Néruda.

Copenhagen.—Georg Lumbye, the Kapellmeister in Copenhagen, has just recovered from a long illness, and will, to the great delight of the people in the Danish capital, once more resume his part as conductor of the popular Tivoli concerts.

Rubinstein's Will.—Rubinstein's will has been proved at St. Petersburg. Two houses, valued at \$175,000, and his author's rights were to be held in individual possession by his widow, his son and his married daughter. The heirs agreed to a partition, his author's rights, except for the opera *The Demon*, being assessed at only \$500 a year.

Mme. K. Kronold's Success Abroad.—Mme. K. Kronold, well known in America as a dramatic soprano, while singing *Sieglinde* in Prague was offered an engagement as first dramatic prima donna at the Prague Landes Theater by its director, M. Angelo Neumann, and she has accepted. Her engagement will begin September 1, and she will sing all the great dramatic parts which are to be put on at the theatre. This engagement closes her work in Europe for this season.

Milan.

MILAN, Italy, March 19, 1895.

THE season here at the Scala has not been a particularly brilliant one so far. With the exception of Mascagni's *Ratcliff*, no other opera has aroused any great amount of enthusiasm. The season opened with Reyer's opera *Sigurd*, which was a fiasco. The first rendering finished in silence, and was fortunate in that, to anyone knowing Italian audiences.

But I think time will prove that it was not the fault of the opera so much as of the execution. The basso Lorrain was the only one singing his part in a manner to prompt any applause. The majority of the Milanese papers united in saying that they hoped to hear the opera again with better execution. I *Pescatore di Perle* and *I Medici* are too well known here to attract any great amount of attention. Samson et Dalila was the first success of the season. The tenor rôle was taken by a French tenor, Lafarge, who was also *Sigurd* in *Sigurd* the fiasco. In Samson et Dalila his acting and singing were good, but of his voice you cannot say much.

Mascagni's *Ratcliff* has been the only sensation of the season so far. The first evening of the opera the great theatre was filled from top to bottom at greatly advanced prices. The libretto of the opera is taken from the legend of Heine in which *Wilhelm Ratcliff*, in love with *Margherita*, kills all his rivals for her affections, then *Margherita*, then himself.

The opera is more mature and without doubt is more correct in form than any of his previous operas, including *Cavalleria Rusticana*. But notwithstanding this, with the heavier plot, the grander music and the finer finish in form and maturity, the opera will never have the success of *Cavalleria Rusticana*. The subject is too sanguinary and the music is too difficult. I must not forget to say that on the first evening of the opera (*Ratcliff*) the mezzo soprano was taken ill, and the part was taken by an American girl studying here, Miss Della Rogers. The house has been sold out for every representation so far.

There have been no concerts of importance given here this winter. Milan is not a concert city. A baritone that, to my knowledge, has never been heard in America, is Kaschmann. He is without doubt the finest baritone on the Italian stage. His voice is not a large one, but is so well placed and so well used that he sings without effort. As *Cristoforo Colombo* he is without a rival, and his *Iago* in *Otello* is second only to Maurel, whom he surpasses in voice.

H. T. H.

Sacred and Secular Music.

ANOTHER complaint has been made that secular music is gradually creeping into the Sunday concert programs. With this nonsense I must confess I have not the smallest sympathy. It would indeed puzzle the veriest bigot to draw the dividing line between sacred and secular music. I venture to say there is no such thing as sacred music. The words alone indicate whether the piece is intended for the dedication of a church or for a smoking concert. The self-same tune is used indiscriminately for a love ditty and a hymn. Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes and My Mother Bids me Bind my Hair are both, with slight variations, well-known church tunes.

The undoubtedly orthodox Lenten hymn, By Precepts Taught, which ends thus:

Blest three in one, and one in three,
Almighty God we pray to Thee,
That Thou wouldst now vouchsafe to bless
Our fast with fruits of righteousness—

is this month being sung in churches and chapels all over the land to an air from Händel's opera *Siroe*. Another well known hymn tune, David, is taken from the opera *Sosarme*. Another tune, Emmanuel, is perverted from Beethoven's quintet in E flat for piano and wind, and Sardis is from the romance for violin. There are plenty of dull moments in secular works, plenty of dance measures in oratorios. Excerpts from the opera of Wagner, Mozart and others are frequently heard in churches, while almost the whole repertory of "absolute" music—symphonies, concertos, string quartets, sonatas and so forth—are neither sacred nor secular. We ought to have no such grotesque distinctions. All music which is good is good enough for the Sabbath Day. The bad is not even fit for week days. The County Council bands on Sunday evenings in the summer form their programs indiscriminately of sacred and profane music, and nobody is a penny the worse.—*London Truth*.

Siegfried Wagner.—Siegfried Wagner has written a cantata on one of Friedrich Schiller's poems. This will be produced in London next June under the direction of the composer. Siegfried Wagner is a pupil in composition of Engelbert Humperdinck.

A Rubinstein Medallion.—The Society of Friends of Art, at Stuttgart, has decided to place a tablet on the house which Rubinstein occupied for nine months in 1856, and where he wrote some of his best works. The monument will consist of a medallion in bronze, with a life size portrait of the master.



BROOKLYN, April 8, 1896.

THE Seidl Society concert on Tuesday night was the most successful of the season. Two thousand of us were there, at least, but the women of the guild were economical withal. They kept us out in the lobby of the big Academy dripping—with moisture or perspiration according to preference and circumstances—while the men at one door took the tickets. A door adjoining, which should have been opened to admit the throng, was tightly closed, and as a result the house filled so slowly that it was twenty minutes after the hour when Mr. Seidl mounted the platform. It was the first time he had been seen here since his illness. The women humbled themselves before him and his stern countenance relaxed just the faintest little bit, as he bowed his acknowledgments. The revered George Washington is said to have never smiled. Perhaps Mr. Seidl thinks that he has no less important a mission in this world than General Washington had in his day, and that it is his duty to conquer the last remnant of the Philistine army and bring it bound and contrite to the throne of Wagner. With that on his mind his solemnity is no matter for surprise. Yet, if he could feel a little more cheerful there are some of us who would not think any the worse of him. One thing appeared to be assured in his case; his rest, as an incident to sickness, has done him good. It often does in such cases. He showed no physical results of it except in a slight increase of pallor, and there was more decision and interest in his conducting than I have seen in some months. It is possible that he has not quite recovered all of his strength, for in the last number he rested his baton on his desk at intervals and conducted with his left hand; but then he was always a little erratic in that way, and I have no doubt that you have seen him stand perfectly still after beating the first four or five bars and let his men play through a whole selection. I have seen him do that when the overture to the Midsummer Night's Dream was played. And the band did remarkably well, too, so that one man whom I know—he is a scientist and thinks that music is a kind of genteel humbug—reaffirmed his belief that no leader is necessary in orchestral concerts. I admitted that perhaps he was right, but asked him how about rehearsals. He had not thought of them.

Mr. Seidl made a Wagner bill mostly for us, and that is always acceptable. I say this in spite of the editorial assertion of THE MUSICAL COURIER that Wagner's music is made entirely for the stage, and in spite of the other fact that Wagner himself wanted it to be given only on the stage. I can forgive Mr. Seidl for omitting several movements of *The Dusk of the Gods* just for the sake of the death music, and I have never seen and never will see so adequate a picture of *Siegfried's* demise in the theatre as the music creates in my own mind and, I suppose, in the minds of all other sympathetic and interested listeners. Of course one may get the picture wrong, but if it is as good a picture what boots it? There is one of the episodes in Schumann's *Pictures From the Orient* that always suggests to me the camels of a caravan at nightfall, stark against the green sky in the waste of the desert. The music seems to be an impression or expression of that scene. It suits me, and I do not care to have it accompanied with a recitative or a stage setting that will make it come around as a company of Arabs at prayer in a mosque or a bevy of Nubians washing their breech cloths in the Nile. So the first time I ever heard the overture to *The Master Singers* was when I had no knowledge and no care as to what it was all about; and instead of finding *Beckmesser's* song funny, as I ought to have done if I had attended lectures and prepared myself, it sounded on my ear as the chiming of bells in the towers of old Nuremberg; and if you think that way next time notice how bell-like it is and how it fits with such a scene as it brought before my vision—a field before the city walls, green and flowering with the spring; the people, in their brilliant best, strolling and singing and romping on the grass, and the quaint roofs and spires in the background. So strong was that impression that it cost an effort to make it appear as a description of the goings on that really occur in that opera. And there was the Ride of the Valkyries, which pictured itself to me out of mine ignorance as a wild skurry of the war maidens above a field filled with fighting troops, from which came up the roar and clang and yells and dust of battle. I could see these heroines swooping down and catching up the dying and rushing away on the wings of the storm to Walhalla, where the brave and the strong should live in one perpetual—so to speak—drunk. And I hear an undertone from the editor, and it sounds like "Bah!" And methinks

he says that I have no right to see and hear these things. But so long as I get comfort out of them, and find the enjoyment and understanding of the music intensified by them, so long will I continue in my possibly evil and mistaken course.

These confessions were stimulated by a rereading of the program of the night, for it included the Kaiser March, Lohengrin's Narration, violin soli from Parsifal and the Master Singers, the Ride of the Valkyries and the Paris version of the Tannhäuser opening. The march was a good beginning. It gives me a new respect—republican though I am—for the late Emperor of Germany, when I think of the magnificent nerve that he must have had to stand up before a multitude and have such a piece of music as that fired at him. I wonder if he had rehearsed with it, and had got so that he could hear that Eine Feste Burg hurled from the trombones and trumpets without turning red and white and getting wobbles in his knees. And it not only seems to me to embody the strength and health of the German people, but to express the best genius of Wagner himself. Compare it, as we had a chance to thirty minutes later, with the Parsifal paraphrase, and the latter sounds tenuous, almost morbid. There is an unhealthy supersensitiveness in it; a self-consciousness, an inflamed emotionalism. There is one citizen of this town, anyhow, who takes more joy in the windy Ride of the Valkyries than in the wailings of the remorseful gentleman who can never get well, and the yearning after the ineffable and unutterable by the guileless fool.

Aside from the Wagner pieces, which were played with a due amount of spirit and strength, we had a Leonore overture, the Mendelssohn violin concerto and two movements from Vieuxtemps' fourth concerto, which although not the worst of its class is so cheap in such a program that, as the commoners say, it gives us a pain. Eugene Ysaie's magnificent execution could not reconcile us to it after he had given us the Mendelssohn piece and the Parsifal paraphrase and the Prize Song. Some afternoon, when I am not too busy, I am going around to get up a Mendelssohn cult and have his concerto given by some first-class man once a year. I don't know but we will omit the last movement, with its spectacular runs, but the emotional and poetic part we will take as written. When Ysaie plays it for me I think to myself that after all there is a good deal of pleasure in musical music, and that mathematical music and circus music and brass band music and pessimistic music are stimulants rather than supports.

Ysaie was in his best form, and I'll guarantee that he has not had more of a hurrah made over him in any town that he has played in than he had here. It was understood that this would be his last appearance in Brooklyn, but I find him advertised for the next and last concert of the society on the 20th inst., when Dvorák's New World symphony will be played for the fifth time. Why not a little Schumann, a little Schubert, a little Beethoven?

A few nights ago the Schubert Male Quartet, which is a very good one and a particularly Western looking one, sang in one of our churches. It comes from a town in Illinois somewhat known as Chicago, and it has Chicago stamped on its countenances. The moustaches are large, the hair is inclined to be aggressive and vertical, the eyes have that fullness and command that people get when they live where the World's Fair was—a command that comes from practice in stopping cable cars. Some graceful aid in the concerts of this quartet is lent by Miss Grace M. Reade, reciter, and Miss Maude Hughes, harpist.

The second of Mr. Naeser's recitals at Historical Hall was more successful than the first, and the suavity and intelligence of the singer's method were praised and enjoyed. The artist was not in good voice at the Seidl Society concert, where he sang the Lohengrin narration, as it was obvious that he still suffered from the cold that made it impossible for him to take a part in his first recital.

Mrs. Emma Richardson Küster gave another recital at her home last week and played with her usual brilliancy, while she introduced several pupils who had not been brought out at the prior performances. Among the best performers were Mr. Otto D. Richardson, Miss Lorina Jephson and Miss Florence Hamilton. There was some pleasant singing likewise by Mrs. John L. Ayr.

We are still having a good deal of banjo and mandolin music, and I believe that the Tannhäuser overture and the fifth symphony are to be arranged for the twank-twanklers. Sawciety had some of this music at its recent exercises on horseback, and has bespoken some more at its post-Lenten dinner dawnc, though it will be replaced by a regular orchestra later in the evening. The Chautauqua alumni had this sort of music, too, when it met to settle various problems that vex the universe, but banjos and mandolins do not seem to be among these vexatious influences; and the mandolin figured at the concert of Miss Pettiner's pupils, where it was in the hands of Mr. Miller, an expert.

There were several different kinds of music at the Hanover Club's Lenten matinée. Lenten usually implies something rather solemn, and some of the members thought that the playing of Mr. Frederick Phillips on xylophones, ocarinas, bottles, glasses, tin whistles and one-stringed fiddles was quite solemn.

The Metropolitan Quartet and a few other favorites, who have pretty steady work here in times when Sunday night concerts are popular, sang and otherwise disported at Strong Place Baptist Church a few nights ago. Other of the minor incidents of the week were the musicale of Watson's Conservatory, the performance of Barnby's Rebekah and a mixed program by the choir of the Janes Methodist Church; the concert of Miss H. Barnett and her pupils at Association Hall; the concert of Mr. De Stefani and his scholars, reinforced by Miss Minnie Walsh, violinist, and Mr. Alfredo Gore, accompanist, at Historical Hall; a concert at Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Sunday School Hall, and the Stabat Mater, sung before the Columbian Club. It is likewise interesting to record the fact that our esteemed fellow citizen, Mr. Wm. C. Jobbins, is having his fence painted, that Mr. Gounod P. Pipsmith has secured another pupil, that Mr. Angelo Q. Michaels has secured the whitewashing contract at the almshouse, and that Miss Effie Van Donderbrunt is visiting friends in Hempstead.

The Sixth Philharmonic Concert.

THE sixth and last concert of the Philharmonic Society took place Saturday evening in Carnegie Hall. The performances of the orchestra at both the public rehearsal, Friday afternoon, and at the concert call for no extended criticism, as a number of the regular members of the society were absent. The Italian and German opera companies made a heavy draft on Mr. Seidl's forces, and in one case actual evil resulted as a consequence of substitutes in the brass choir. It therefore behooves the just critic to overlook the many rhythmic slips, impurities in intonation and much ragged work.

Mr. Seidl was warmly welcomed after his enforced absence and led with his accustomed vigor and authority. Beethoven's C minor symphony was rather loosely played and the Schubert variations from the D minor quartet were thoroughly out of place in the symphonic scheme. Berlioz's seldom heard overture King Lear was welcome and interesting.

Adele Aus der Ohe's performance of the beautiful B flat minor concerto of Tchaikowsky was the redeeming feature of the program. Miss Aus der Ohe has played the work here before, but never so brilliantly, so masterfully, so satisfactorily. Her tone was sonorous, her technic infallible. More tenderness would have improved the andantino, but as a whole the concerto was delivered with breadth and musicianly tact. She was heartily applauded.

Here are the dates for next season:

Public rehearsals on November 15, December 13, 1896; January 10, February 7, March 6, April 10, 1896, at 2 P. M.
Concerts on November 16, December 14, 1896; January 11, February 8, March 7, April 11, 1896, at 8:15 P. M.

Moscow.—The Imperial Russian Musical Society gave on March 8 the usual symphony concert for the benefit of the pension fund for musicians and musicians' orphans. The chorus of four hundred sang in Russian the Hymn to Aegir, which had to be repeated. The program further contained songs, arias and a duet from the opera *Dubrovsky* by Napravnik.

Notes by Telegraph.—Demetrio Alata, of Reggio, in Calabria, a telegraph operator in Milan, has invented a process to transmit music writing by telegraph. The Italian Minister for Post and Telegraphs has directed the committee whose duty it is to examine into the merits of new inventions to make a report.

Weimar.—The music drama Hagbart and Signe, by Richard Matzdorff, was given at Weimar on March 23. The composer directed and the success of the work was pronounced. He was called before the curtain five times. The performance will be repeated in the first part of April, and Brunswick is planning to produce the work next autumn.



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It is not always possible to fill orders for back numbers of THE MUSICAL COURIER upon the day of their receipt, because in many instances the edition is entirely out, and it is necessary to wait for such returns as may come from the distributing agencies. Each order is entered in its turn and filled in its turn, but delays are at times unavoidable.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 10, 1895.

THE Society for the History of Dutch Music has undertaken the publication of the works of the celebrated Dutch composer, Johannes Peter Sweelinck (1562-1621), a pupil of Andrea Gabrieli, of Venice, who was a friend of Roland de Lassus, and the teacher of Heinrich Schütz. The works will be published in twelve volumes, containing the organ compositions, the four books of Psalms, Cantiones Sacre, madrigals, songs, &c. Breitkopf & Härtel, in Leipzig, have undertaken the publication, and it is expected that it will be finished in 1900. The Queen of Holland and other princesses of the house of Nassau-Orange have subscribed 8,000 frs. The total cost is computed at 30,000 frs.

SIEGFRIED WAGNER IN HOT WATER.

SIEGFRIED WAGNER has made the remark, according to the Frankfort *General Anzeiger*, that he had only met in Brussels and Budapest the enthusiasm that he had the right to expect as the son of Richard Wagner, while his reception at the Hoch Conservatory made him feel that he had no right to be there. Dr. Bernhard Scholz, the director of the Hoch Conservatory of Music, penned the following reply to the paper mentioned:

"Herr Siegfried Wagner, I learn from your paper, has complained of the want of enthusiasm he met with at the Hoch Conservatory. I do not wish to be thought of as wanting in politeness to the son of R. Wagner, and submit to you the following: Herr Siegfried Wagner visited this conservatory some time ago for the first and only time, and was accompanied by my esteemed colleague Herr Engelbert Humperdinck, who introduced him. I received both gentlemen with politeness in the parlor, and personally conducted Herr Wagner through the house, introducing him also to our senior, Professor Cossmann, who was greeted by him as an 'old Weimarian.' Of course I did not think it necessary to send out a general alarm for the teachers and pupils of the institution to line the passages in honor of the heir to the name, but found it incumbent to ward off an attack Herr Siegfried Wagner made on Joachim's Falschen Klassizismus, as I consider it presumptuous in a young man who had yet to give the first decided proof of his ability and efficacy to speak in a flippant tone of a master like Joachim. But even this rebuff was given with every mark of politeness, and we took leave of each other in the acknowledged forms of mutual obligations."

"FRANKFORT, March 12, 1895."

A VISIT TO LEONCAVALLO.

LEONCAVALLO'S one story house in the Via Vivajo, No. 16, at Milan, is known to everybody in that city, reports a German interviewer. The composer's study is an improvement on the former small quarters where Leoncavallo wrote *Pagliacci* and *I Medici* on a table hardly large enough to hold the music sheets. The room he now occupies is on the ground floor overlooking a little garden. It has three windows; before one stands a beautiful bronze group, *Gloria Victis*; the composer's desk is before the middle window. The room is lighted by two electric lamps, and in an immense chimney with a framing of old carved Italian woodwork burns a bright fire. The grand piano, a present from the publisher Hugo Bock, in Berlin, is ornamented with the arms of Berlin—the bear—and that of the Medici—balls and lily. On the grand stands, artistically framed, a letter in French written by Richard Wagner. It says:

"MY DEAR MR. SALVI—Tichatscheck sends me the inclosed telegram announcing that Rienzi will be Monday instead of Saturday. You will be there; won't you? Yours, RICHARD WAGNER."
"November 21, 1861."

An antique bureau contains much that will interest a visitor—a picture of Emperor Wilhelm II., an elegant cigar case, with the inscription "Archduke Wilhelm" on one side and on the other "R. Leoncavallo," a present from the unfortunate prince who recently lost his life by falling from his horse; a picture of the Vienna Court Opera, with the inscription, "Mr. Leoncavallo's lodgings during his sojourn in Vienna, 1893"; a photograph of a man in hunting costume, with the dedication: "To Mr. Leoncavallo, in affectionate remembrance—Philippe, Duke of Orleans, Marienbad, 1894."

Many other curiosities are distributed in the rooms. Leoncavallo's wife is a black-eyed French woman from Marseilles. She made the remark that her husband was much more German than Italian, and she thought that it would end in their moving to Berlin. She even had to take two German girls in her service. Leoncavallo played and sang most of his new work *Chatterton* to his visitor. There is a scene in the second act which is especially emotional. *Chatterton*, while suffering the pangs of hunger, is writing with feverish excitement a piece of poetry. A child enters, begging for a Christmas present. *Chatterton*, though in the greatest distress, cannot dismiss the child empty handed. He looks about, and picking up a Bible hands it to the child, and the little one begins to read—it is the chapter telling of the sufferings of Hagar in the wilderness. *Chatterton* listens to the words, which sound even more impres-

sive and touching coming from the child. Unable to bear the pain any longer, and overcome by the situation, he bursts into tears and hastens away.

Leoncavallo showed two volumes of the Italian translation of Willibald Alexis' *Roland*. This he will take for a subject of his next opera, to be produced in Berlin. He will compose the music as soon as he has secured the libretto and a number of old German marches and airs, which may give him valuable hints. He does not expect to finish the opera until the winter of 1896. He is a hard worker, and besides *Chatterton* he has *Vie de Bohème* in hand. Of the latter he has already finished the libretto and several scenes. This opera will be produced at the Paris Opéra Comique. Carvalho and Leoncavallo have met recently and arranged the details; also agreed on the production of *Pagliacci* at the Comique at the end of this or the beginning of the next season.

Leoncavallo longs to be back in Germany, where his works are much appreciated, and where next autumn he expects to personally direct his operas in the different cities.

MELODY, MELBA AND SCHUMANN.

BRANDER MATTHEWS once said that whenever artists fall to talking about their art that is a good time for the critic to keep quiet and listen, so that perchance he may learn something. It is surprising, when you come to think of it, that you can learn so much from hearing great artists talk. It is admitted, for instance, that Mrs. Adelina Patti is one of the greatest singers the world has ever known, and it is undeniable that she has frequently been interviewed and has expressed her opinions about music in general, about opera in particular, and about singing from her personal point of view. We should like to know, however, what she has ever said that was worth remembering. Has she ever spoken a word even about singing which has added anything to the stock of human knowledge on the subject? Is it not a simple fact that the teachers who have been writing letters to THE MUSICAL COURIER of late have said every week more valuable things about the art of singing than Patti has said in all her life? And now comes Mrs. Nellie Armstrong Melba with her views as to the mortality or immortality of opera. And this confessedly great artist has not brains enough to recognize the existence of facts over which she must stumble every time she goes out of her room. She actually declares that the public likes Lucia di Lammermoor, Traviata, Semiramide and Lucrezia Borgia. And the woman said this in talking to Americans, who actually take the trouble to stop and wonder whether they do really like these things.

If Melba had declared that she preferred the operas of Bellini, Donizetti and Rossini to the music dramas of Wagner, she would have said something sane, but that would have been too modest of her. She sings in the former sort of works; therefore the public likes them. We should like to know how many times Mrs. Melba has heard Traviata or Lucrezia in the course of the last two or three seasons. And where? Nordica-Gower sang in Traviata once last winter in this city, and she sang in Lohengrin seven times. Evidently some powerful critic has been clubbing the public into pretending to prefer Wagner to the early Verdi; for Melba, who is an artist and ought to know what she is talking about, says that Traviata is what the people really like.

But that is not the most interesting part of this intellectual singer's instructive discourse. She holds that there are some people somewhere or other who wish to out-Wagner Wagner in the dethronement of melody. Dear! dear! And yet Mrs. Melba is, according to all accounts, a professional singer. What a naughty fellow that man Schumann was! Of course he never heard of Melba because of his untimely death, and Melba never heard of him because he never wrote any Semiramides or Gildas for her. If he had survived long enough to read Melba's utterances on art he would certainly have removed from the pages of his collected writings this improper paragraph:

"'Melody' is the amateur's war cry, and certainly music without melody is no music. Therefore you must understand what amateurs fancy the word means: anything easily, rhythmically pleasing. But there are melodies of a very different stamp, and every time you open Bach, Beethoven, Mozart, &c., they will smile out at you in a thousand different ways; you will soon weary, if you know these, of the faded monotony of modern Italian opera melodies."

Now if Schumann had lived a little longer he would

have known that melody was not the war cry of the amateur, but of the professional. He would have learned that instead of it being the amateur who hungered for something "easily, rhythmically pleasing," it was the professional, and that the amateur was a mad fellow with a score under his arm and his head full of dethronements of melody in the shape of left motive that never had enough bars in them. Of course Melba would not enter into any dispute with him in regard to the melodies of Bach, because she is not acquainted with the music of that obscure church composer. He never wrote any operas, and therefore he was of small consequence. No doubt his melodies are very different from those of Donizetti, and so the gods give us joy.

As for Beethoven, yes, he wrote an opera, but "we" do not sing in it. It is German and for the Germans. Let them have it. Mr. De Koven writes much better tunes and Mr. Adamowski plays them very sweetly on his "soul-stirring instrument." But what did this person Schumann mean by saying that the melodies of Mozart were of a different sort? Surely he never heard the music of the *Queen in Il Flauto Magico*. Nor did he ever hear the delicious cantabile of *Zerlina* in *Don Giovanni*. This man Schumann could not have known that Mozart wrote Italian operas, and that they are sung even unto this day under the management of Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau. Different melodies, forsooth!

Schumann must be revised in the light of Melba-Wagner has dethroned melody, and whenever he finds himself starting out on a tune, he cuts it short right in the middle and hangs it up, as it were, in harmonic suspension. How is it possible that there should be a melody without sections and periods of equal length and a perfect cadence at the end? Prime donne do not sing such things; therefore they are not melody.

Yes, Prof. Brander Matthews, of Columbia College, was surely right. When artists fail to talking about their art, then critics should keep silence and listen and learn. But just think what a great, great pity it is that Schumann wrote all those criticisms in the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik* and then died before he had a chance to learn from the eminent Melba what melody really is!

A FLAGRANT FALSEHOOD.

"MUSIC" is a monthly published in Chicago and edited by Mr. W. S. B. Mathews. It is usually a harmless, though seldom an interesting, publication. Its tone is petty, parochial, in fact it is simply a bloated image of a Philadelphia monthly devoted to the propagation of the idea that the thumb may be placed upon a black key without its owner suffering artistic damnation. But *Music* simply lies, flagrantly lies, when it publishes such a paragraph as this:

THE MUSICAL COURIER, which no one who knows it would suspect of partiality, declares that the Stavenhagen recitals are a failure in consequence of the bad piano he plays. THE MUSICAL COURIER not only says so, but it repeats it and harps upon it. It is a veritable John the Baptist for perhaps the Tishbite would be nearer the dispensation crying in the wilderness against this prostitution of art. Its high ideals do it honor and distinguish the "cause." By a good fortune several of the New York critics sympathized with him of THE MUSICAL COURIER concerning Stavenhagen's piano, and mentioned the circumstance. THE MUSICAL COURIER has not ceased to reprint everything of this kind—which of course was purely in the interest of a public in danger of being misled. When Stavenhagen came to Chicago the artistic correspondent of THE MUSICAL COURIER was Mr. Walton Perkins, lately critic of the *Chicago Times*, in which medium he has done some excellent work, for he is a pianist himself and a good teacher and knows what is what—and withal writes like a gentleman. He received a telegram from THE MUSICAL COURIER desiring him to "roast" Stavenhagen—again "on account of Eliza"—to wit, the piano. Mr. Perkins, not bethinking himself of the honorarium at stake, immediately resigned, and now journalism knows him no more.

THE MUSICAL COURIER still maintains that Bernhard Stavenhagen was handicapped by the instrument he played upon.

Mr. Walton Perkins, who was at one time the Chicago correspondent for THE MUSICAL COURIER, did not resign, but was dismissed by the senior editor of this journal because he failed in the principal requisite of a good newspaper man—i. e., ability to select, to distinguish news. In a word, Mr. Perkins, who is doubtless a good teacher, good pianist and a gentlemanly writer (whatever the latter may mean), proved himself to be an inferior reporter of news.

Rafael Joseffy reappeared on the concert platform after an absence of some years. It was the most important artistic event of the season. Mr. Perkins treated it as if it were of the same value as a lecture on piano playing by Mr. Mathews. For this he was at once dismissed. It is an absolute lie that he was sent a telegram asking him to "roast" anyone at all.

It is not necessary to "roast" Mr. Stavenhagen—his own piano has been his particular griddle and he has been his own cook.

We are of course sorry that "journalism knows Mr. Perkins no more," but facts are stubborn. We suspect that someone has been having fun with Brother Mathews. His was ever a confiding disposition. Where is that telegram, Mr. Mathews? Have you it or is it under the lock and key of Mr. Perkins' imagination?

Make a better fist of editing, Mr. Mathews, or else go back to the thumb and the black keys and the teaching of the piano by mail.

WAGNER AS A DEGENERATE.

MAX NORDAU, in his new volume on Degeneration, classes Richard Wagner among the typical products of an age in which morbidity is a prevalent trait. This is interesting, and would be important if true. As a matter of fact, morbidity is in some small measure characteristic of a large part of all art produced in the maturity of a nation. To find complete freedom from it one must go back to the infancy of Art, when expression was spontaneous and unreflective. As soon as philosophy began to get into Art the latter began to display symptoms of morbidity; but health and clear brains have continued to triumph over the influence of the body, as displayed even so long ago as Sappho's time, and the hostility of introspection. It may interest the thoughtful lover of music to know how Nordau, who is attracting a great deal more attention than he deserves with his facile pessimism, manages to make Wagner a degenerate.

He begins his book with a chapter whose title, *Dusk of the Nations*, shows that he has not read his Wagner for nothing. The dusk-ness consists in being *fin de siècle*, and to be that means to have a "contempt for traditional views of custom and morality," and to be practically emancipated from a traditional discipline. It may occur to many of us that we have heard something of this sort before, but let that pass. This contempt, Nordau admits, does not affect the mass of humanity, but is so fashionable among those of social prominence that it seems to influence the world. He proceeds to point out some of its manifestations. These are found in affectations of dress, in so-called æsthetic housefurnishings, in a form of art represented in France by Besnard's "women with their grass-green hair, faces of sulphur yellow or fiery red and arms spotted in violet and pink, dressed in a shining blue cloud resembling faintly a sort of night-dress," in a love for books which mingled the lascivious odors of the harem with the smell of a stable.

With these forms of art Nordau classes Wagner's music, and he declares that our love for it is only a part of the neurasthenia and hysteria which are the moving forces of this dusk of the nations. In considering the poets, novelists, musicians and other artists of the *fin de siècle* Nordau thinks he is improving a little on the methods of the students of lunacy and crime. He calls these intellectual workers degenerates, and defines degeneration as "a morbid deviation from an original type."

We have no disposition to find fault with this definition, but one needs to be somewhat careful in his application of it. There have been degenerates in all ages. There were lots of them among the ancient Hebrews, and a good many pages of the Old Testament are taken up with their doings. But while Job would certainly fall under Nordau's definition, we should say that as a degenerate he was one of the most conspicuous failures in the annals of humanity.

The secret of arriving at a correct understanding of what is degenerate and what is not lies in the proper application of the word "morbid." For instance, a writer in the *Critic* very justly observes that Nordau's classification of Zola among the degenerate will not stand in the face of *La Débâcle* and *Le Rêve*. The writer says that these works place Zola beyond the charge of degeneracy or any impairment of intellect. Nordau is nearer the mark when he puts Tolstoi, Ibsen and Nietzsche among his degenerates.

Wagner is assailed in over forty pages of cold type and is accused of a good many æsthetic and intellectual crimes. According to the pleasant Mr. Nordau, he was guilty of a greater abundance of degeneration than all the degenerates put together with whom we have become acquainted. No doubt this is strictly true from Nordau's point of view. The greater the man the greater the degeneracy. Nordau says that Wagner showed evidences of the persecution mania.

In other words, he labored under a form of dementia which caused him to imagine himself persecuted.

How strange it is that Wagner should have fancied himself persecuted. One has only to read the pages of Mr. Finck's biography to learn why Wagner should have believed himself to be the especial favorite of the earth. One critic called Rienzi an opera without music. Another said people had to be driven there by the police. The Flying Dutchman was an infernal racket, and made people seasick. According to a London paper Wagner was the very worst kind of a degenerate, a madman, an enemy of music, only fit to feed spiders with flies.

And if they said such things about Rienzi and the Flying Dutchman, what did they say about Tannhäuser and Tristan? Wagner was nearly fifty years of age when the cabal of the Jockey Club drove Tannhäuser from the stage of the Grand Opéra in Paris, and he himself was a wanderer on the face of the earth, without the hope of seeing his greatest labor, the Ring trilogy, on the stage. Yet he had the madness to fancy himself persecuted. Charles Reade wrote a novel called *Put Yourself in His Place*. Perhaps even Nordau would have fancied himself persecuted in such circumstances.

But Wagner was a degenerate, characterized by a morbid deviation from the original type. If this definition of degeneration means anything at all, it certainly does not apply to Richard Wagner. What was the original type? Operatic composition, of course; for it must be conceded that Wagner never represented any other type of music. And whence did this type come? From the *dramma per musica* as established in Italy by Jacopo Peri and his associates.

Now, wherein was the morbidity of Wagner's deviation from this type? Where was the deviation at all? There was a development, to be sure, for Wagner sought to heighten and intensify his work by the employment of the most powerful means of modern expression. Does anyone suppose for an instant that Peri would have refused the aid of the modern orchestra if it had been available to him? Did not his immediate successor, Claudio Monteverde, introduce orchestral effects into opera, and get soundly abused for doing so? Was this man Monteverde a degenerate, whose works bear such close study to-day, and who shows such striking resemblances to Wagner in feeling and intent? If so, what was the deviation, and where was the morbidity?

If might be a good idea for Nordau to indulge in a little mild study of the history of music before proceeding to assume that Wagner is a degenerate. The facts in this case are a little too well known. Peri and his associates sought to reencarnate the pure musical declamation of the Greeks, and in doing so invented the modern dramatic recitative. Wagner, too, sought to revive something like the Greek drama, and aimed to bring the theatre into such relations with the national life of the German people as that of Euripides held with the national life of Greece. The utter impossibility of achieving such a result with the artificial, meaningless and trivial methods of his immediate predecessors caused him not to make a deviation, but a complete departure, from them, and to go back to the first principles of the lyric drama as enunciated and practised by Peri, its father.

Where was the degeneracy, in Wagner or in his immediate predecessors who had sacrificed the fundamental truth of lyric art to the vanity of the singers and the lazy demand of sensuous listeners for ear tickling melodies? The list of degenerates in the history of opera began with Alessandro Scarlatti and ended with Rossini. And yet it is the opera of the school of Bellini, Donizetti and Rossini that Nordau has in mind when he accuses Wagner of morbid deviation from an original type.

A long time ago a literary degenerate who managed to say many finer things than Max Nordau said "a little learning is a dangerous thing." Nordau is well informed on many subjects, but what he does not know about music and its history would fill more volumes than the excellent work of Mr. Ambros, which he ought to read. We should also commend him to a perusal of the biography of Wagner by Mr. Adolph Jullien. Possibly Nordau may then still be of the opinion that Wagner is a degenerate, but he will have to explain his belief on other grounds, for he will have some difficulty in placing the morbidity, or the deviation from an original type.

Meanwhile it may be worth while to note that a

large part of this world's population, which does not get pleasure out of obscene literature, which does not wear outlandish clothing nor furnish its houses in affected styles, but lives heartily, healthfully and soundly, is getting its highest musical pleasure from these degenerate dramas of Wagner.

Fair Play.

To the Editor of The Sun:

SOME weeks ago a sensational morning journal printed an interview with the family of the late Judge Martine, and invented statements purporting to have come from their family physician, Mrs. Friedenberg and myself. The story was so preposterous that it seemed unnecessary to enter a denial; but the untimely death of Judge Martine having led to a reiteration of these statements, I am reluctantly obliged to request space in your columns for a statement of the facts in the case.

It was alleged, first, that there was music in our house morning, noon and night; that piano banging was continuous and of an exceptionally noisy character. This is distinctly false. There has been little or no piano playing per se, only occasional accompaniments to singing. There has been at times no music at all for days and weeks; never continuously for more than an hour, not averaging more than fifteen minutes a day at any time. So-called noisy (Wagnerian) selections have never been performed. It was alleged, secondly, that when Judge Martine became ill the neighbors were informed. As far as we are concerned, this is a pure fabrication. We were not notified directly or indirectly.

It was further stated, thirdly, that the Martines' messenger was repulsed, and that Mrs. Friedenberg proclaimed her right to play at all times. No messenger ever entered the house. No statement of this or a similar nature was ever made.

The reporter claimed, fourthly, that he had interviewed Dr. Friedenberg, who sustained his wife's position. No reporter called on me; no statement was made by me. In any case I should consider the proposition, that a man may do as he pleases in his own house, untenable.

Fifthly—Statements were invented as proceeding from the Martines' family physician, Dr. Grant. There is no such Dr. Grant. The Martine family physician is Dr. John Dwyer. Dr. Dwyer assured me, as late as the 19th inst., that he had seen no reporter and made no statement of the kind attributed to him. Dr. Dwyer called on me on March 5; informed me that Judge Martine had been ill a week with the grip, and that music annoyed him. He was courteously received and assured that the minimum of music should be suppressed as far as possible.

Later issues of the above mentioned journal stated that a complaint had been lodged with the Board of Health, and an inspector detailed to put a stop to the nuisance.

In reply to an inquiry directed to Gen. Emmons Clark, the following letter was received:

HEALTH DEPARTMENT, &C.,
New York, March 15, 1895.

Dr. Edward Friedenberg, 2010 Fifth Avenue, City:

DEAR SIR—In reply to yours of March 13, I respectfully state that no complaint has been made to the Board of Health during the present year in respect to the premises 2010 Fifth Avenue, nor has any request been received that the Board of Health should inspect or take any action in respect to said premises. The reporters of the press who have made inquiries at this department have been informed of the facts as above stated.

Very respectfully,
EMMONS CLARK, Secretary.

In conclusion I beg to state that the exigencies of my professional work make a different disposition of our music room impossible, whereas Judge Martine had a number of bedchambers remote from our music room to select from, and finally that Mrs. Friedenberg and myself are equally incapable of voluntarily or carelessly offending against the dictates of good taste or humanity.

EDWARD FRIENBERG, M. D.,
2010 Fifth Avenue.
—New York Sun.

A Lady Organist.—At the international musical competition recently held in Brussels, Elfrida Andrée, the cathedral organist at Gothenburg, among seventy-seven rivals was awarded the first prize, a gold medal and diploma, for an orchestral symphony. This highly talented Swedish lady composer also carried off prizes for a string quintet and a composition for organ and military band on the same occasion.

H. Carleton Slack.—We quote from a contemporary the following: "Mr. H. Carleton Slack was very successful with his two songs, Oh Fair, Oh Sweet and Holy (Cantor) and Watson's The Mountebank's Song. Possessing a bass voice of remarkable power and purity of tone, Mr. Slack made a deep impression. With such an organ many a singer would have been tempted to produce sensational effects; nothing could be further from the singer's methods; on the contrary, he was constantly subduing his voice, and sang his songs with a delicacy that was delightful. In the production of light and shade Mr. Slack easily distanced many artists whose names are better known. We hope to hear of his successes in the concert rooms in the future."



RESURRECTION.

From the Century Magazine.

Trust gives sweet peace to every living thing;
The wavering robin that in space has flown
Finds its safe nest; the germ of roses sown
Waits, sure in darkness, for the touch of spring;
The tendrils of the ivy blindly cling,
Stretching their brown threads toward the wall unknown,
To find a place secure, where, spite the moan
Of rushing winds, they hang till soft airs sing.

We who love life fear most the mystic death,
Yet we in death the self-same life shall live.
This very life we know, but glorified;
And the fair temple which now holds our breath
Shall simply take the glory seraphs give,
Renew its joys, and say, "I have not died."

MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

Did you ever feel lazy?

Perfectly absurd question, of course.

But it is springtime, and, although it feels like March, the calendar suggests a tired feeling and of course laziness—principally mental. At the approach of the bock and his liquid pleasures even Beardsley and Maeterlinck must feel cheerful. Serious dark sayings are a bore and may the gods give us joy, for it is a brave, merry time—De Koven and Smith have finished another comic opera, Tony Seidl is conducting once more, cream cheese is being stamped by bucolic feet and the Italian and French opera soon returns. That is, the two Polish brothers, the Australian soprano, the two American girls (Lil and Emmy) and one Italian tenor and one French baritone come back to us. But what boots nationality? (no except Finck). If the house bills say Italian and French let us accept the pleasing fiction without friction, and above all do not become polemical.

Philadelphia has an evening paper. It is called the *Item*. In it one Riter Fitzgerald holds forth on German opera. His criticism of Tristan and Isolde is instructive. (I hate amusing or funny notices written about serious art works.) Mr. Fitzgerald has also the same exalted notions on the subject. I quote for you some of his remarks. If you find them amusing it is not Mr. Fitzgerald's fault. He is a serious man and expects to be taken seriously. He writes:

"If ever I doubted Wagner's knowledge of effect, that doubt was more than confirmed last night by seeing Tristan and Isolde.

"How it did drag!

"How Isolde went on singing—no, no, I don't mean singing, I mean yelling—until I thought:

"Great Heaven, will she never stop! Is there no end! Or must she, like the Wandering Jew, go on forever!

"To anyone not familiar with the plot of Tristan and Isolde I submit the following explanation:

"After the introduction (which is interesting, for Wagner is best in instrumental effects) the curtain rises and we see the usual masculine heroine of the German beer and cheese make, although Isolde is supposed to be an Irishwoman with a brogue.

"Isolde and Brangäne are striking the usual German attitudes of despair.

"What's the matter?

"What is the only thing that would drive Germans to despair?

"Cannot you guess?

"I will suggest it: the beer has run out—all the Limburger and pretzels have been eaten.

"Now you see it.

"The characters are on board a vessel.

"Evidently lost at sea is the idea suggested.

"Isolde gives her first yell. Wagner's music is nothing if not descriptive, and Isolde's yell convinces me at once that she is thirsty!

"What! she screams; 'All the beer gone? Nothing but water! Grosser Gott!'

"Yes, as in the Ancient Mariner—'water, water everywhere, and not a drop to drink.'

"It takes a German audience (like the one last night) to appreciate this sentiment fully.

"Oh, beer, beer, beautiful beer," shrieks Isolde; 'amber, delicious, cold and clear! What would I give if a schooner were near!'

"An awful explosion is heard.

"As explosions occur continually in Wagner's music this alarms no one but Isolde, who as King Gambrinus enters, howls: 'Vat is dat?'

"He tells her the awful news.

"Their last barrel of sauerkraut, which was to save their lives, has exploded.

"This explosion of sauerkraut is most realistically described by the orchestra. The air seems full of it.

"Lost, lost! howls Isolde, whose lungs are inflated by this time to an awful degree. 'What's to be done?'

"Oh! cries Brangäne, with a strange smile, 'when all else fails, try Tannhäuser!'

"And she rushes to a large box, opens it, brings out a casket, raises the lid, and behold, a bottle of Tannhäuser beer!

"It is said that the manufacturers of Tannhäuser beer kept Wagner supplied with it during his life as a reward for this superb advertisement.

"And I am given to understand that Frau Cosima Wagner has consented to write the following testimonial: 'I have tried your Tannhäuser beer freely and prefer it to Hoff's malt extract. Send me one dozen cases.'

"But to return to our pork. After a long, long, very long scena, during which Isolde squirms and yells and waves her hands and strikes heroic attitudes of despair, rage, hope, fear, &c., Isolde persuades Tristan to try some beer.

"He at first refuses.

"We have far better in Germany! he shrieks, as the orchestra skillfully introduces a reminiscence of Die Wacht am Rhein.

"Finally, after the patience of Isolde (and the audience) has been exhausted, Tristan drinks the beer.

"Isolde grabs the goblet and gets her share, while two trombones, six French horns and twelve oboes describe the struggle as only Wagner can.

"Then both characters stand transfixed, while the perspiring orchestra portrays things.

"Well," says Isolde, after waiting twenty-eight bars, 'that's good beer.'

"Yes," replies Tristan, 'pretty good.'

"Their stomachs are empty, so the beer goes to their heads and they have a squirming time.

"They rush into each other's arms, roll their eyes, throw up their hands, and, oh Gee-wizz, don't they yell!

"Yell? Why, I never heard such shrieking in the whole course of my life.

"The singers tried to outshriek the orchestra, and the orchestra (with poor little Walter Damrosch jumping up and down like a jack-in-a-box) tried to outbray the singers.

"I have had a good deal of experience in opera, in this country and in Europe, but I declare that the noise in Tristan and Isolde out-Heroded Herod."

Mr. Fitzgerald after the above lapses into downright humor and tells his readers about the opera. It is very funny. But really I like him best when he is serious, especially his allusions to the brewing industries. It is pat, and then so seasonable!

I found this in the *Evening Post*, and when you see anything in the *Post* you have much imagination. But this really was printed in its columns:

An eminent American composer has a dog whose musical discrimination is extraordinary. If you say "Brahms" to him, he lies down and dies in great agony. If you say "Wagner," he jumps on to the piano stool and begins to paw the ivory joyously.

I own a cat which is so musical that it mews when I say "Finck" to it, and its tail swells with rage if I cry "Hanslick." Now, there need be no difference of opinion in this matter. The principal thing is, What is proved by this dog and this cat?

Of course you remember Marshall P. Wilder's old joke about ordering in a Bowery restaurant poached eggs on toast, the eggs broken. What was his horror to hear the waiter give this order: "Say, Adam and Eve on a raft; wreck 'em!" The Trilby craze

goes this story one better. Burr Mackintosh went with some friends into a Boston beanery, and Burr ordered pigs' feet with mashed potatoes. Fancy Taffy's amazement to hear this: "Trilby fer one, Little Billee on the side!" Trilby has at last found her level.

Another illustration of the old saying that it's but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous, says a Boston exchange, was given at the farewell Ysaye concert. In the beautiful Scotch composition the virtuoso was playing a soft passage as only Ysaye can play it, the notes dying away, the pianissimo accompaniment of the orchestra even less distinct, and all forming a melody that held the audience breathless; and then, just as the sound was "dying, dying, dying," some phlegmatic sleeper from the back of the hall sent forth a prolonged, emphatic snore. It broke the audience all up, so to speak; and soon after a lone man was seen to leave his seat and silently steal away. Which reminds one of a certain Symphony rehearsal a few years back (let us hope such a thing could not happen now), when the orchestra was playing at its most furious pace, and two women were taking advantage of the big drums and cellos to hold an interesting conversation; and suddenly came one of those awful stops in the loud music which often reveal the frivolities of those who go because it is the thing to do; and the voice sounded loud and clear—"Well, do you ever put eggs in?"

Certainly no one would credit Lily Langtry with esprit or the utterance of a bon mot. She suggests good living, jollity, if you will, but not wit.

Nevertheless, she is said to have made the following charming remark at the recent professional matinée at Koster & Bial's:

Cissie Loftus was on the stage, and—well, she is just now the envy of domestic ladies, for she is in an interesting condition.

After watching the clever little mimic, the Jersey Lily—or rather Filly—exclaimed, "I do hope Cissie will soon give us a good imitation of Justin."

The *Kleine Zeitung* tells a tale of Liszt, in which the master certainly got his quid pro quo. The Saint Elizabeth was to be performed at Eisenach, and the great man himself went to conduct it at its rehearsal. The orchestra was composed of members of the town band (Stadtpeifer), and their playing did not correspond to the high demands of Liszt. After a few bars, Liszt tapped angrily with his baton, and said, "Gentlemen, gentlemen, this is pure scarecrow music!" The Stadtpeifer-Kapellmeister jumped up in a rage as hot as the master's and retorted, "Herr Doctor, you cannot blame us for that; we did not compose the music!"

"My ambition at that time," says Du Maurier, in an interview in *McClure's Magazine* for April, "was to go in for music and singing, but my father objected very strongly to this wish of mine, and invariably discouraged it. My father, I must tell you, possessed himself the sweetest, most beautiful voice that I have ever heard, and if he had taken up singing as a profession would most certainly have been the greatest singer of his time. Indeed in his youth he had studied music for some time at the Paris Conservatoire, but his family objected to his following the profession, for they were Legitimists and strong Catholics, and you know in what contempt the stage was held at the beginning of this century. It is a pity, for there were millions in his throat. We were all musical in our family. I was at that time crazy about music, and used to practice my voice wherever and whenever I could, even on the tops of omnibuses. But my father always discouraged me. I remember one night we were crossing Smithfield Market together, and I was talking to my father about music. 'I am sure that I could become a singer,' I said, 'and if you like I will prove it to you. I have my tuning fork in my pocket. Shall I show you my A?'

"Yes," said my father, "I should like to hear your idea of an A." So I sang the note. My father laughed. 'Do you call that an A? Let me show you how to sing it.' And then and there rang out a note of music, low and sweet at the outset, and swelling as it went, till it seemed to fill all Smithfield with divine melody. I can never forget that scene, never; the dark night, the lonely place, and that wave of the sweetest sound that my ears have ever heard. Some time later my father relented and gave me a few music lessons. I

won him over by showing him a drawing which I had produced in Williamson's class room, in which I was represented bowing gracefully in acknowledgment of the applause of an audience whom I had electrified with my musical talents. Music has always been a great delight to me, and until recently I could sing well. But I have spoiled my voice by cigarette smoking."

I saw Réjane in Sapho last Saturday afternoon. The play is an interesting gallery of erotomaniacs. But Daudet's book is finer, stronger than Belot's play. The novel is a masterly picture of the love that kills. The play gives a series of loosely connected episodes. Organic unity there is none. It lacks dramatic spine. But for Réjane the play would be a bore. Her *Sapho* is not Sapphic in the Lesbian sense—the gods be praised!—but she is the woman of the gutter, covered with the slime of the beast, marked with the infernal scarlet letter, a creature symbolical of the lust of ages. A poor hopeless, hapless plaything, thrown from door to door, hungry for love, always drinking from the overflowing cup of passion, but, Tantalus-like, never drinking the coveted drop. *Jean Gaussin* cries to her, "Sapho! a name that has rolled down the centuries, gathering fresh legends of filth, until it has at last become unmentionable." And yet Daudet's *Sapho*, Réjane's *Sapho*, is a charming, a lovable creature, feat of clay, but with the heart of the Eternal Feminine.

I really did not admire the play. If Belot had been a Sardou, then perhaps the atmosphere, the pathos, the humor, the lightness and brightness and esprit of Daudet might have been preserved. Instead we got a wilderness of talk, relieved by three or four situations, made strong by the art of the actress. The second act was the most natural, the most endurable. None but French actors could play such a scene. It was very Gallic, it had the note of shrillness, of vivacity, of veiled indecency and sparkle. Poor *Fanny's* past was frankly discussed, and in the presence of her latest conquest, whose face flushes with rage, mortification. Little wonder he later cries to her: "I see in you, in your words, in your gestures, reminiscences of the men you have loved. When you speak of art, of sculpture, with that little twist of your thumb, I recognize *Caoudal*. You smoke and I see *La Borderie's* eternal cigarette." But how much more wonderful is that restaurant episode at Ville d'Array in the book! With what incomparable charm, with what unflagging velocity, is it not told!

Most men who have tasted the good and evil of life have had their Sapho epoch. There were many such in the audience last Monday night at Abbey's Theatre. The violent row at the end of act third, with its burning recriminations, abuse and its final shriek from *Fanny*—"Décampe, bourgeois!"—must have had a familiar sound for some. The hastily packed trunk, the rain of linen, neckties, collars and the shower of abuse from the lips of a thoroughly enraged woman, was it not all a true picture of manners—perhaps half world manners, but bitterly true nevertheless?

It was a dreary, sad affair, and it is occurring about us daily. The man tired, the woman reproachful. As to the moral values of such a play I have nothing to say. It may be a powerful preachment for some, it may be disgusting to others. Viewed cynically it is a very fine exhibition of the "bête humaine," and I can assure you Réjane left no point untouched in her subtle analysis and gradual unfoldment of *Fanny Legrana's* vicious character.

The woman steadily degenerated, morally decomposed, before our eyes. The mistress of a hundred lovers, she at last loves *Jean Gaussin* with fervor, but her atavistic traits dragged her back to her birthplace—the gutter. *Jean* is a prig to me. He wooed the goddess of Lubricity fervidly, but cast longing eyes on the respectable fleshpots of the Philistines. His ultimate treatment at *Fanny's* hands was meet and just, and like the small nature that he was, he spent dull afternoons at Marnes, taunting her with her past—as if she could help it—remedy it! so we were all glad when she went away with *Flamant*, the forger, the father of her child. After all, this tie proved stronger, even for the almost ruined *Fanny*. A small segment of hope's rainbow of hope is flung on the heavens for her. She will lead a better life with her husband and child. And *Jean*—well, the ending of the play differs from that of the book. But

he bade fair to get over it, marry the namby-pamby *Irene*, and bore his wife with recitals of his fast life in Paris, just as did *Cesaire*. It is all very commonplace, vulgar, but lifelike.

I have before remarked Réjane's inability to compass great climacteric effects. She leaves me cold or dissatisfied at the end of everything I have seen her in. Sometimes it is the fault of the play, but usually hers. The last scene of *Sans-Gêne* was tiresome; the same with *Ma Cousine*, and *Nora Helmer* simply rambled out into the night without headdress, cloak or even fixed purpose. So with *Sapho*. She writes an intolerably long letter, while *Jean* sleeps on the divan. It is mere sentimental mush. Of course Belot is partly to blame. But I can't conceive Duse, who is confessedly Réjane's ideal, indulging in such a terrible bêtise as a conventional stage letter of farewell. Duse, her whole face telling of the awful struggle, would furiously scribble a few lines and not read them aloud. There is no necessity for speech at such a juncture as this. Her face would tell us all, and the entrance of the porter for the trunk and the fall of the curtain would complete a powerful scene. But it is spoiled by the present conventional ending. What a pity!

Réjane's company appeared to especial advantage in *Sapho*, the *Dechelette* of M. Cande being finely and firmly drawn for us, and his pathos during the recital of *Alice's* death very moving. Duquesne, who looked like Hans von Bülow, was admirable as *Caoudal*, the sculptor, and *Jean* was very natural in the hands of M. Maury. The second act was a miracle of ensemble play. The scene between *De Potter* and his mistress *Rosario*, "with the skin as yellow as an orange, reeking with perfume," was almost too strong for polite nostrils. A celebrated French composer was said to be the subject of this sketch of Daudet's. Certainly M. Moncharmont's make-up does not contradict the story. But the whole crew were erotomaniacs and fit for pathological investigation by some Maudsley, Charcot or Lombroso.

Did you see this in *Town Topics*?

Not a little interest has been manifested, in Chicago, in the discussion started by the *Times-Herald* as to Mme. Melba's faith. It is claimed, in the columns of my esteemed contemporary, that the great songstress is a Jewess by birth, and that she has kinsmen in the West, but the lady herself declines to make any statement on the subject, and so the matter stands. Mme. Melba has, to the experienced eye, the air of a Jewess. Her nose is distinctly Semitic, and in her tendency to thrust her head forward is revealed a markedly characteristic trait of the possessor of Hebrew blood, however remote his or her Jewish ancestry. Mitchell, too, is a Jewish name. All this, however, has no more weight than conjecture carries with it, and unless Mme. Melba unseals her lips, I doubt if we shall ever be the wiser as to her belief. Some months ago I had occasion to refer to a fellow-artist of Mme. Melba's and to mention his family name, which was not exactly like his nom de théâtre, and which plainly denoted his descent. He was very angry, I was told, and offered to refute my assertion by calling upon me and exhibiting his "pass-a-port." A lady's signalement, I fear, would be less convincing.

Professor Meyer, the pianist, at a musicale given at a private residence on Friday evening, says the *Washington Post*, before sitting down to play the Polonaise by Chopin made an interesting statement to the guests. While in Leipsic, he said, he heard his cousin pronounce the name of Chopin "Kopeen." He laughed at her for it, but some years afterward in Brooklyn, while relating the incident to a Russian scholar, he was surprised to be laughed at in turn for pronouncing it "Shopong."

"Your cousin was right," said the Russian; "the Polish pronunciation is Kopeen."

With this explanation Chopin suddenly acquires a new interest.

Every day for a long series of months there passed the Saunterer's of the Boston *Budget's* window a German band headed by a tall, hatchet-faced cornetist, and ended up by a little dumpy bass drummer. Such was always the order, and always the Saunterer wondered at the ever diminishing cornetist and at the ever increasing drummer. But at last the drummer appeared no longer and the Saunterer wondered thereat. Finally one day he mustered up courage and asked the cornetist what was the reason of the drummer's disappearance.

"Der drummer?" queried the lanky Teuton. "Ach Himmel! He grow so fat he could not hit der middle of der drum, so ve discharge him."

As I told you several weeks ago, Harry Meltzer has written—what shall I call it?—a Biblical ballet for

Loie Fuller. Parisina in the *Argonaut* tells all about the production. Here is her version, very much condensed:

One day, ever so long ago, when she first began drawing full houses to the Folies Bergères, Loie, in her dressing room, was trying the effect of some beautiful Indian fabrics, and, draping herself in a long scarf of sombre-hued gauze, she improvised a pas that was at once weird and dramatic. "What a splendid *Salomé* you would make!" cries some one. The suggestion bore fruit. During her flying visit to New York in the ensuing summer Miss Fuller imparted to Mr. Harry Meltzer—the well-known dramatic critic of the *World*—her desire of personifying the Biblical heroine, and asked him to write a scenario, to which he readily agreed.

It was considered necessary to give *Salomé* a French godfather, and the choice fell on Armand Silvestre, considered the best man in Paris for the business. Gabriel Pierné, who had written some pretty music for Izeyl, was intrusted with the score. Rubi painted the scenery, while no less a man than Rochegrosse designed the costumes.

Mr. Meltzer has not followed the Biblical story very closely. *Salomé* is something more than the instrument of *Herodiade's* ambition and hatred, and when she falls into the arms of *Herod*, she is sure to excite the warm blood of the tyrant to fever heat. The dainty figure posturing before him, now in a robe of black gauze, glistening with beetles' wings, now softly swathed in rose-pink scarfs, and anon the centre of wide-spreading drapery that catches the glimmer from unseen lights, which flash through the glass floor, is irresistible. Electricity plays a great part in *Salomé*, and it is all the more potent in its effects that its source is concealed. When Loie waves her scarf, it is caught by touches of a crimson glow that transform it into the likeness of forked flames, and when she is robed for the final sacrifice, in creamy white, her draperies shine like mother-of-pearl on the crest of the waves beneath the moonbeams—a joy for the eye. It is transfigured, etherealized Loie who dances at the Comédie Parisienne, in the hall of *Herod's* palace, with the distant view of Jerusalem bathed in sunlight as a background, and a dramatic actress who personifies before us, first the careless girl surrounded by her maidens, decking herself and them with flowers, then the woman stirred into passionate action by the whispered counsels of *Herodiade* and his fears for the safety of the holy man, whose life is only to be purchased by her own dishonor. She is no longer the Loie of the Folies Bergères, with the pretty doll's face and the flaxen wig, but she charmed us then and she charms us now.

I am told that Trilby the play is better than Trilby, the book. Paul Potter's dramatization comes to the Garden Theatre next Monday night. There will be plenty of music, but no Chopin impromptu or Rosamunde music. Instead Schubert's *Adieu* will be used as a leading motif.

The Ring.—The Ring der Nibelungen was given recently complete at Dresden.

Manasse.—The oratorio *Manasse*, by F. Hegar, enjoys a rare success. This novelty has had already thirty performances during the past two seasons. Tilsit and Königsberg have heard it lately.

Naples.—The municipality of Naples is considering favorably a proposition of Nicola Daspuro, who offered to open the San Carlo Theatre with *Werther*, to be followed by *Ratcliff*, with the same cast it had at La Scala; then *Silvano* and *Fortunio* of Van Westerhout. Daspuro is now in Milan to arrange the details.

His Fiftieth Anniversary.—Dr. E. Lassen, the Hofkapellmeister of Weimar, celebrates this month his fiftieth anniversary as a musician, and retires from activity at the opera. Goethe's *Faust*, with music by Lassen, will be given in honor of the occasion, on April 15 and 16. Dr. Lassen was born in 1830, and came to Weimar in 1858, at the instigation of Franz Liszt.

The Quartet of Milan.—The Società del Quartetto of Milan some time ago opened a competition for the composition of a sonata for piano and violin. Twenty-two manuscripts were sent in, and the first prize has been awarded to Marco Anzoletti, professor of the Milan Conservatoire.

Koczalski's Success.—The boy pianist Raoul Koczalski, who is concert touring in Scandinavia with great success, has played, while in Copenhagen, before the King of Denmark, who presented him with a gold medal.



BOSTON, Mass., April 7, 1895.

THE Wagner Opera Company, directed by Mr. Walter Damrosch, began its short engagement by producing for the first time in this city *Tristan und Isolde*, at the Boston Theatre, the 1st. The cast was as follows: *Isolde*, Rosa Sucher; *Brangäne*, Marie Brema; *Tristan*, Alvary; *Kurnewal*, Schwarz; *Marke*, Fischer; *Melot*, Tomson. There was a very large audience, which was wildly enthusiastic after the first act, reasonably applause after the second and lukewarm after the third.

This opera is to you an old story, and any review of it at this late day would seem like an impertinence. Although I recognize fully the greatness of the music that follows in the first act the fatal draught; although I admit gladly the surpassing beauty of much of the long love duet in the second act, and the intensity of *Isolde's* final scene, I confess that as a whole the music-drama (if you insist on this distinction) does not move me as strongly as *Die Walküre* or *Götterdämmerung*. *Marke* seems to me a doddering, tiresome cuckold, and *Tristan's* waiting is too long drawn out, so full is it of expectations and disappointments that fret the nerves and irritate the judgment.

The performance was interesting, though not wholly satisfactory. Mrs. Sucher was in many respects an excellent *Isolde*. Her voice showed the wear and the tear of an earnest career, and when she forced her tones they were shrill. She and Alvary were often guilty of screaming in the first act. Perhaps they were led to this by the occasional boisterousness of the orchestra. Yet there were many glorious moments when she showed the reasonableness of her reputation. Her performance was stronger dramatically than musically. Her passion was under artistic control. Miss Brema, too, was inclined to shriek, but she made a marked impression, although she was extravagant in gesture and attitudinizing. Mr. Fischer was an excellent *Marke*, in song and action the dominating figure of the performance. Mr. Schwarz was in some ways a sympathetic *Kurnewal*, and yet he did not accentuate the sturdier, wilder qualities of *Tristan's* friend. Mr. Alvary was heard to best advantage in the third act. The work of the orchestra, with the exception noted above, was admirable. Mr. Damrosch led with the sincerity and the fervor of the true believer. The prelude was started at too slow a pace. The great drawback to pleasure was the unnecessary screaming of the lovers, sometimes even in tender passages. Mrs. Sucher was so exhausted that she could not do justice to the great final scene.

Lohengrin was the opera the 2d. The audience was not as large as the one that saw *Tristan*, but it was of good size and of remarkable patience. The curtain was an hour late in rising. *Elsa's* knight was indeed long in coming. About 7.30 Mr. Damrosch announced that there would be no performance, as Mr. Rothmühl had been suddenly taken hoarse, and Mr. Alvary could not be found. As the audience was on its way out Mr. Damrosch again appeared and said that Alvary had been captured. The audience sat down in joyful mood. A long, tedious, inexplicable delay. Finally Mr. Snow appeared before the curtain and said that Mr. Alvary would be unable to sing, but that Mr. Barron Berthald, now singing in Rob Roy at the Castle Square, would appear through the kindness of Mr. Whitney, the manager of the Whitney Opera Company.

Now Mr. Berthald had sung *Lohengrin* twice in the fall of 1893 in Philadelphia under Mr. Hinrich. You probably know all about this singer. If you do not, here is his story in a few words: Born in Bremen about thirty years ago, he came to the United States when he was eighteen. He studied singing in New York under Mrs. Cappiani for three years and then he taught himself. In 1891 he resolved to devote himself entirely to music, and he went to Europe in search of an engagement. He made his debut as *Lionel* in Zurich in October, 1891. He finally landed in the Cologne opera house, where "he sang in forty operas, from *Edgar* to *Turiddu*, and from *Lionel* to *Don José*." He was a naturalized American citizen, but the German Government said to him, "If you wish to make money here, you must go into the army and serve your time." He had no money and could not wait while an appeal was made to the Emperor. So he returned to this country in 1893; 1894 saw him in an English opera company out West. The company was not successful. Then he went into concert work and comic opera.

Last Tuesday night they seized *Prince Charlie*, threw him into a hack, deposited him at the Boston Theatre, broke open Rothmühl's trunk, and the first thing Berthald knew he was in Rothmühl's clothes and saying good-bye to the swan.

Under the circumstances Mr. Berthald did remarkably well. His voice is pure and sympathetic. He phrased with taste. He did not shriek, he did not gargle, he did not scoop; in a word, he gave a most creditable exhibition of his vocal powers. So far as singing, pure and simple, was concerned, he was one of the most satisfactory *Lohengrins* I have ever heard in German opera. It would be unfair to review his dramatic interpretation, for, as he himself said to a reporter: "I stood there feeling as calm as I am now, but not feeling in the very least like *Lohengrin*, try as I might, or anything akin to him, and forcing myself to remember that I was not *Prince Charlie*, a part I have been playing every night for over six months; for it is no easy thing to sing an act in comic opera and in less than half an hour be trying to rise to the musical and spiritual elevation of *Lohengrin*."

They say that Mr. Damrosch made him an offer after the close of the opera, but Mr. Berthald is content to be under Mr. Whitney's management. There is a report that Calvé will be in this country next season under Mr. Whitney, that Mr. Berthald will be the *Don José* and that the tenor may be loaned to Mr. Damrosch.

If Mr. Berthald was not the supernatural savior of *Elsa*, the knight of purity, mystic, wonderful, he was at least a *Lohengrin* of pleasing, youthful appearance, who moved agreeably in conventional grooves. No wonder that for his courage and skill he was applauded enthusiastically by audience and orchestra.

Mrs. Gadski was a charming *Elsa*. Some might say that her impersonation was not striking, but there are some who prefer the *Elsa* of melodramatic strut and facial contortions. Then there is *Elsa* the coquette; the *Elsa* described by Jules Laforgue. She asks the *Herald* to blow a little more seriously toward the seacoast; she prays to the Knight seen in a vision, "You know, O Knight of Destiny, that my succulent eyes under my famous eyebrows, as well as my sad mouth, are at your service, and I will follow you everywhere with mad glances."

Would that the prudery of this age would allow a literal Englishing of *Lohengrin* from Laforgue's *Moralités Légendaires*! His *Elsa*, on the arrival of the swan, exclaims: "Don't jostle me so! Don't you see you are musing my dress?" His *Lohengrin* answers *Elsa* when she asks him in the Villa-Nuptiale what he is looking at, "I am pondering the marvels of the organization of the human body"; for this *Lohengrin*, who is shocked by songs sung by *Elsa*, is more or less of a prig, and he finally turns a pillow into a swan and thus rides airward toward "the altitudes of the Metaphysics of Love, toward the mirrors unbreathed upon by a young girl, that she may in the mist write with her finger her name and the date."

But you will not find Laforgue's story very like unto that of Wagner. There is no *Ortrud*, no *Telramund* and the *High Priest* officiates at the ceremony when they had chosen the rising of the first implacable and divine full moon for the degradation of the vestal *Elsa*, place Du Parvis, Notre Dame, while all the bells sounded the knell of *Nox Iræ* in sight of the everlasting sea of beautiful evenings."

We were talking about Mrs. Gadski, however. Her *Elsa* is a sweet, shy, confiding maiden, timorous, weak, curious—in short a lovable woman. And her singing was virginal in its freshness and its purity. In the second act she was not always true to the pitch, but her deviations were slight and few in number.

Miss Brema's impersonation of *Ortrud* was dramatically strong in spite of some unpleasant mannerisms and laughable exaggerations that will undoubtedly disappear as she gains fuller experience. Effective too was her singing, although she forced her tones occasionally, and indulged herself in queer phrasing. The end of the duet with *Telramund* was the most intense moment of the performance.

The *Telramund* of Mr. Schwarz was honest and without marked distinction. Mr. Oberhauser was a *Herald* who sang in tune, mirabile dictu! and Mr. Behrens was a thoroughly respectable *King Henry*.

The chorus singing was from fair to middling, ranging toward middling, and at times dropping below it. The costumes of the chorus women wounded the eye by careless clashing of colors.

Die Walküre was given the 3d. I regret that I cannot join in the hurrah over Miss Brema's *Brünnhilde*. Much of the music seemed out of her range, and her upper tones were shrill and thin. Nor did I find her dramatic business to be of a high order. Her most effective scene was where she tries to soothe and comfort *Wotan*. This woman of undoubted natural gifts and warm temperament should meditate her art and put herself under a master of dramatic action; for after the first surprise her attitudinizing becomes grotesque and tiresome. Mr. Behrens as *Hunding* again showed solid qualities, and Miss Maurer as *Fricka* sang with intelligence. Mr. Alvary as *Siegmund* acted in the second act with genuine power. The work of

the orchestra, admirable as a rule throughout the week, was not up to its high standard. The Walkürenritt halted, it was almost clumsy. Mr. Fischer's *Wotan* is so familiar that it needs no words of praise. His intelligence made amends for any loss of vocal power. Mrs. Galski was a charming *Sieglinde*.

Siegfried, with the delightful menagerie, was the opera the 5th. The *Mime* of Mr. Lange was the feature of the performance, for Mr. Alvary was not at his best. He disagreed with Mr. Damrosch as to the tempo of the forging, and he was much disgusted at the stupidity of the bird, who, instead of flying and pointing him the way, flopped ignobly to the floor. Mr. Alvary kicked the bird, aye, in the very sight of the people, and although there was another attempt at flight, the eminent tenor stalked off the stage moodily in the opposite direction. Nor would he accept a curtain call. Mr. Lange sang the music well and acted with great spirit. Poor Mr. Schwarz was obliged to be the *Wanderer*, chief of all operatic bores. Miss Lindh as the bird, Mr. Oberhauser as *Alberich* were satisfactory. *Fafner* (Mr. Senger) was an untuneful dragon, and his costume left much to be desired. Mrs. Sucher, as *Brünnhilde*, was not in the mood. Her intonation was often false, and her action was for the most part conventional attitudinizing. The orchestra gave great pleasure.

Götterdämmerung was given the 5th. Mr. Rothmühl, as *Siegfried*, although he showed traces of his late indisposition, made a favorable impression. He was true to the pitch, he showed no grievous fault, and in the scene where he tells of his adventures there were many charming bits of detail. *Hagen* was well taken by Mr. Fischer, and Mrs. Galski as *Gutrune* was excellent. Mr. Oberhauser realized the sorry part played by *Gunther*, and Miss Lindh, Miss Schilling and Miss Maurer as the Rhine Maidens were tuneful and weak. Mrs. Sucher in the first act—or rather the prelude—was more effective than in the following scenes. In the last act she did not rise to the sublimity of the scene. No doubt she was discouraged by the utter inadequacy of the stage setting and business. The feature of the performance was the Funeral March as played by the orchestra.

I may here state that the stage management throughout the week was not worthy of such a company. It was never brilliant; it was often ludicrous.

Tannhäuser was given at the matinée yesterday. The theatre was crowded. Mrs. Galski, who did too much work last week, was the *Elizabeth*, and while there have been more dramatic portrayals of the part, she sang exceedingly well and acted with commendable discretion. Miss Kutschera was a *Venus* who sang in tune, possibly because she was rather thickly and extensively clad. Mr. Alvary was again annoyed by the stage manager. When Tannhäuser should have exchanged the grotto for the Christian landscape, he awoke to find himself a part of a singular stage setting, three-quarters grotto and one-quarter forest. He looked at the scenery, but it never quailed. Seeing that he could not shift it by a glance, he left the stage and did not return until errors were mended. But he recovered himself, and in the second act was so impassioned that he fired the audience. Mr. Schwarz was a very poor *Wolfram*, and Mr. Behrens was the *père noble*. The competing singers did themselves no credit. The chorus was weak and untuneful. The orchestra gave a superb performance of the overture.

Die Meistersinger was sung last evening. Mrs. Galski—much enduring woman—Miss Maurer, Messrs. Rothmühl, Fischer, Behrens, Lange and Oberhauser were in the cast. I did not see the performance.

As the company will give a concert this evening and three performances this week, I reserve for my next letters certain comments of a general nature.

The program of the twenty-first Symphony concert given last evening was as follows:

Symphony, D major (B and H No. 4).....Haydn
Serenade for wind instruments No. 11 (first time).....Mozart
Concerto for piano, F minor.....Chopin
Overture, Der Freischütz.....Weber

Miss Antoinette Szumowska was the pianist. Her touch is beautiful, so clear is it, so crystalline and yet so warm. Her fluency is not looseness. She does not, unlike the Modern Woman, attempt to rival the strength of man, and yet such is her technic that the faintest pianissimo carries. She is apparently without thought of audience or desire to cause a thrill. She plays like a woman, not like a lady. Last night there was tenderness as well as romance, suggestion of twilight, vague aspirations, vague fears. There was consciousness of technic used without thought of it. There was the feeling of daintiness, delicacy, true poetic spirit. Miss Szumowska did not fully reveal her talents in the first movement. Her delivery of the larghetto was most entrancing. You forgot that the piano is inherently an unmusical instrument. So, too, the finale was played admirably; not as a man of fire and flame would play it; but was not

her interpretation more nearly akin to that of the composer?

The other numbers of the program do not demand extended comment. Haydn wrote many symphonies. It seems a pity that only a few are in the repertoire of the orchestra, and yet are played as though a boon were offered to the public. Mozart's *Serenade* was written for a special occasion, not for all time. It was finely played.

PHILIP HALE.

Boston Music Notes.

BOSTON, Mass., April 6, 1905.

Signor Augusto Rotoli's New Mass will be performed at St. James' Church on Easter Sunday. This mass was given for the first time on Christmas Day, receiving at that time the highest praise and commendation, being pronounced singularly beautiful, and wishes were expressed that it might soon be heard again. Signor Rotoli is the director of music at St. James' Church, where he also sings tenor in the quartet. Besides the quartet there is a chorus of sixty or more voices. Admission to the church on Easter Sunday will be by card only.

Although Mr. Ben Davies arrived a day late from London, only reaching the dock in New York in the middle of the forenoon of Thursday, yet he managed to reach Boston in time to appear with the Symphony Orchestra at Saunders Theatre, Cambridge, in the evening, where he made a great success. He will be very busy this season.

Mr. Arthur Beresford has been meeting with great success in his recent engagements in oratorio. Last month he sang Gounod's *Redemption* and *The Creation* twice, and on Good Friday will sing the *Passion Music*. He is considering some flattering offers for concert and oratorio work in England for the coming autumn.

The quartet at Trinity Church, one of the best paid in the city, have been re-engaged for the ensuing year with the exception of Mr. Norris, the tenor, who will be succeeded by a gentleman from Springfield, Mass. The other members of the choir are Miss Jeannie M. Crocker, Mrs. Homer Sawyer, Mr. Arthur Beresford. Mr. Horatio W. Parker still continues to conduct and play the organ.

A quartet is being formed for the Warren Avenue Baptist Church. Mr. Frank M. Todd, a promising young singer, has been secured for bass, and negotiations are pending for one of the leading tenors of this city.

Miss Gertrude Prentice, formerly contralto of the Second Church, Copley square, has accepted a similar position at the Plymouth Church in Worcester.

The *Herald* on Tuesday morning announced in a large headline that Miss "Bremen" made a fine impression. This is supposed to allude to Miss Marie Brema, of the Damrosch Opera Company.

Mr. George W. Chadwick (not S. W., as the printer made it recently) is to be the conductor at the Springfield Music Festival. Several of Mr. Chadwick's compositions will be played at the spring festivals in April.

The managers of two of the theatres have shown great courtesy to the German opera management during the past week. The incident of the tenor from the Castle Square Theatre is well known, and Mr. B. F. Keith arranged that the covered passageway leading to his theatres from Tremont to Mason street should be kept open and lighted until the close of the performances during the entire week, a great accommodation for the patrons of the opera.

Miss Antoinette Szumowska, the young Polish pianist, will give two piano recitals at Music Hall on Thursday evening, April 18, and Saturday afternoon, April 20.

The Kneisel Quartet will give the final concert in its series in Union Hall to-morrow evening. The program is:

Piano trio, in E major.....Robert Kahn
Fantasia, for piano and violin.....Schubert
Quartet, C sharp minor, op. 131.....Beethoven
Mrs. Emil Paur will be the pianist.

Mr. and Mrs. Emil Paur will sail for Europe in May, to be absent for several months.

Mr. B. Franklin Young will give his eighth open recital in the Church of the Good Shepherd this evening.

At the concert in Boston Theatre next Sunday evening Miss Marie Brema and Mr. Plunket Greene will be the leading soloists. Selections from *Parsifal* will be given in addition to other compositions not heretofore played during this engagement.

Mr. Plunket Greene and Miss Marie Brema will give a song recital in Music Hall on the afternoon of Tuesday, April 9, when Mr. Walter Damrosch has consented to accompany them.

Mrs. Elene Eaton is to sing in "Elijah" with the Philharmonic Society at the coming festival in Montreal. The solo quartet consists of Mrs. Eaton, soprano; Mr. W. H. Rieger, tenor; Mrs. Carl Alves, alto, and Mr. Watkin Mills, bass.

In Boston choir changes generally go into effect with April, the choir year being from April to April. The Unitarian Church at Jamaica Plain continues Mr. Frank O. Nash as organist and musical director, Mrs. Lester Bartlett as soprano, Miss Edith Munroe as contralto, Mr. John Shepard as tenor, and Mr. Frank W. Thomas as bass.

Some of the changes to go into effect are:

At the Park Street Church Miss Jennie Corea is to take

the place of Miss Montgomery as soprano. Miss Montgomery goes to Meeting House Hill. The bass at Park Street will be Mr. Sircom and the tenor will be Mr. John D. Merrill.

At the Union Church Mr. Clarence B. Ashenden, the well known young singer, has been engaged as bass, and Miss Jennie Bradford has been engaged as soprano.

At Berkeley Temple Mr. Tom Daniels is to be bass in place of Mr. Hitchcock, who, with Mr. Bartlett, goes to the Harvard Church, in Brookline.

At the Commonwealth Avenue Baptist Church Miss Helen Potter has recently joined the quartet as soprano.

At the First Church Mr. Crocker succeeds Mr. Parker as tenor, the latter going to Berkeley Temple to take full charge of the music. Mrs. Barnard Smith has been succeeded by Mrs. Hascall.

At the Second Church Miss S. Louise Bruce is to sing as contralto, and Mr. Bruce Hobbs is to be tenor.

At the Mount Vernon Church Mr. W. H. Clarke is to join as bass.

The Händel and Haydn Society will give the *Passion Music* in Music Hall on the evening of Good Friday. Mr. Zerrahn will be the conductor and Mr. Lang the organist. Mrs. Jennie Patrick Walker, soprano; Miss Marguerite Hall, alto; Mr. William H. Rieger, tenor; Mr. Carl E. Duff, bass; Mr. Ericson F. Bushnell, bass.

On Sunday, April 14, *The Life of Man*, an Easter oratorio by J. C. D. Parker; composed for the Händel and Haydn Society, is to be produced. Miss Elizabeth Hamlin, soprano; Miss Lena Little, alto; Mr. Geo. J. Parker, tenor; Mr. Max Heinrich, bass; Miss Jeannie M. Crocker, soprano; Mr. Thomas E. Johnson, tenor; Mr. Myron W. Whitney, Jr., bass.

It has been decided to give a season of summer opera at the Castle Square Theatre. It will be under the management of Mr. Edward E. Rose. The orchestra will be under the direction of Max Hirschfeldt.

New Bedford (Mass.) Music Festival.

April 22, 23, 24. Carl Zerrahn, Boston, Conductor.

MONDAY EVENING, APRIL 22.

Hymn of Praise.....Mendelssohn
Miss Stewart, Miss Stein, Mr. Davies, Chorus and Orchestra.
Overture, Phædre.....Massenet
Orchestra.
Piano concerto, op. 60 in F sharp minor.....Saint-Saëns
Mr. Sherwood.
Aria, Mad Scene from Lucia.....Donizetti
Miss Stewart (flute obligato by Mr. North).
Perpetual Motion.....Paganini
Played by all the first violins.
Recitative and aria from Jephtha.....Händel
Recitative, Deeper and Deeper.
Aria, Wait Her, Angela.
Mr. Ben Davies.

Aria, Carmen.....Bizet
Miss Stein.
Overture, Jubel.....Weber
Orchestra.

TUESDAY, P. M., APRIL 23.

Overture, The Flying Dutchman.....Wagner
Orchestra.
Ballad, Senta and Spinning Chorus, from Flying Dutchman.....Wagner
Mrs. Walker and Ladies' Chorus.
Ballet music from Henry VIII.....German
Morris dance.
Shepherd's dance.
Torch dance.
Orchestra.

Harp solo, Morceau Caractéristique.....Aptomas
Mr. Rogers.
Aria, I Will Extol Thee, from Eli.....Costa
Mrs. Walker.
Entr' Acte, Gwendoline.....Chabrier
Orchestra.

Forty-second Psalm, As Pants the Hart.....Mendelssohn
Mrs. Walker, chorus and orchestra.

TUESDAY EVENING, APRIL 23.

Suite d'Orchestre, L'Arlesienne.....Bizet
Aria, Reginella.....Braga
Mr. Rieger.
Aria, Selected.
Madame Nordica.

Ballad, Lovely Rosabelle.....Chadwick
Miss Stein, Mr. Rieger, chorus and orchestra.

Aria, La Juive.....Halévy
Mr. Clarke.
Scena, Die Jungfrau von Orleans.....Tchaikowsky
Miss Stein.

Pizzicati.....Latann
String Orchestra.

Trio from Faust.....Gounod
Madame Nordica, Mr. Rieger and Mr. Clarke.

Barcarolle, A Night in Lisbon.....Saint-Saëns
Orchestra.

Ballad, Barbara Frietchie.....Jules Jordan
Madame Nordica, chorus and orchestra.
(Conducted by the composer.)

WEDNESDAY P. M., APRIL 24.

Overture, Melpomene.....Chadwick
Orchestra.

Trauerarie.....Schumann
String orchestra.

Piano concerto, op. 43, in G minor.....Saint-Saëns
Mr. Sieveking.

Carnival in Paris.....Svendsen
Orchestra.

Symphony No. 5 in C minor.....Beethoven

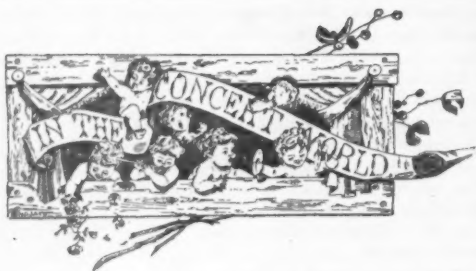
WEDNESDAY EVENING, APRIL 24.

Samson and Delilah.....Saint-Saëns
Delilah.....Mrs. Wyman.

Samson.....Mr. Rieger.
High Priest of Dagon.....Mr. Rogers.

Abimelech, satrap of Gaza.....
An old Hebrew.....

Second Philistine messenger.....Mr. Clarke.
Philistine messenger.....Mr. C. B. Davis.



DAPHNE, a new comic opera in two acts, music by Arthur Bird, book by Marguerite Merington, was given in concert form at the first April morning musicale of Albert Morris Bagby at the Hotel Waldorf on Monday week. The music is light, sparkling and refined, free from ordinary comic jingle and prolific in suave tunes and graceful rhythms. The score is yet unpublished, and the piano MS., from which the performance was hurriedly prepared within a week's notice, presented a rare medley of Mr. Bird's hieroglyphics. Mr. Orton Bradley, however, took the helm, deciphered the fantastic pages and got the little opera into safe port. It was no mediocre undertaking.

Miss Merington, who is a most ingenious and fascinating talker, with a piquant humor all her own, outlined the story of the opera and interspersed the musical numbers with descriptive quotations from the text and a number of her clever rhymes. The charming playwright, with her delicious naïveté and inborn dramatic gift, was a cast in herself and delighted the audience hugely. In Marguerite Merington the stage has found a playwright and lost a player.

Orton Bradley played the pretty overture excellently, which is composed of fractions of the principal themes of the opera. The soloists were Miss Jessie Slater, soprano; Mrs. Adele Laeis Baldwin, contralto; Mr. J. H. McKinley, tenor, and Mr. Perry Averill, baritone. Miss Slater was *Daphne*, the Arcadian shepherdess, with whom the tenor and baritone are in love. Slim Mrs. A. L. Baldwin posed for a fat fairy. Through pastoral scenes and tunes the quartet eventually get to some cannibal islands, where a good deal of ferocity and humor are brought out in music and book.

Miss Slater made a decided success. She has a light, pure soprano, flexible and sympathetic, and with the promise of enlargement in its volume by a little more work. She sang charmingly her solo, *The Roses Give Kisses on Credit*, and showed in her delivery much pretty comedy tact. Mrs. Baldwin's solo, *Did You Ever Hear It Beat*, was another of the pretty numbers well sung, as also J. H. McKinley's song, *Thou Only*. The baritone had principally quartet work to do. The quartet finale, *How Fair the Night*, is one of the most charming bits of the score. Altogether this was a novel and enjoyable morning, an appetizing foretaste of what ought to make a hit. The choruses were sung by the quartet of voices, and were all effective, the first being destined to be sung behind the scenes.

On Monday evening, the 1st, Mr. Forrest Davenport Carr, a young basso newly arrived from Washington, gave an evening of music in the parish house of All Souls' Church, Fourth avenue and Twentieth street. Why should a church building be chosen for secular entertainments? Say what one will, the atmosphere is charged with gloom and repression. Of course the parish house is not the church; we know it, but it is part of the edifice and joyful secular strains sound uncanny within those echoes, and the feeling always obtains that it is one's duty to pick up the hymnal between the waits. We would cordially advise any initial concert-giver who courts popularity to choose any other than a church hall for his purpose. The scent of the constrained atmosphere will hang round him still.

Mr. Carr sings very well in an untutored but tuneful and feeling fashion. He has plenty of good musical volume, a great portion of it locked away in his throat, and needing to be freed by good instruction. But he is the making of a satisfactory and artistic singer. He sang a song of Streleski's, *Happy Days*, with 'cello obligato by Mr. Kenneth Murchison, Jr., better than anything else. He was assisted by Miss Fielding Roselle, contralto; Miss Camille Toulmin, harp; Mr. Harry Pepper, tenor, and a pianist, Mr. Orr, we believe, who was to have accompanied Mr. Louis A. von Gaertner, violinist, but who played a couple of small solos instead, as Mr. Von Gaertner failed to appear. The piano was scandalously out of tune, which naturally affected the solos disastrously, but affected the singers more.

Miss Roselle is certainly a satisfactory contralto, with a fine mellow quality, even throughout all the registers, and free from the horrible throaty baritone quality which so many contraltos think it effective to force from the lower register with a view to what they consider resonance and depth. She sang with pure taste and excellent phrasing *Mon Cœur s'ouvre*, &c., from *Samson et Dalila*, and a couple of dainty songs by Chadwick, and gave unqualified pleasure by the earnest and smooth intelligence of her art.

Harry Pepper sang *Molly Bawn* and *Little Doris* in his own incomparable-song story way, and Miss Toulmin played the harp so that she had to be encored. Mr. Paul Ambrose accompanied, and taken all in all—even though it was in a parish house—this concert was enlivening and artistic.

A delightful chamber concert was given on Tuesday afternoon, the 2d, by Miss Geraldine Morgan, violinist, and Mr. Paul Morgan 'cello, assisted by Mr. Henry Holden Huss, pianist, in Chamber Music Hall. The solos were excellently accompanied by Mr. Hans Wetzler. Following was the program:

Sonata, D major, op. 18, for piano and 'cello.....Rubinstein
Mr. Huss and Mr. Morgan.

Concerto, second and last movements.....Mendelssohn
Miss Morgan.

Carlotta, romance.....De Munk
Mazurka, G minor.....Popper
Mr. Morgan.

Trio, B major, op. 8, revised edition.....Brahms
For piano, violin and 'cello.
Miss Morgan, Mr. Huss and Mr. Morgan.

Miss Morgan played with great brilliancy and sonority, if occasionally the lack of sympathy was felt. The finale of the Mendelssohn concerto she took at a pace that would have made it an impossible feat for the average good technician, but with her there was not a phrase which did not distinctly tell. The volume of her tone is remarkable, at times having almost the fullness of a 'cello. She took the andante of the concerto hurriedly, and got through it in a correct, sonorous, businesslike fashion, but without grace or sentiment. What Miss Morgan, on this occasion at least, seems to lack on this side of temperament, she counteracts by remarkable brio, strength and fire, and we do not remember to have heard the finale played with finer sweep and accuracy by any male virtuoso than as played by Miss Morgan. She has a remarkable instrument but she knows how to draw from it all the tone of which it is capable. For one encore she gave the air from the Bach suite in D, and while her breadth and volume were admirable the absence of feeling—serious feeling—was again felt. Miss Morgan shines exceptionally in the bravura style, and her firm, reliable technic seems to know no lapses. Her ensemble work in the Brahms trio was excellent. This had a good performance and in the hand to hand fight of the allegro con brio the instruments came through with good spirit and precision.

Mr. Paul Morgan is a wholly enjoyable 'cello player. He leans to more sentiment than his sister, and with his pure, firm tone and artistic phrasing his solo numbers were delightful. The Popper Mazurka was interpreted with charming grace and finish, and it was only a pity that Mr. Morgan's evident feeling could not be expended on more worthy material than *Mademoiselle Carlotta*. She was evidently *Mademoiselle* with lots of bread and butter sentiment, and the delicate color and occasional warmth with which Mr. Morgan invested her strains should have graced a sincerer subject.

Mr. Huss rallied his technical forces quite tellingly for the last movement of the Rubinstein sonata, but the delicious allegretto was the pièce de résistance of the program. It was charmingly played by both artists; its fascinating rhythm exchanged from instrument to instrument with suave sympathy and grace. We extend a vote of thanks to Mr. Huss and Mr. Morgan for their delightful performance of this allegretto.

Pretty little Miss Morgan got long-stemmed roses as tall as herself in recognition of one of the daintiest chamber music concerts we have heard in some time.

A literary and musical recital was given on Tuesday evening, the 2d, at the residence of Mrs. A. L. Barber, 871 Fifth avenue. It was announced that the Countess Gilda Ruta would appear with Mrs. Anna Randall Diehl, but the countess is prone to misfortunes. After last public appearance her two assisting vocal luminaries failed to appear; this time the countess failed to appear herself. She was, it was stated, indisposed, but the audience promptly realized that it was probably their gain, not loss, since Mr. Gustav L. Becker appeared in her place.

Mrs. Diehl appeared with distinct success in a dramatic monologue, *The Bride of Ischia*, and again threw her audience into convulsions of laughter over *Auntie Doleful's Visit to New York*. Both, with others on the program given by her, were the original product of her own bright and versatile pen. She made the double hit of the evening as authoress and reciter.

Chopin's G major nocturne and C minor etude, with Liszt's *Rossignol* and *Walde-rauschen*, were played with taste and brilliancy by Mr. Becker, who had a cordial reception. Some songs were prettily sung by Miss Sara Humbert. Miss Charlotte Gaynor Riley was the vocal favorite, however, of this occasion. Tchaikowsky's *Fif-nella* she had to repeat and also *Fairlamb's An April Girl*. Her voice is well adapted for the salon. Altogether this was an artistic and successful entertainment, smoothly carried out and gaining a rather choice and luxurious prestige from the handsome surroundings of the Barber mansion, which are not only æsthetic and tasteful, but admirably adapted for concerts and recitals of a goodly size.

Mrs. Elford Gould, pianist, assisted by Mr. Frank Hunter

Potter, tenor, gave a recital on Wednesday afternoon at Sherry's. This was, we believe, in the nature of a professional début on the part of Mrs. Gould, who is a pupil of Henry Holden Huss. As the program of a début we subjoin it:

| | |
|------------------------------|---------------|
| Rhapsody, B minor..... | Brahms |
| Intermezzo, E major..... | Brahms |
| Rhapsody, C minor..... | Brahms |
| Don Juan's Serenade..... | Tchaikowsky |
| Pâles Etoiles (Dimitri)..... | Joncières |
| Temple, Ouvre Tol..... | Gounod |
| Polonaise..... | Chopin |
| Nocturne..... | Chopin |
| Valse..... | Chopin |
| Nocturne..... | Chopin |
| Ballade..... | Chopin |
| O Vision Entrancing..... | Goring Thomas |
| The Lily and the Violet..... | S. P. Warren |
| Abendlied..... | Blumenthal |
| Still Barred Thy Door..... | H. W. Greene |
| Siegfried's Death March..... | Wagner |

The above was somewhat altered, the Brahms intermezzo and rhapsody being replaced by the *Isolde Liebestod*, Wagner-Liszt, and Chopin's G minor nocturne. The Chopin polonaise was the C sharp minor, the valse the first in A flat; there were the F minor and the F sharp nocturnes and the A flat ballade. The F sharp nocturne, surprising enough, was the best thing played. She seemed to have cultivated a sympathy for this one composition, and its execution was delicate and clear. Of the rest Mrs. Gould had grasped neither the meaning nor the technic clearly. The Chopin lacework and embroideries had no pattern, but were blurred and indistinct, and the conception generally was crude and cold.

Mr. Frank Hunter Potter sang with refinement and sympathy his group of songs, of which the French were particularly good. The *Pâles Etoiles* was charmingly effective. A large and exceedingly smart audience assembled in the white and gold ball room to hear Mrs. Gould, and applauded her encouragingly.

It was a week of débuts and child prodigies. Such dams up the natural flow of one's comments. Débuts are too often hasty, and although not invited to make allowance for this, discretion forces one to stop and qualify and consider, and hesitate to write down the uncompromising truth, which is the proprietary right of standard public performers. Child prodigies also need to be handled with a dozen restrictions. One is supposed to feel thankful that a boy in knickerbockers or a little miss in short skirts can struggle through without a breakdown what older people perform with ease and authority. To hear them is never an unmixed joy, but far less joyful is it to write about them. Of a conservatory or other student one can write cheerfully "She plays wonderfully for her age;" but the prodigy does not want this; she wants to hear that she has played marvelously without reservation.

Augusta Cottlow, however, presents less difficulty to write about than any child pianist—we except none—who has been heard here this season. She played on Wednesday evening at Madison Square Concert Hall, and has the best present fulfillment and the largest promise of any young pianist lately heard. That she selected a program too taxing for her interpretation in some cases was not much of a fault. She indicated that some day before long she will have mastered the conception of such works as Beethoven's *Waldstein* sonata and Bach's chromatic fantasia and fugue, for she has obviously superior musical intelligence and a specifically clear, firm and certain technic. She has power, at present not strong enough to last through works of great length, yet bold and assured. She has also delicacy and sympathy, a surety of attack and a finish in execution which might reasonably belong to the adult virtuoso. She played Chopin's andante spianato and polonaise excellently, and the D flat nocturne with the utmost charm and sympathy. In the nocturne all the aerial labyrinthine passages were played with delicate limpidity and grace. A Schumann arabesque was played with equally facile charm, and the novelette in F was bold and vigorous. Raff's *fileuse* and Moszkowski's tarantelle were the little girl's last two numbers, delivered with ease and brilliancy. The Raff etude showed excellent left-hand training and was very fluent. Augusta Cottlow will continue to be heard from and is certainly a clever young artist.

She was assisted by Mr. George W. Ferguson, bass, in some songs and an aria from the *Herodiade*, sung with dignity and breadth. Mr. Ferguson has an agreeable lyric style also, and gave Gounod's *Pour la Chanson* gracefully and in very good French. Little Miss Cottlow had a rather representative audience, of good size, too, which she succeeded in pleasing thoroughly and from which she received wreaths and nosegays in abundance.

Little Miss Laura Sanford, a pupil of Miss Amy Fay, also gave a piano recital on Thursday afternoon of last week at the Waldorf, assisted by Miss Alice Mandelick, contralto, and Miss Marguerite Wuertz, violinist, accompanied on second piano by Miss Fay. Little Miss Sanford played the

WILLIAM EDWARD MULLIGAN,
Concert Organist,
St. Mark's Church, 10th Street and 2d Avenue.
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Mendelssohn G minor concerto and the andante and variations, op. 46, of Schumann. She also played solo numbers of Liszt, Schumann and Saint-Saëns.

Her playing was clear and correct, and her technic sufficiently available for the demands of the concerto, which is saying a good deal for a child so young. She is quite too young to speak of in connection with conception, which at this stage is simply a reflection of her teacher. That she has studied faithfully is evident, and her supple wrists and flexible fingers are a natural gift which has been put through good training. Good hints in the matter of grace and sentiment the child profited by, in the andante particularly. The finale was taken at brisk pace and was pure and distinct. This is a talented child, with a good, round, firm tone, not a phenomenon by any means, but just such a pupil as would do a teacher credit, and will probably grow up to play well, which is the main thing after all.

Miss Mandelick was not in her usual form, but pleased nevertheless, as did Miss Wurtz also. The largest audience ever convened there overflowed the Waldorf ballroom, and applause and flowers made it quite a gala day for Miss Fay, the teacher and participator, as they did for the intelligent young pianist.

On Wednesday afternoon, the 8d, at the Waldorf, Anton Hegner gave his last recital, assisted by Miss Lillian Blauvelt, soprano, and Mr. Louis Blumenberg, 'cellist. Mr. Frank Southwick accompanied the instruments and Mr. Royal Stone Smith accompanied his wife in her songs. This was the program:

| | |
|---------------------------------|-----------------|
| Suite, op. 16 (first time)..... | David Popper |
| For two violoncelli. | |
| Nymphs and Sylphs..... | Bemberg |
| Miss Lillian Blauvelt. | |
| Cantilena..... | S. Lee |
| A la Hongroise..... | Adolphe Fischer |
| A la Tarantelle..... | Anton Hegner |
| Solo for 'cello. | |
| Elegie..... | Massenet |
| Spring Song..... | Mendelssohn |
| Miss Lillian Blauvelt. | |
| Impromptu..... | Anton Hegner |
| Gavot..... | David Popper |
| The Bee..... | Fr. Schubert |
| Solo for 'cello. | |

Mr. Hegner, as usual, played best the numbers either of delicate sentiment or light and agile movement. Mr. Louis Blumenberg assisted with fine full tone and broad musically style in the new Popper suite.

Lillian Blauvelt sang exquisitely, always recalling larks and nightingales in the spontaneous gush of her delicious song. Her voice has the bloom of a peach, and her refined sympathetic diction make a union delightful to hear.

On Friday afternoon Miss Carlotta Desvignes, contralto, gave a recital at the Hotel Waldorf, assisted by Mme. Flavie Van den Hende, 'cellist. It was not generally understood that Miss Desvignes appeared under a severe strain, as the death of Mrs. Paron Stevens, at whose house the recital was to have taken place, affected the singer very much. Mrs. Stevens had been her warm friend, and but for the fact that she could not well break faith with her patrons Miss Desvignes' spirit would have been to postpone the affair indefinitely. She rallied her forces, however, and sang very well.

Her voice is large and mellow, has the mezzo soprano range, and is of decidedly dramatic timbre. For this reason she was at her best in Massenet's *Pleurez mes Yeux*, the favorite air from *Samson et Dalila*, and the *Voce di Donna* from *La Gioconda*. Songs of Massenet, Goring Thomas, Tosti, Cowen and Rubinstein were also very well sung, but Miss Desvignes has hardly the sympathetic lyric style. Her recital, however, was a great success, and she was accorded an enthusiastic reception from the élite audience present. Mme. Van den Hende played a tarantelle of Popper with purity and dash, also a cantilena of Göttermann and Duncle's *La Fileuse*, the latter one of the best things she plays.

Miss Emma Heckle, soprano, assisted by Mr. Francis Fischer Powers, baritone, Mr. Wm. H. Barker, pianist, and Miss Elsa Von Moltke, violinist, accompanied by Mr. Robert Thallon, gave a concert on Saturday evening at the Waldorf. Mr. Barber played one of his typical programs with the dainty romantic perfume, a bouquet of pretty flowerets culled by a choice hand and charmingly delivered. The same has been given by him before more than once with success. The best thing Miss Heckle sang was Georgie Boyden St. John's *Dreamland*, a pretty little slumber song, in which Miss Heckle gave an agreeable sample of mezzo voice. Nothing else on the program calls for comment. The violinist played indifferently. Miss Heckle had a good audience, who seemed all in friendly spirit to her.

On Saturday evening last Orton Bradley accompanied Plunket Greene at a very successful concert given at Orange by the Orange Orchestral Union, and appeared also with much success as a soloist. Mr. Bradley played the charming morceau, *Über die Steppe Hine*, by L. Schytte, a seldom played melody by Moszkowski, in G flat, and some pretty Scandinavian dances. He shared the solo honors with Plunket Greene, and had an enthusiastic reception. His solo piano work is marked by clearness, taste and finish.

The Arion Society, Frank Van der Stucken director, gave its third concert of the season at the club hall, Fifty-ninth street and Park avenue, on Sunday evening last. The following was the program:

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| Orchesterphantasie, Der Sturm..... | P. Tchaikowsky |
| Orchester. | |
| Schwur und Gesang der Geusen..... | P. Benoit |
| G. Ferguson, Männerchor und Orchester. | |
| Arie, Die Perlenfischer..... | G. Bizet |
| Lillian Blauvelt. | |
| Die Verbannten (neu)..... | F. A. Gevaert |
| Männerchor a capella. | |
| Zweites concert in A moll für 'cello und orchester (neu)..... | J. Hollman |
| Joseph Hollman. | |
| Auf der Wacht (neu)..... | A. Kleffel |
| Männerchor a capella. | |
| Arie, Hans Heiling..... | H. Marschner |
| G. W. Ferguson | |
| Suite, Jocelyn (neu)..... | B. Godard |
| Vorspiel, Schlummerlied, (tenor solo, Herr Wm. Bartels), | |
| Gavotte, Ballscene. | |
| Orchester. | |
| Chor aus, Die beiden Geizigen..... | A. E. M. Gretry |
| Männerchor und Orchester. | |
| Nymphes et Sylvanes..... | H. Bemberg |
| Lillian Blauvelt. | |
| Salamis..... | Fr. Gernsheim |
| G. Ferguson, Männerchor und Orchester. | |

Tchaikowsky's *Der Sturm* was replaced by Mendelssohn's overture, *Die Hochzeit des Camacho*, and Mr. George W. Ferguson was replaced by Mr. Perry Averill, who sang the solo parts of the Benoit and Gernsheim choruses admirably. Benoit's *Schrour und Gesang der Gausen*, given with the fine male chorus and orchestra, was very impressive and effective, and Perry Averill sang his solo with dramatic emphasis and vigor. The Godard Suite with its pretty Slumber Song, which is not new to us, its dainty gavot and brilliant ball scene, was charming and was excellently played by the orchestra. Mr. Wm. Bartels sang the Slumber Song very well, although a little husky. He has been heard recently to better advantage and has an agreeable voice and refined style. Mr. Van der Stucken refuses all encores, but yielded once in the case of the little Gretry chorus, which was the one on the program to put in evidence the crisp light emphasis of the chorus and its wonderful power over piano effects. This chorus never gets out of order, never knows what it is to have a lapse. The perfection of their tone, their phrasing and unqualified precision are a delight to hear. Mr. Van der Stucken conducted them and his orchestra with tremendously earnest vigor and met in both cases efficient response.

Lillian Blauvelt sang her two songs with her usual delicious, brilliant charm. To replace the solo allotted Mr. Ferguson she sang—as Perry Averill had no German song ready—a delightful song of Van der Stucken. The final chorus *Salamis* was tremendously sonorous and closed one of the best of the Arion concerts with ringing effect. This last program, however, in the a capella numbers offered the chorus less opportunity for light and shade than others in which they have distinguished themselves, and in which the positively ethereal tinge of their tone was unapproachable in beauty and purity by any other society. But this may be set down all the same as a brilliant concert, and gives Mr. Van der Stucken the right to feel happy.

Hollman played his new concerto with infinite sympathy and breadth. It is melodious and effective, abounding in simple rhythms, but written more with a view to effect by the orchestra than by the soloist. The andante movement is not of the ethereal tinge in which Hollman shines best. He had immense applause, was in fact the central gem of the evening.

On Friday evening last Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas de Korschin, tenor and soprano, gave a concert in Steinway Hall, assisted by Mons. J. Pizzarello, pianist, and Sig. Diaz Albertini, violinist. Following is the pretty program:

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| Nocturne (F sharp)..... | Chopin |
| Valse Chromatique..... | Godard |
| Mon. J. Pizzarello. | |
| Russian Song..... | Rimsky Korsakoff |
| Oriental Song..... | Rubinstein |
| Spring Fancies..... | Mrs. de Korschin. |
| Romance, Gioconda..... | Ponchielli |
| Mrs. de Korschin. | |
| Nocturne..... | Chopin-Sarasate |
| Mazurka..... | Zaricki |
| Señor Diaz Albertini. | |
| Russian Folk Song, Little Birch Torch..... | Rubinstein |
| Be Not so Coy.... | |
| Morning Song.... | Mrs. de Korschin. |
| Romance from Harold..... | Naprapnik |
| Serenade, Don Juan..... | Tchaikowsky |
| Mrs. de Korschin. | |
| Romance..... | Svendsen |
| Habanera..... | Sarasate |
| Señor Diaz Albertini. | |
| Duet, Angel..... | Rubinstein |
| Mr. and Mrs. de Korschin. | |

The de Korschins, recently heard in their initial concert at Madison Square Concert Hall, are refined artists, who are particularly pleasing in duets. M. Pizzarello is a pianist of the graceful genre, who has also appeared successfully in New York this season, and Signor Albertini always plays well. The concert was a success.

On Sunday evening last Tammany Hall was made to resound with very pleasant musical echoes in a concert

given by the Swedish Ladies' Quartet, which sings very tunelessly. They gave the following program, and the concert, with its assisting artists, was a success:

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| Overture—Selected. | Bredo Hanson's Orchestra. |
| Quartet— | |
| Neckens Polska (Swedish folksong)..... | Wideman |
| Blomman..... | Swedish Ladies' Quartet. |
| Piano solos— | |
| Valse Caprice..... | Chaminade |
| Tarantelle..... | Heller |
| Miss Alice Lathrop. | |
| Baritone solo, March..... | Protétre |
| Mr. Mark Mingay. | |
| Trio, The Troubadour..... | Macfarren |
| Miss P. Johnson, Miss S. Hedén, Mr. Mark Mingay. | |
| Vocal Impersonations.—Selected. | |
| Mr. A. C. Plant. | |
| Soprano solo, Nymphs and Fauns..... | Bemberg |
| Miss Pauline Johnson. | |
| Humorous recital—Selected. | |
| Mr. Knut Johnson. | |
| Alto solo, Svarta Svanor..... | Ivar Hallström |
| Miss Stephanie Hedén. | |
| Tenor solo, Star of My Heart..... | Densa |
| Mr. Carl Odell. | |
| Quartet, Kornmodgiansen..... | Lange-Müller |
| Swedish Ladies' Quartet. | |

Hayes on the Voice.

MR. E. A. HAYES delivered the second of his series of lectures on the Mechanism and Use of the Voice, on Thursday, the 4th inst.

After giving a short résumé of his first lecture for the benefit of those who were not present upon that occasion, he devoted the greater part of his time to a subject the elimination of which is of great, nay vital importance to the development of the singing voice, and which he believes to be one of the greatest detriments to the making of great singers. It is "prettiness" in the voice which he claims stands in our way; "prettiness" as opposed to "breadth" and "width."

"For," to use his own similes and words, "in what other walk of life do we find 'prettiness' to be the power which carries us on to do great things? In the climax of an opera where is the pretty voice? Totally inadequate, incapable of expressing the great meanings of hope, love, despair, anger.

"A 'pretty' voice is never great, a great voice seldom or never 'pretty,' for the tones of a 'pretty' voice are unequal to the expression of great thoughts, while the user of a great voice knows well enough that the making of 'pretty' tones would undo his greatness.

"If two wild animals meet in a forest and fight, which gains the mastery, the 'pretty' one or the rugged one?

"Which man on Wall Street wins in the fight for money, the man who dabbles in a half-hearted way, or the man who fights to the end?

"There can be but one answer to these questions: The Laws of Force which apply to other operators must apply also to the singer.

"Where then lies the difference between 'pretty' and great voices? For the most part in physiological use, without doubt, for the maker of 'pretty' tones brings into efficient use but a small part of the vibratory and structural material of the vocal instrument, while the maker of great tones utilizes all, or nearly all, of such material, and also brings into sympathetic action practically the entire human anatomy."

Mr. Hayes then proceeded to analyze the vocal instrument and explained the co-ordinate action of the muscles which stretch the vocal cords, and illustrated the effect of different muscles on the voice, by means of tones produced by several of his pupils.

The evening was brought to a close by Mr. Hayes introducing Dr. F. S. Muckey and Dr. William Hallock, of Columbia College, who gave a most interesting exhibition of an apparatus which they have devised for photographing tone, each tone being subdivided into its overtones.

The next lecture, which will be devoted to an illustrated description of the use of the muscles of the face and tongue in voice production, will take place on Thursday, April 18, at 229 West Forty-fourth street.

Paris.—The eminent pianist Henri Falcke will give a concert on April 26 at the Salle Erard, with the assistance of Mr. Dezsö Lederer, solo violinist of the Lamoureux concerts. This will be the program:

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|-----------------------------|-------------|
| Suite, op. 11..... | Goldmark |
| Messrs. Falcke and Lederer. | |
| Fantasia con fuga..... | Bach |
| Sonata, op. 110..... | Beethoven |
| Fantasia..... | Godard |
| Duex études..... | Chopin |
| Tarentelle..... | |
| Mr. Falcke. | |
| Romance..... | Svendsen |
| Scène de la Czarina..... | Hubay |
| Mr. Lederer. | |
| Romance..... | Tchaikowsky |
| Les Patineurs..... | Godard |
| Notturmo..... | Grieg |
| Elfenspiel..... | Heymann |
| Rhapsodie..... | Liszt |
| Mr. Falcke. | |



Yaw.—The Missouri hosts have evidently fallen at Miss Yaw's pedestal. We are advised that her third concert in Kansas City within ten months was numerically a greater success than its predecessors. Accompanying the report of that triumph comes the information that on the day following her last appearance there a coterie of the prominent wealthy men of that city presented her with a petition for a fourth appearance early in May. Phil. D. Armour was one of the petitioners, the object of which is to have Miss Yaw sing to the church guilds of Kansas City and neighboring towns. The Christian Endeavor societies alone have a membership of over 3,000, and it would seem the Auditorium may hold the biggest audience of the year.

The guarantee to Miss Yaw is said to be the largest tendered to any concert singer since Patti's last appearance there. The prices are \$2, \$1.50 and \$1, and the boxes have been sold at auction.

William Edward Mulligan.—William Edward Mulligan, the well-known organist, gave his fourth organ recital in St. Mark's Church, Tenth street and Second avenue, on the evening of April 7. As on the occasion of the three previous recitals, the church was well attended and the concert met with great success. The assisting artists were: Hilda Clark, soprano; Chapman-Lindau, contralto; Harry Pepper, tenor; John C. Dempsey, bass; Carlos Hasselbrink, violinist; Schmidt, cello. The program was as follows:

Overture, Coriolan.....Beethoven
Benediction Nuptiale.....Saint-Saëns
Andante Religioso.....Lemaigre
Air and Gavot.....J. S. Bach
Trio for organ, violin and cello.....Rheinberger
Messrs. Mulligan, Hasselbrink and Schmidt.
Baritone solo, It is Enough (Elijah).....Mendelssohn
Mr. John Dempsey.
Cello obligato, Mr. Schmidt.
Violin solo—
Andantino (from concerto).....Lalo
Communion.....Gounod
Mr. Carlos Hasselbrink.
Laudate Dominum.....Lemmens

A Crane Pupil.—Mrs. Hattie Diamant-Nathan, who sang with such flattering success at the last invitation musical of Chickering & Sons on March 26, and also at the Ogden Musical Club March 29, is a pupil of Madame Ogden Crane, she being her only teacher, and she is studying with her at the present time.

Frl. Kutschera Too Tall.—Boston, Mass., April 5, 1895. —Frl. Elsa Kutschera had been announced to sing in Die Walküre on Wednesday night, but at the last moment Frl. Johanna Gadski was substituted for her. To-day it was rumored here that the change had been made because Herr Max Alvary objected to Frl. Kutschera's height. Manager Margulies admitted to-night that there was some foundation for the report, but declared that the affair had aroused no ill feeling. Herr Alvary and Frl. Kutschera will sing together in Tannhäuser to-morrow afternoon.—*New York Herald.*

Music Hall No Longer.—Lockport, N. Y., April 2.—Music Hall, on Walnut street, burned to-night. Loss, \$12,000; no insurance.

Very Young.—Howard, Kan., has a girl music teacher eleven years old.

Thorne's Hilda.—Camille d'Arville is the possessor of a new opera, said to be of the comic order, entitled Hilda, book by Henry Gallup Paine and music by Thomas Pearsall Thorne, who wrote the Maid of Plymouth. Miss d'Arville will possibly produce Hilda in New York during the summer season.

Miss Douglas' Concert.—Miss Kate Percy Douglas gave one of a series of musicales on the afternoon of April 8. She was ably assisted by Mrs. Antonio Sawyer, Percy Averill, Victor Kuzdo, Miss Bertha Bucklin, Miss Florence Joyce and Orton Bradley. Mrs. Sawyer and Mr. Averill gave some numbers from Tosti and Massenet charmingly, Mr. Kuzdo and Miss Bucklin gave some violin selections, and Miss Joyce and Mr. Bradley gave piano solos.

Genevra Johnstone-Bishop.—Genevra Johnstone-Bishop, of Chicago, is the soprano engaged for the Passion Music April 19 and 18 in Carnegie Music Hall with the Damrosch Orchestra.

Another Brice Recital.—The second of Mr. Brice's organ recitals took place on Thursday last. The program was a long but well varied one, in the rendition of which he was frequently relieved by a number of assistants, who

were Miss Marie G. Keyes, soprano; Miss Margaret Keyes, contralto; Signor Carlo M. Spigaroli, tenor, and Mr. Wenzel A. Raboch, violinist.

Ysaye to Go to California.—It is now definitely settled that Ysaye will visit California. He is booked to open at the Baldwin Theatre, San Francisco, on May 13. Mr. Ysaye does not expect to return to America, and he has expressed a desire to see the Pacific Coast.

Miss Adele Aus der Ohe.—Miss Adele Aus der Ohe will be heard in two piano recitals, which will take place in the Carnegie Chamber Music Hall on Tuesday afternoon, April 16, and Friday afternoon, April 19. The fair artist will play some interesting programs.

Genevra Johnstone-Bishop.—Genevra Johnstone-Bishop, Chicago's favorite soprano, is the soloist of the Thomas Orchestra during their present Western trip.

Electra at Washburn.—At Washburn College, Topeka, Kan., the students of the Greek department, under their professor, Frederick W. Ellis, A. B., gave Sophocles' Electra on the evenings of March 25 and 26 in the college chapel.

The lyrics of the Electra have been set to music by Dr. Arthur E. Dyer, of Cambridge, England, and at this time some of those lyrics were used.

Fifteen of the voice pupils of the college rendered the choruses in a way that did them great credit, the solos in the work being sung by Miss Emma K. Denison, the vocal instructor at Washburn, under whose direction the music was given on this occasion.

Miss Mabel Martin, of Topeka, presided at the piano and played the difficult overture and accompaniments in a masterly manner.

A Claassen Shot.—Arthur Claassen, director of the Brooklyn Arion Society, has become a convert to the sensational in music. At the concert of the society on last Sunday evening the novel feature of a pistol shot was introduced in the singing of Schlafwandel, by Hegar. As no mention was made of the intention on the program, and a number of the singers were not prepared for it, the effect was startling. Some of the singers lost their places, while in the audience many of the ladies became nervous. One of them suggested that the accompanist had committed suicide or something of the kind. It was a decided novelty in a Brooklyn concert hall.

Mme. Zippora Monteith.—Zippora Monteith will give a song recital in Steinway Hall on Wednesday evening, April 24. She will be assisted by Mr. Franklin Sonnekab, pianist, and Miss Elsa von Moltke, violinist. Mme. Monteith has been engaged to sing with Mr. Watkin Mills and Mr. Ben Davies on May 10 at Montreal; on April 14, at Newark; on June 5 and 7, at the Binghampton Festival. She will sing also at Lenox during July, Atlanta in September, and she has many other engagements pending.

Mrs. Antonio Sawyer's Musicales.—On May 9 at Steinert Hall, Boston, Mass., assisted by Timothy Adamowski and Victor Harris, Mrs. Antonio Sawyer, the widely known contralto, will give an interesting musicale.

Gerrit Smith's Concert.—Dr. Gerrit Smith's recital of songs and smaller compositions of his own, to be given in the Mendelssohn Glee Club Hall on Saturday evening, April 20, will be one of the events of Easter week. The vocalists to assist are Mrs. Julie L. Wyman, Mrs. Gerrit Smith, Miss Marguerite Hall, Miss Jeanne Faure, Mr. McKenzie Gordon, Mr. Tom Karl, Mr. George Ferguson, Mr. Charles Herbert Clarke and Mr. Purdon Robinson and the members of the South Church choir (a chorus of fifty-two voices).

Gottschalk's Sister.—Miss Augusta L. Gottschalk, a sister of the composer, L. M. Gottschalk, and who is herself a pianist and teacher of note, has been advised by her physicians to give up conservatory work, and will therefore devote her time to private teaching. Miss Gottschalk was a teacher in the Rye Conservatory three years, during which time she labored hard to bring the instrumental department to a high standard. She was compelled to go to Europe for her health and has now returned to a branch of work in which her friends predict great success.

Stavenhagen Sails.—Bernhard Stavenhagen sails for Europe to-day.

New York Ladies Quartet.—The New York Ladies Quartet will give a series of Monday afternoon concerts on April 8, 15, 22 and 29. They will be under eminent social patronage and assisted by such artists as Ericsson F. Bushnell, George C. De Voll, Tom Karl and Anton Hegner. The ladies of the quartet are Misses Elizabeth C. Gaffney, Laura Halsted Graves, Emma Estelle Potts and Zora Gladys Hörlocks.

Miss Bessie Strauss' Success.—Miss Bessie Strauss, a pupil of Leschetitzky, will give a piano recital at Steinway Hall on April 12. She will be unassisted.

Hopkinson's Successes.—Dr. B. Merrill Hopkinson, the baritone, of Baltimore, has had splendid successes in Cleveland, Ohio, and Lancaster, Pa. At Cleveland he gave, with Mrs. S. C. Ford, a song recital at the residence of Mrs. Chas. G. Hower, of Euclid avenue, and in Lancaster he sang with the Oratorio Society Spohr's Last Judgment, and in a miscellaneous program an aria from

Sullivan's Prodigal Son. In both cities his work was greatly enjoyed by large and critical audiences. He has been engaged by the Wednesday Club, of Richmond, Va., to sing at the festival to be given by them on May 16 and 17, when the Prodigal Son will be sung.

The Oratorio Society.—The third concert of the Oratorio Society will take place in Carnegie Hall on Saturday evening, the 13th, preceded by the customary public rehearsal on Friday afternoon. Bach's St. Matthew Passion will be given. The soloists will be Genevra Johnstone-Bishop, soprano, Mrs. Carl Alves, contralto; Albert G. Thies, tenor, and Arthur Beresford, bass.

No Damrosch Matinee.—Mr. Walter Damrosch has been compelled to abandon his plan of giving Die Meistersinger at the Metropolitan Saturday afternoon.

Miss Szumowska to Play.—Antoinette Szumowska will give a piano recital in the Madison Square Garden Concert Hall on Monday evening, April 15.

A Farmington Soiree.—Mr. B. Brekelman directed a concert given on March 29 by the Miss Porter and Mrs. Dow, school for young ladies at Farmington, Conn. The program, which was participated in by all of the young ladies, and particularly by Mr. B. Sinsheimer's violin class, was as follows:

Op. 10, No. 1, Part I.....L. Von Beethoven
Miss Clementine Lewis.
Rondo, C major op. 51.....L. Von Beethoven
Miss Genevra Fuller.
Andante Favori.....L. Von Beethoven
Miss Helen Silver.
Romanza II, op. 50.....L. Von Beethoven
Miss Rieta Babcock.
Sonata, D major, Part I.....W. A. Mozart
Miss Mollie Bellows.
Symphonie No. 5, Adagio, Presto.....W. A. Mozart
For eight hands.
Misses Barbour, Christy, Crisly and Lewis.
Variations, E flat, op. 82.....F. Mendelssohn
Miss Aimée Lacombe.
Grillen, op. 12, No. 4.....R. Schumann
Miss Edith Henry.
Andante.....F. Thomé
Mazurka.....H. Wieniawski
Miss Sage.
Tarantelle, op. 41.....F. Chopin
Miss May Minott.
Op. 63, No. 14 and 15.....May Bruch
Miss Mary Chase.
Antique, op. 38, No. 9.....Ad. Foerster
La Fileuse, op. 3, No. 2.....H. Pachelbel
Miss Ethel Christy.
Scherzo, op. 37.....Saint-Saëns
For two pianos.
Misses Christy and Kingman.

A Farewell Concert.—At the residence of Miss Callander and Miss de Forest, No. 7 East Seventy-second street, Mr. Joseph Hollman will give his farewell concert assisted by Mme. Emma Eames, M. Ysaye and Aimé Lachaume, on Friday afternoon, April 19, at 8:30.

A Virgil Protege.—Steinway Hall will on the evening of April 11 again witness a Virgil demonstration. Miss Florence Traub, a pupil of Mrs. Virgil, will be the performer; she will be assisted by Mrs. J. S. Gregg, vocalist.

CONCERT pianist, composer, teacher of piano open for engagement after June 15. Can furnish the best of references, testimonials and press notices both from this country and Europe. For further information please address, T. D., THE MUSICAL COURIER office, 19 Union square, New York.

Mr. Carl's Spring Season.

MR. CARL'S dates for organ concerts are largely taken until the latter part of May, and the popular young artist will be well occupied until the close of the season.

Among the approaching recitals are: Fourth Avenue Baptist Church, Pittsburg, April 15; First Presbyterian Church, Chillicothe, Ohio, inaugurating new Jardine organ, April 16; Citadale Square Baptist Church, Charleston, S. C., April 23; Second Baptist Church, Atlanta, Ga., April 25; First Presbyterian Church, Caldwell, N. J., Jardine organ opening; Mt. Pleasant Baptist Church, Newark, N. J.; Park M. E. Church, Bloomfield, N. J., &c.

Three springtide recitals in the First Presbyterian Church, New York, will be given as soon as the dates can be arranged.

Mr. C. C. Muller has dedicated a new organ sonata to Mr. Carl, which will receive its first performance at one of the recitals in New York. The work (which is in manuscript) consists of three movements (moderato e marcato, comodo, risoluto), and is one of the most effective compositions Mr. Muller has written.

Mr. Carl is also occupied with the translation of L'Ecole des Arpeges, for the piano, by Henri Falcke, the distinguished piano virtuoso, of Paris, France, soon to be published, and M. Richault (Paris) has recently published an arrangement of La Cinquantaine for grand organ, the work of Mr. Carl.

Rome.—The first concert of the Court Quintet was given on March 15. Sgambati, the pianist, is the leader, and these chamber music concerts are the best the Roman public are offered. The quintet will give four concerts. On this occasion excellent interpretations were given of Haydn's trio in G major for piano, violin and cello, the string quartet in A major by Schumann, and the Novelty in Rome quintet in A major by Dvorák.



PITTSBURG.

PITTSBURG, Pa., March 30, 1895.

THE Saengerfest, which is to meet here next year, is occupying the attention of the different committees to a lively and interesting extent. The organization of an orchestra which will contain at least 100 performers is trying the mobilizing skill of the music committee. There are plenty of players hereabouts, but whether they possess the esprit de corps which alone cements the individual players into an artistic unit is exceedingly doubtful. If a satisfactory performance is to be given nothing short of an imported orchestra can be relied upon for effective work.

The great obstacle which confronts the executive committee is the hall for the audience. It has been estimated that at least 5,000 singers will raise their voices, if not the roof of the auditorium, at the great gathering. Now, a hall which is capable of seating even the vast army of singers is not to be found in this city; therefore an auditorium with a seating capacity sufficient to accommodate the great influx of Saengerfest lovers will undoubtedly have to be built.

The Exposition Building has been suggested, but on account of its peculiar shape it is not likely that the scheme will be carried out.

Pittsburg requires an auditorium, for, with the possibility—in fact, probability—of its name appearing as the fifth city in the United States, national political conventions will be induced to meet in the metropolis of iron and glass.

The generalissimo Zoellner was here looking over the field, and gave instructions to his aides de camp, Ad. M. Foerster, John Vogel, Fritz Burkhardt, et al.

The Art Society of Pittsburg is not an aimless organization, with the usual straight-laced conventional narrowness, but is really a public benefactor. This liberal, charitable spirit has manifested itself on a grand scale by the bringing to this city of the Chicago Orchestra, under the direction of Theodore Thomas, the success of which was flattering enough to inspire the secretary of the society, Mr. John Beatty, to become a general impresario for our great musical events.

Carl Maeder, one of our leading violinists, came out of the shell by which he has been encased for several years by giving a violin recital, assisted by Mrs. William McCutcheon, vocalist, and Theodore Salmon, pianist. This recital was given in the First Methodist Church on last Friday evening.

Carl Stasny, pianist, of the New England Conservatory of Music, Boston, gives a recital on Monday night at the Pennsylvania College for Women. The recital will be given under the management of Mr. Joseph Gittings, who is the musical director of the college.

The Great Western Band, which is the oldest and perhaps the best local military musical organization hereabouts, is again under the leadership of the veteran leader, Prof. B. Weiss. This organization has been trying different leaders, as well as the different leaders trying the organization. The first leader elected after the resignation of Bandmaster Weiss was an orchestral flute player; the last a violinist, who is the leader of one of our theatre orchestras. "After trying the new-fangled experiments," as one of the members of the band puts it, "we found that it is about as difficult for an orchestral musician to lead a military band as it is for a stationary engineer to run a locomotive."

He is no doubt right, for the movements are dissimilar—for instance, tempo stabile and tempo di marcia.

SIMEON BISSELL.

ROCHESTER.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., April 3, 1895.

THE third recital of the Rochester String Quartet, at the Genesee Valley Club, Tuesday evening, March 12, proved to be one of the most enjoyable of the series so far. Miss Doty's solo, *Ti mio bel foco*, Marcello, 1686-1739, was beautifully given. Miss Doty is a pupil of Hibbard E. Leach, and is one of Rochester's best singers. The work of the quartet is of a high order, and always calls forth a music loving audience. This is the program:

Quartet No. 4, E flat..... W. A. Mozart
(For two violins, viola and violoncello.)
Allegro ma non troppo.
Andante con moto.
Menuetto. Allegretto.
Allegro vivace.
Recitativo ed aria, *Ti mio bel foco*..... Benedetto Marcello
Miss Doty. (1686-1739.)
Quartet, Album Leaf Serenade..... Ernst Mahr
Spring Night..... Robert Schumann
Good Night..... Anton Dvorák
Miss Doty.
Trio, op. 3 (for piano, violin and violoncello). ... Arthur Foote
Mr. Wilkins, Mr. Schenck and Mr. Mahr.

The final recital of the series which the pupils of Mrs. Bellamy have given this season took place at the Genesee Valley Club Monday evening, April 1. Mrs. Bellamy will sail for England April 6 for study. An entertainment for the benefit of the Working Girls' Club will be given Thursday evening, March 4, at which the following well-known singers will participate:

Messrs. Stimson and Shoemaker, Miss Beach, Mrs. L. Allen, Miss Perkins, Miss Howard and Mrs. Bellamy. Miss Samson will recite.

The Students' Association of the university gave a minstrel performance at the Lyceum Theatre Thursday and Friday evenings before crowded houses. The boys gave a good show, the singing especially being excellent. There was a chorus of eighty voices. The solos were sung by Messrs. John W. Singleton, Geo. L. Hayes, George Sage and Frank Reilly. Fred. Millham sang *When the June Bride Roses Bloom*, which was composed for the occasion by Frank N. Mandeville, who was the musical director. It is a sweet and tuneful piece and Mr. Millham sang it well. J. W. Singleton's even tenor sounded sweet and melodious in his song, *The Girl I Love*. The Mandolin Club of the University also contributed their share. The club's work is of good order and rapidly improving.

Under the direction of Charles Abercrombie at the Central Church on Thursday evening, was given a concert for a fund for the erection of a monument in memory of the late Fred. Douglass. The vocal numbers were contributed by Professor Abercrombie's pupils, Daniel Cantor, Miss Charlotte Denneberg, Frank R. Conklin and Miss Huston; Mr. Abercrombie also singing a solo and a duet with Miss Denneberg. Mrs. Ferguson's orchestra also took part and Miss Florence Walling was accompanist.

Miss Helen Cook, a pupil of Mrs. Bellamy and one of Rochester's sweetest young singers, gave a concert, assisted by local talent, at the Genesee Valley Club Thursday evening. Miss Cook has a true soprano voice of promise, and is soon to go to New York for study. She sang three solos and appeared in duos with Mrs. Hooker and Mr. Fried. Professor Bonn, as solo pianist; Dr. J. M. Ingersoll, flute solo; Mrs. Hooker, contralto; Philip Fried, tenor solo, and Miss Wysard, accompanist, were those who assisted.

Thursday afternoon, March 22, the first musical of the Rochester College of Music was held at the institution, on East avenue, and was listened to by an audience which thoroughly appreciated the artistic work of the performers. Mr. Heink gave the Ravina study for left hand in a finished manner, Mr. Racer singing his difficult number with ease and grace. Miss Lichtenstein did good work as accompanist.

KATHLEEN HOEKSTRA.

UTICA.

UTICA, N. Y., April 5, 1895.

LAST Monday evening the writer was encouraged by the presence of a goodly number of hearers for so inclement an evening in the cozy Recital Hall of the Utica School of Music, both from among the faculty, pupils and outsiders, in giving the following first lecture upon the lives and influence of German composers, assisted by her faithful and talented pupil, Miss Cora Suters, of Waterville, as vocal illustrator:

Bach—1685-1750.
Händel—1685-1759.
Aria—O Sleep.....Händel
Glück—1714-1787.
Haydn—1732-1819.
Aria—In Verdure Clad, from Creation.....Haydn
Mozart—1756-1792.
Agnus Dei—from First Mass.....Mozart
Beethoven—1770-1827.
Song—Adelaide.....Beethoven
Schubert—1797-1828.
Song—Impatience.....Schubert
Mendelssohn—1809-1847.
Solo—O Come, Let Us Sing (95th Psalm).....Mendelssohn
Schumann—1810-1856.
Song—The Noblest.....Schumann
Franz—1815-1892.
Songs—{ Dedication.....Franz
 { The Woods.....

A second lecture, embracing Rubinstein, Wagner and later composers, will be given in May.

On Wednesday evening an interesting piano, violin and song recital was given in the Sunday school room of the First Methodist Church by Miss Grace Wheeler, Miss Fischer and Mr. Larkin, assisted by Miss Pansy Barber, reader. Miss Wheeler is a solo pianist of no small merit. Miss Fischer's violin work is careful and pleasing. Mr. Larkin as a baritone ranks first among Utica singers of his age, and Miss Barber is well worth hearing.

Choir matters claim special interest as the first of May draws near. Trinity Church has inaugurated a boy choir.

The Dutch Reformed Church choir, of which I have so often and with so much pleasure written as the best—all things considered—in this city, is to become a thing of the past, the organist alone, Mr. A. L. Barnes, being retained. I am told that the cause for this change from fine quartet music to such voluntary and congregational singing as can be secured is economy. If it is, one wonders still more, for there is large wealth in the society and equal culture, generosity and breadth of intelligence.

Changes are to be made in Westminster choir, the First Presbyterian and the Park Avenue Baptist also. In the first Mrs. Seamans, the soprano, has resigned. Miss Heimberg, of Troy, sang last Sunday in her place, but nothing definite is announced to the public concerning the new year's soloist.

In the First Presbyterian choir, Mr. Dutton, of whom great things are expected when his light but undeveloped voice gains its normal power, steps down and out. The church is very large, and only dramatic and large voices should be expected to fill it.

Mr. William H. Owen, of the Park Avenue Baptist, retires after many years of valuable service as tenor. He was the first tenor of the popular Apollo Quartet a few years since. Mr. Ballou is considering a flattering offer to take his place, the flattery referring to duets, which in Utica choir salaries are conspicuously few as a rule. In fact any steady digger of ditches can make more money than the most accomplished male soloists ever yet received in Utica per week.

The date for the Chimes of Normandy will be somewhere late in May, and here is the cast:

Serpolette.....Miss Harriet Brayton, Utica
Germaine.....Miss Nell Gilmore, of Albany
Henri.....Mr. E. A. Ballou, Utica
Grenichieux.....Mr. E. H. Stewart, Utica
Gaspard.....Mr. James P. Larkin, Utica
The Bailli.....Mr. Dixon (stage manager of Bostonians)
Assessor.....Mr. Charles Wenzel, Utica
Registrar.....Mr. E. R. Comstock, Utica
Notary.....Mr. W. L. Stroebel, Utica
Gertrude.....Miss Sou, Utica
Jeanne.....Miss Anderson, Utica
Minette.....Miss Ruder, Utica
Susanne.....Miss M. L. Siemens, Utica
Mr. A. L. Barnes, musical director; Mr. Dixon, stage manager, and a chorus of fifty picked voices.

Mr. Wm. A. Howland, who is shared about equally between New York and the Utica School of Music, has just been engaged to direct the Piedmont Church choir in Worcester, and do solo baritone work at a splendid salary. He and the church are in great good luck, for they will have the fine music they insist upon and are willing to pay for, and Mr. Howland will put another well curled plume in his already handsomely adorned chapeau and a pretty penny in his modern choice of stocking, besides proving himself a veritable man of leather in his powers of endurance and locomotion.

CAROLINE WASHBURN ROCKWOOD.

MILWAUKEE.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., March 21, 1895.

MILWAUKEE has at last been honored by the appearance of Mr. E. A. MacDowell. He came under the auspices of the Upmediate Club, an organization which is composed, I believe, of a limited number of the most advanced lady pupils of Professor Klausner. (The name Upmediate is a term used in Professor Klausner's book, *The Septonate*.) A very fashionable and intelligent audience listened to Mr. MacDowell's recital in the Athenaeum. He is such a modest man as he sits at the piano that one feels an involuntary attraction. His refined touch, poetic style and perfect technic completely captivated the audience. In fact, he proved to be all and more than I had been led to expect. Perhaps the most striking characteristic of Mr. MacDowell is his perfect individuality.

The manner in which he played Schubert's minuet, op. 78, Chopin's waltzes and Bach's courante, fairly astonished me, so much did he disregard old time traditions of interpretation. I was even more delighted to hear him in his own compositions. He is an artist of great poetic fervor, and I sincerely hope he will come again next season.

On Saturday evening, February 2, an exceptionally large audience assembled in Gram's Hall to hear another recital by the pupils of the Milwaukee School of Music. As will be seen by the accompanying program the pianists of the evening were Miss Agnes Gray and Mr. Louis Dorpat.

Arabesque.....Schumann
Blumenstück.....Schumann
Concerto for violin, A minor, op. 104.....De Bériot
Allegro maestoso, adagio, allegro moderato.
Prelude and fugue, W. T. C., Vol. 1, No. 21.....Bach
Allegro from the Faschingsschwank.....Schumann
La Livey.....Chaminade
Rigoletto Fantasie.....Liszt
Reverie.....Vieuxtemps
Cavatina.....Raff
Mazurka.....Bohm
Fantasie—Impromptu, op. 66.....Chopin
Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 6.....Liszt

The special attraction of the evening was the first appearance, under the school auspices, of an amateur violinist, Mr. Arthur Pantke, a young man of remarkable talent. Such refined tones, such fire and dash, and withal such perfect finish, it is seldom one's pleasure to listen to from the violin of an amateur.

His interpretation and broad style are of a true artist, and I learn with regret that he will probably never enter the profession. I understand he studies only for his own pleasure, and the pleasure his accomplishment may yield to his circle of immediate relatives and friends.

The Monday Musical Club has enjoyed several meetings since I wrote last. The one held at the residence of Mrs. George Nash, Juneau place, was interesting inasmuch as the place of honor was given to Mr. Sydney Lloyd Wrightson, recently from Oshkosh, whom many of the ladies heard for the first time.

He possesses a high baritone voice with many rich and pleasing tones, and his singing is characterized by much warmth. His principal forte seems to be sacred music, which he certainly sings in quite an artistic manner. His hearers, however, would prefer that the climax should not be reinforced by certain dramatic efforts, such as rising on his toes, rolling his eyes and getting red in the face. And if the truth must be spoken he displays a great lack of good taste in the selection of his songs. Certainly two long solos, "a" and "b," one of which is sacred, should not be followed by the long sacred solo *The Holy City*, for an encore.

On Tuesday, February 5, the Arion Club, assisted by the Cecilian Choir, with W. L. Tomlins as conductor, gave a part song concert in Plymouth Church. The visiting soloist was Miss Mary Louise Clary. The local artists were Mrs. Perry Williams, organist, and the Bach String Quartet. The club's singing on this occasion was very bad, to say the least. The choruses were poorly prepared—rushed through, no doubt. Not half were familiar with either notes or words, and the whole tone was heavy and logy. Either the church is too small for such a large chorus, making the defects more prominent, or among the sopranos there are some very metallic, strained or old voices. The tenors are weak, though the tone is pure, and the altos and basses seem exceptionally good. I insist that a club with such a reputation for good work does very wrongly to present inferior work, no matter how hard pressed they may be financially.

Miss Clary's voice is, like herself, round and large—slightly

coarse, perhaps, but grand and majestic. It is surprising to hear such sweet, high tones coming from a voice so masculine in character. Although she sings very artistically, still there is lacking a certain sympathy or personal magnetism in her voice; moreover, there seems to be no reason for so great an artist to be so closely bound to her notes. Why doesn't she memorize her songs—such simple little songs as she sang here? The public generally would criticize this fault in a violinist or pianist, yet how easily it overlooks the same in a singer. It was refreshing, however, to hear a voice of such wonderful power and freshness, and I shall look forward with great interest and delight to the time when Miss Clary may again visit the Cream City.

Mrs. Perry Williams' performance on the organ was that of a true artist. She is not only a finely educated woman, but a very thorough musician, and her playing is not only unequalled in this city but in many others on the pipe organ—that most wonderful and difficult of all instruments.

The work of the Bach String Quartet was exceedingly good. There is so little of this class of music here that I am always grateful for the opportunity to enjoy it. By the way, this name Bach is not in honor of the great master, but is the name of the first violinist and the violoncellist. There is a Bach Orchestra here, "auch und jeden Sonntag" commencing in Turn Hall. I cannot resist telling of a remark which some bright (?) Milwaukeean made at one of the organ recitals in Calvary Church given by Frederick Archer when he resided here.

The old master's name Bach appeared several times on the program. On coming out after the concert a clear voice said: "It was nice of Mr. Archer to give Milwaukee's composer and musician a showing on the program!"

The pupils of one of the very best piano teachers here gave a recital in the Athenaeum February 19. Invitations to Mr. Jahn's recitals are eagerly sought after, and on each occasion a great number are unable to gain admittance on account of the crowded condition of the hall. The program consists of compositions from the works of modern and classical writers.

Mr. Jahn is not only a very earnest and careful teacher, but a brilliant performer. Most of the pupils were the younger class and proved their teacher's worth.

It is to the credit of the Woman's Club of Wisconsin that Milwaukee musicians had the pleasure of hearing the great Belgian violinist Ysaie, on which occasion Plymouth Church was filled with an enthusiastic audience.

The great artist was ably assisted by Lachauve, the pianist, whose appearance was greeted by very hearty applause, probably because his splendid performance on his last visit with Marteau was not forgotten.

During the year we have had the pleasure of hearing the three great artists, Ysaie, Marteau and Thomson, and it was interesting to compare their respective merits.

A most unusually mixed audience crowded the Academy of Music; the occasion was a musical benefit given for the widow of the motorman who bravely died at his post when the street car plunged into the river.

Everything was donated. The program was a heterogeneous mixture of good, bad and indifferent. It was painfully amusing to note which numbers were received with the greatest furore by the audience. Just note this potpourri: Polka de la Reine, Raff; Dance of Brownies; O Promise Me; Fireman's Wedding; Cantabile, Poffer; Select Dancing and I Don't Want to Play in Your Yard; The Holy City, Male Quartet; The Hat in the Pit, Banjo; Leonora, Guitar; Violin Romanze, &c.

The real musicians were below par on this occasion. The insignificant and commonplace voice, violin or piano, when manipulated by the most finished artists, could not hope to compete with the classical banjo, guitar, song and dance before an audience of honest woolen shirts and overalls. I mean no harm to that noblest of all creatures, the workman.

It was no doubt loyalty that led them to so applaud the performances of those of their own rank. About \$1,500 were cleared.

Miss Ehlman, daughter of Professor Ehlman, superintendent of music in the public schools, was one of the victims of the street car disaster.

HATTIE VON BERGEN.

PORTLAND.

PORTLAND, Ore., April 1, 1895.

SINCE my last writing we have not had many musical affairs, but what we have had been good.

We were accorded the pleasure of a recital by the venerable old musician Chevalier A. de Konski. It is wonderful to hear the power and accuracy, to say nothing of the memory, of a man of his age. To talk with him, a pupil of Beethoven, a friend of Chopin, seemed like reaching back across the ages. We are in hope of having another recital from him in the near future.

Last Wednesday evening the last of the Klengenbergs-Coursen concerts took place. The vocalist on this occasion was Miss Rose Block, whose execution of Bendel's Wondrous Is the Power showed her powers of delicate work to be as finished as her brilliancy. The Beethoven Trio, op. 1, No. 2, in G, was well played in ensemble, but there seemed to be a lack of fire in the presto finale. The Hummel Quintet, op. 74, gave them full scope to redeem themselves, which they did, and the con spirito was con spirito. It was very gratifying to see a crowded house, and it is to be hoped that their fall season will open as successfully as this has closed.

On Friday evening next Miss May Cook will give a piano recital.

The Apollo Choral Society has the Stabat Mater fairly on the road to success, and it will be presented immediately after Easter. Miss Block will be the soprano soloist, which assures the magnificence of the Inflammatus.

Mrs. Walter Reed, our favorite contralto, has been very seriously and dangerously sick. At the present time she is pronounced by her physicians as improving. She has been sadly missed in her positions in the churches.

EMILE FRANCIS BAUER.

LITTLE ROCK.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., April 4, 1895.

ALFRED G. ROBYN, of St. Louis, gave a concert and organ recital on March 28 in the Second Baptist Church, assisted by local talent. The church was crowded with one of the most critical audiences of the season. The program was as follows:

Organ—
Tannhäuser.....Wagner
Lullaby.....Smart
Gavot.....Thomas
Mr. Robyn.
Double quartet, Gloria in Excelsis.....From La Roche's Mass
Mesdames Harnwell, Moore and Kidder and Miss Longley.
Messrs. McNair, Timmis, Clark and Lee.
Organ—
Prelude and fugue, D minor.....Bach
Leonore.....Raff
Mr. Robyn.
A Song of Sunshine.....Goring Thomas
Ave Maria, from Cavalleria Rusticana.....Mascagni
Mrs. Gerry Lyman.
Offertoire, in A.....Lacome
Morceau Ancienne.....Widor
Mr. Robyn.
Peace.....Robyn
The Night Was Calm and Cloudless, from the Golden
Legend of Longfellow.....Dudley Buck
Mrs. B. Harnwell.
Organ, The Song of the Angels.....Guilmant
Mr. Robyn.
Song, O'er Forest, O'er Mountain and Meadow.....E. Fanning
Double Quartet. Obligato, Mrs. Gerry Lyman.
Organ solo, Storm at Sea (by urgent request).....Robyn
Mr. Robyn.
Hymn, Coronation.....Oliver Holden
Choir and audience.

Mr. Robyn is a very fine organist, and his efforts were highly appreciated. Tannhäuser was given in a superb manner, as was also prelude and fugue, D minor. Storm at Sea in some parts is decidedly good, while in others it is weak. Mrs. Benjemine Harnwell was in fine voice, and her singing of The Night Was Calm and Cloudless was received with enthusiasm.

Mrs. Gerry Lyman's selections were well received. She is one of the favorite singers of the city. The double quartet was very good, and the singing of O'er Forest, O'er Mountain and Meadow was a most excellent piece of work. The concert and recital were a most perfect success.

Col. and Mrs. John M. Moore entertained Mr. Alfred G. Robyn at their residence, on West Fifteenth street, Thursday afternoon. Mr. and Mrs. Benjemine Harnwell entertained with music Thursday evening in honor of Mr. Robyn.

Professor Armellini gave a musicale to a limited number of guests in his rooms last evening.

A banjo club has been organized with Mesdames Sydney, Johnson, Anthon Van Etten, Misses Mamie Baird and Emily Roots as charter members. The club meets weekly for practice.

Easter week the United Charities will give a grand concert, which promises to surpass every previous effort of the kind. The very best talent of the city will assist. It is under the management of Mr. R. Jefferson Hall, which is an assurance of its success.

LELIA.

TORONTO.

TORONTO, April 3, 1895.

THE status of music in this city has been the subject of comment recently in two of our papers, *Saturday Night* and the *Sunday World*, the critic on the former lamenting our want of progress and the fact that Montreal of very late years has occupied a superior position as regards character of programs and performance; while the *World* man contends that we are doing very well, and would be all right if Toronto were not divided into musical cliques and if its wealthy people were more liberal. The latter writer is, indeed, easily satisfied. A record that embraces the failure of the Philharmonic Society (after a quarter of a century's existence) and the various orchestral enterprises of large dimensions which have been started from time to time, instead of being considered with any degree of complacency, should create the liveliest dissatisfaction on all sides.

In one particular the *World* man is right. This city is sectionalized musically. That is, the profession is divided into little camps, each having its own following. But what does the public which desires to be entertained care for the prejudices and jealousies of its pet musicians of idle hours, provided something really good and attractive is offered for their delectation by a rival of these pets? In such case the pets, I have little doubt, meet with scant consideration. Even in another particular is the *World* man right; that is in attributing the failures that have been made to lack of adequate support by the wealthy. But if these fastidious people have not appreciated the more pretentious musical efforts that have been made, who in the name of common sense can doubt the reason why? Is anyone so dense as to be incapable of understanding that what passed for good performances a few years ago cannot now afford unalloyed gratification to a community whose musical culture has greatly improved? Another point, and one pertinent to the character of programs question: Is it not a spectacle sufficient to make gods and the musical world weep when within ten months of the year of our Lord 1894-5 the principal society of Toronto gives The Messiah three times? This under Mr. Torrington, who by many outsiders is supposed to represent everything that means advanced musical action in the Dominion.

The man who has the hardest time of it at the hands of local critics is Mr. F. H. Torrington, who whenever he gives an important concert is apt to be unmercifully pulled to pieces for all manner of thing, his readings, &c. For my part I have considerable sympathy for the subject of these criticisms, even

though I can't always admire his programs, and I never forget the pioneer work done by Mr. Torrington, nor the fact that much of the material he has worked with has been inferior. There can be no doubt, however, that the one time magnetism which used to attract the best musical resources of the city around him seems to have largely become lost.

Among concerts of more or less interest given recently were the following: One in February by the Yuncle String Quartet, of Detroit, assisted by local talent, in Toronto University Building. I did not attend this, nor have I a copy of the program. On the 7th ult. the Toronto Male Chorus Club, with Mrs. Guthrie Moyer, soprano; Mr. Tor Pyk, tenor, and Mr. P. Delasco, bass, gave a concert which attracted a good deal of attention. Part songs and vocal solos constituted the bill of fare. Mr. Tripp, the conductor of the society, has received high praise for this concert. On February 14 the second musicale of the Beethoven Trio (Messrs. Field, pianist; Klengenfeld, violinist, and Ruth, cellist) took place in St. George's Hall. Outside of the individual members of the club, Mr. Delasco, an operatic basso, was the only soloist. As is the rule with all concerts given by the Beethoven Trio, this one was artistic and enjoyable.

On February 26 an excellent concert was given in St. Alban's Church by Mr. J. Lewis Browne and Miss Ruby E. Preston, Mus. Bac., pianists; Mrs. A. B. Jury, soprano; Miss Ethel Burnham, violinist, and Miss Lauretta A. Bowes, reader. The church was crowded to its last available inch.

March 12 Mr. Giuseppe Dinelli gave a successful 'cello recital in St. George's Hall, the other solo performers being Mr. Ernesto Baldanza and Mrs. d'Auria, vocalists.

Toronto is under a heavy debt of gratitude to Mr. I. E. Suckling, manager of Massey Music Hall, one of the finest edifices of its kind in America. A large number of the best musical attractions visiting Toronto are heard through his agency.

On March 22 Theodore Thomas' Chicago Orchestra, with Miss Electa Gifford as vocalist, gave a splendid concert in Massey Hall, and drew the most brilliant audience of the season. I have heard Mr. Thomas under a great variety of conditions here and elsewhere, but never before with an orchestra which gave such entire satisfaction as his present one. Miss Gifford proved a very acceptable singer, and Mr. Max Bendix, in the one small opportunity afforded to display his capabilities as a violinist—an obligato—was eminently satisfactory. Details of the program are unnecessary, as also in the case of Mr. Sousa's Band, which gave two evening concerts and one matinée in Massey Hall on March 25 and 26. Previously the Sousa Band has not attracted large houses here, but on this visit there was every reason for congratulation. Packed houses were the rule. Accompanying the band was a Mrs. Marie Barnard, a delightful soprano, who, of course, is well known to New Yorkers. She made a great hit.

I believe that Mr. Suckling has booked several other musical attractions for us, Melba among them. More power to him!

A number of excellent young pianists are blossoming out here, and are taking prominent places in our musical life. Foremost among these is Miss Minnie E. Topping, an attaché of the Metropolitan College of Music, Toronto, in which institution she is a valued teacher. Miss Topping gave a piano recital in St. George's Hall on 14th inst., a fine audience being in attendance. I have mislaid the program and cannot give exact details. Briefly, however, it may be said that Miss Topping's numbers included the Bach-Tausig toccata and fugue, D minor; Beethoven's G major concerto and Liszt's Campanella, and were generally of an order to attract connoisseurs and calculated to display her virtuosity and musical temperament. In these she excels to a marked degree. In technical work she is singularly clear and incisive, but this she always subordinates to the demands of poetic and emotional treatment. The consequence is that in hearing Miss Topping you get music pure et simple, and are not harassed by the automaton-like product of the soulless and strictly mechanical methods which characterize so much of piano teaching nowadays.

One can indeed conscientiously speak in laudatory terms of Miss Topping's natural and acquired abilities as a pianist and predict for her a splendid maturity.

Under the auspices of the Trades and Labor Council, and at popular prices, the Toronto Festival Chorus, Mr. F. H. Torrington conductor, gave The Messiah in Massey Hall on the 28th inst., being the third hearing of the work in this city within ten months. The vocal soloists were Miss L. McKay, soprano; Mrs. Wickstrom, contralto; Mr. Tesseman, tenor, and Mr. Watkin Mills, bass. Except for the orchestral parts, which were simply wretched, the work was given creditably. The chorus sang lustily and with the see-saw precision which comes of familiarity. Of the soloists an encouraging word is due to Miss McKay, who possesses a good voice, which under really skillful training very possibly might win her fame. Mrs. Wickstrom is an effective contralto and sings with discretion. Mr. Tesseman, the tenor, made his Toronto début on this occasion, but I can't say that I admired him particularly. His delivery, if smooth and careful, is monotonous, and he has a perceptible off-pitch tendency in his attacks, which, however, may be due the ravages of time. Mr. Watkin Mills was king and sang magnificently, notwithstanding the orchestra. As I have said on other occasions, Mr. Torrington, the conductor, is at his best in oratorio. He is accredited with familiarity with traditional interpretations, especially of The Messiah, which probably accounts for his otherwise curious predilection for that work.

Mr. Heinrich Klengenfeld gave Toronto an agreeable surprise with the first concert of his newly organized Symphony Orchestra on April 3. It is composed of amateurs—young ones at that—but these have apparently been carefully selected and well trained, as they gave a capital quality of tone and played with a steadiness and precision that were refreshing. The other performers were Mrs. Klengenfeld, mezzo-soprano; Miss Florence Marshall, pianist; Miss Ethel Burnham, violinist, and Mr. Paul Hahn, 'cellist, all of whom were well received. My letter having now long passed the prescribed limits, it is impossible to comment upon Mr. Klengenfeld's concert in full.

Victor Herbert's Gilmore Band is to visit us shortly, and I understand that Mr. H. M. Hirschberg is bringing on Miss Yaw and a company.

EDMOND L. ROBERTS.

SAN FRANCISCO.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., March 28, 1896.

A MOST heroic effort is being made to sustain Scheel and his Symphony Orchestra here. After six months of his concerts at the Midwinter Fair he became quite the musical vogue, so he fitted up the Auditorium and gave 100 concerts there last winter. A subsequent series was given under a guarantee fund, but before that was exhausted entirely a halt was called, and a missionary spirit excited among society ladies to raise money enough to tide Scheel and a dozen or so of solo players over the vacuous summer season. I learn that this worthy object has been assured. These gentlemen will not be compelled to go away to forage on pastures new, but will be stall fed, as it were, during the summer drouth and ready for next winter's campaign.

The earnestness of this determination to encourage orchestral music in this city is remarkable, but if the attendance by the public is a criterion I fear for its success. But this craze for symphony concerts on the part of a chosen few is a marvel to me.

The musical department of Miss Lake's school gave an exhibition of its attainments last week. I think Miss Lake's pupils are likely to be well taught, for I am pleased to hear that Signor Arrillaga is engaged to teach them. For the past twenty years this gentleman has been one of our most successful and highly respected pianists, whose modest merit as a musician and player is only equalled by his worth as a man, whom it is a real pleasure to know and claim for a friend. Born in Spain, educated in Paris, he is now an American and the father of a number of native Californians.

H. M. BOSWORTH.

Vienna Letter.

MARCH 26, 1896.

JOSEF HOFMANN'S success in his anticipated American tour next season is a foregone conclusion. Not having heard him in my own land I can make no comparison between the boy prodigy of a few years ago and the magnificent pianist of to-day. A more thoroughly satisfactory artist cannot be imagined, and if Paderewski does not find in Hofmann his most formidable rival in so far as the American public is concerned, then I am very much mistaken. The Büsendorfer Saal was but partly filled on the occasion of the first recital, but the audience was a trying one, all the pedagogues, pianists and Viennese artists in general being in attendance.

Hofmann's personality is wonderfully in his favor. When the slim young fellow with his short cut and parted hair and smiling, flushed face walked onto the stage with an easy, rolling gait, everyone felt interested and his success became a personal matter. He is absolutely without mannerisms, thanks be to Providence! and thoroughly unspoiled in every respect. He sits at the piano in a quiet, dignified manner, and acknowledges the wild enthusiasm of his listeners with the simplest, most unassuming bows.

His boyish face shows the frankest gratification, but conceit is rendered conspicuous only through its absence. Hofmann has certainly done a terrific amount of hard studying, and Rubinstein's warm interest is easily to be understood. The pupil was worthy of the master. His technique is so perfect that while listening to him one forgets to give it a moment's thought or consideration. And what a touch, and what shading! Piano is piano, forte forte, and countless tints and colors intervene between the two. He plays everything most musically and there was not an immature, inartistic measure in the whole program.

Mr. Florsheim in his Berlin Budget made particular mention of the fascinatingly clever theme with variations and fugue, so I need only remark that there was no number more heartily and admiringly received. I remember when Rubinstein was here last spring he spoke to Leschetizky of this particular composition of Hofmann's in warmest praise, labeling it a wonderful work. At the close of the recital all gathered about the stage, and despite the arduous program several encores were granted.

Lillian Sanderson gave an interesting song recital with good success. The numbers included Schubert, Schumann, Chopin, Emil Hess, Bungert, Eulenberg, Moszkowski, Berger, Rubinstein, Sommer and Brahms. There were some things that Miss Sanderson sang very well, others were poor. Another case of a good voice poorly or insufficiently trained. Schumann's Butterfly, Speak! was charming, while the songs of Hess, Der Alte Tannenbaum and Der Verrückte Geiger, formed a striking contrast. Hess is a composer quite unknown in America, and not deservedly so, for he has written quantities of songs, each and every one of which is a gem in the literature of music. His music is strikingly original, and the words are chosen with charm and refinement. I regret that no one has attempted their translation into English.

Some of the most delightful remembrances of this city will be the evenings spent in the society of this composer and his brother, Capt. Carl Hess, a most artistic dilettante, whose military cares alone prevent him from being a well-known figure in musical circles. Captain Hess has a baritone which is wonderfully schooled, and his style and delivery are as fine and finished as anything I have ever heard in any concert hall. But to return to the concert. Kurzes Gedächtniss of Bungert and the Slumber Song of Moszkowski were particularly effective, being well adapted to the singer's happiest genre. Miss Sanderson is a handsome woman, charmingly formed and a goodly sight to

look upon, so this, together with her musicianly capabilities, leads me to anticipate a large house for her second concert.

Rosenthal gave a piano recital Tuesday evening in the large Musikverein Saal to a brilliant and enthusiastic audience. The program was as follows:

| | |
|-----------------------------------|-------------|
| Fantasia (Wanderer)..... | Schubert |
| Carnival..... | Schumann |
| Valse..... | Chopin |
| Nocturne..... | |
| Berceuse..... | |
| Tarantelle..... | |
| Lieder ohne Worte..... | Mendelssohn |
| Si j'étais Oiseau..... | Henselt |
| Fantasia, Stumme von Portici..... | Liszt |

Having written some few weeks ago an account of a program played by this giant, I am quite embarrassed as to how I may do him justice and still escape repetition. What a miserably poor language this is! Adverse criticism on this occasion was impossible. Do the readers grasp the situation? Rosenthal was recalled innumerable times after each group, wreaths were thrown at his feet, applause was so persistent that it was almost impossible to continue the program. The enthusiastic listeners demanded a repetition of each individual number, which it is needless to say was in no instance granted. At the close the pianist gracefully yielded to the cry for his own arrangement of the Strauss waltzes, and if after it he had not literally fled from the building I verily believe we would all still be applauding.

The evident admiration of one artist for another is a thing so seldom seen that I experienced quite an inward glow when, standing outside the artists' room, I saw the old master Theodore Leschetizky fairly embracing Rosenthal in delight over the latter's great success. I thought, though, 'twas too bad the Herr Professor did not save three or four of those ravishing smiles which he was so recklessly expending to be distributed among half a dozen of the pupils. Only fancy what possible bliss for someone, and what charity, too!

Marianne Stresow Scharwenka, a charming woman, excellent violinist, and the wife of Phillip Scharwenka, has been visiting in Vienna during the past two weeks. Were it not so late in the season her many friends would have insisted upon a concert; as it is, we have the satisfaction of anticipating that pleasure early next fall. Madame Scharwenka was heard with great success in several musicales.

LILLIAN APEL.

Early English.

AN OPEN REPLY TO A SECRET ATTACK BY "AMATEUR."

I knew she was a lady,
From a little ré-mark she made:
"Go it, Sal!"
I'll hold yer bunnet!"

I KNOW my reviewer is a lady from certain convulsions and convulsions of style she exhibits, from a certain profanity of punctuation marks and from a certain "putcheky" temper rarely found in masculine sentences outside of Boston.

But such unladylike expressions, "eating dirt," "wiping up the streets!" Is it quite necessary for me to read again my Smollett and Fielding, my Rabelais and De-cameron, in order to cull a choice collection of noxious epithets to hurl at your defiant Psyche knot, at the base of which those wondrous vocal chords of yours are "stretched and supported." Are such terms more suitable for feminine mouths than for masculine ears?

And the discovery itself! Why, madame, it is yours! We geniuses are nowhere! And De Rialp has been teaching this first and only valuable discovery (greatest thing on earth, first time in America business, &c.), as all his pupils can bear witness, for the last twelve or fourteen years in this country and for nobody knows how many years on the other side of the water! I will only say that I don't care whether Methuselah himself made the same discovery; I, for one, will resign all claims to it and will retire with humility, leaving all the laurels in your delicate hands!

The vocal chords stretched and supported at the back of the neck! This excels the historic error of Lawrence, who sagely declared some years ago that the glottis (or space between the vocal chords) was a perpendicular slit in the root of the tongue!

No, it is a plain, a glaring physiological mistake of yours, made, too, in the primary department of the subject. I was about to add a bald mistake; but it lies in the wrong locality; that Psyche knot is dreadfully in the way, however proudly it may project. Let me call it a hirsute mistake, delightfully placed, and all your own.

And does your protégé, De Rialp, also believe in this back-hair business? Business and chestnuts I do not usually use in strict scientific discussions like the one we are now conducting. And as you have given me so much advice, would it be impolite, despite your tender sex, to suggest that you make your style of writing a little lessa—well, let me say, heterogeneous? Do not put a feather in the cap and a trumpet in the mouth of the same individual. Keep the feather to aid you in another flight of verbiage. The dots, and dashes, and parentheses, and asterisks, and

asteroids, and planets, and what not form a galaxy of punctuation points which is exceedingly brilliant but sometimes misleading. For a few instances, you use the expressions "first and only discovery," "greatest thing on earth," "first time in America," in such connection, so hysterically devised and asteriskally inclosed, that strict construction would make them quotations from my own sentences. You make the "lost his nerve" clause read as though it were my own personal statement instead of the quoted words of my informant.

Still further, you try hard to make it appear that I desire to speak "impertinently" of Joseffy, an artist who has my unbounded admiration. He is the only compeer of Paderewski at the present day, and in the mooted question of piano touch has given me more satisfaction. It was with heartfelt delight that I read of his return to the public which has so long regretted him, and that he now plays with all his pristine taste and skill.

But the other inclosures may be called "stencil" quotations; somebody (you) not the indicated writer (myself) has designed them and placed them where they do not belong. I will not give this practice the rather rude name it receives in business circles, but will courteously urge my random critic to peruse even the advertising columns of the New York Herald until her diction has become more responsible. It is only sheer carelessness on her part, of course; a sort of Trilby slipshodness of style, accidentally, but not so very becomingly displayed.

So, then you, "Amateur," madame or mademoiselle, you, the anonymous and secretive, you ask the open mouthed Mr. John Howard, whether "he proposes before he gets through to teach us everything from bookbinding to prize fighting, from clavier building to concertizing on dead men's vocal bands (it was a woman; don't tell anybody!); from everything we knew before to everything we don't want to know," I'll tell my presumably fair friend what I do want, and I want it badly. I want to arouse a wholesome suspicion in the minds of my readers that in our mutual art a foreign name, genuine or assumed, as a rule, means much less than it pretends to mean. Call to mind the "o" of Albert(o) Lawrence and his "discovery" that the glottis or space between the chords was a perpendicular slit in the root of the tongue; or La Villa's dislocating "protrusion of the upper jaw;" or Belari with his blow pipe of a breast bone; or Chater and Lunn with their dynamic and inconsequential ventricles; or De Rialp with his "upper gum," and let me assure those who honor me with their attention that every one of these notions is an indigestible mess of unswallowable nonsense, pushed under our nostrils (usually by immigrants) as the most appetizing, rare and elsewhere unprocurable dainty that this fin de siècle period of progress can concoct. I want to show that these writers run amuck, like a Chinaman without his opium; that they slaughter young lives as surely, though more slowly, than the crazy Oriental.

"The vocal chords stretched and supported at the back of the neck!"

"The vibrations of the voice in the trachea and sternum!"

"The larynx a perpendicular slit in the root of the tongue!"

I only hope that words will come enabling me to faintly depict my indignation. We of America, the inventive country of the world, must perforce read what I have just now quoted. We must allow an Albert(o) Lawrence to slit our tongues, a Belari to perforate our breast bones, an "Amateur" to shunt our vocal chords to the back of the neck, a whole waterlogged raft of rotten timbers to float in our waters like the latest battleship of our glorious nation! But this is too serious; the subject, myself, does not warrant such words.

What cae I say, my lovely "Amateur," to waft you a pleasant adieu? I can picture in imagination my beautiful criticiser as being mounted on her favorite hobby, feather in hat, while De Rialp and I stand ready to give her a friendly speeding. He will say, perhaps, "Dios nos ampare de nuestros amigos!" I should add, throwing up my derby with genuine Yankee good humor:

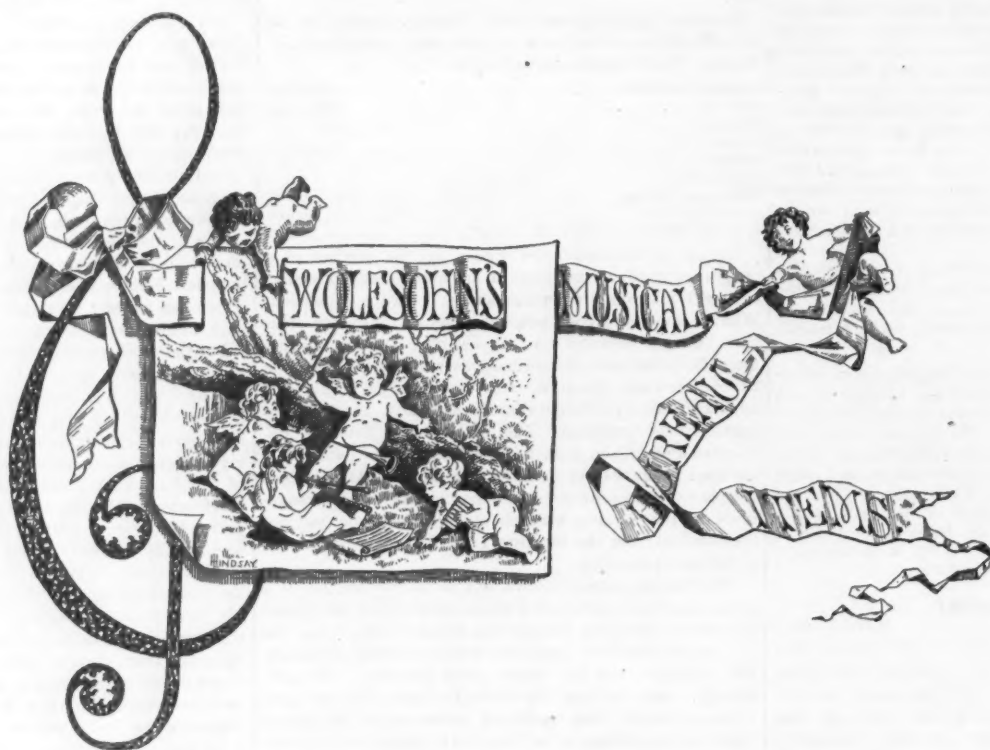
I knew she was a lady,
From a little ré-mark she made:
"Go it, Sal!" I'll hold yer bunnet!"

JOHN HOWARD.

No. 321 West Fifty-ninth street, New York.

A. Bowers Musciale.—Miss Kate Augusta Bowers announces a musicale to be given at her studio on Wednesday evening, April 24. An excellent program has been arranged, to which Miss Maud Welsh and other artists will contribute. At the last musicale Mr. Anthony Stankowitch, the piano virtuoso, was the soloist.

National Symphony Orchestra.—Mr. Ross Jungnickel, who for the past five years has been identified as conductor of the Baltimore Symphony Orchestra, has recently taken up his residence in New York, and will shortly resume active orchestral work. He has organized a superb orchestra, consisting of seventy of the most prominent musicians in this city, which organization will in the future be known as the National Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Jungnickel will make his first appearance as conductor in New York with this orchestra at the Madison Square Garden Amphitheatre, where he has been engaged for a season of popular promenade concerts, commencing May 21. Mr. Ross Jungnickel is without doubt a promising conductor, being a thorough musician, with a fine perception of orchestral detail, so that we may look forward to a series of delightful concerts during the summer evenings.



BY special arrangement made with THE MUSICAL COURIER, HENRY WOLFSOHN will have each week a page devoted to matters of interest in the musical world appertaining principally to the artists under his direct management, not however, excluding others. This is an important move, as by an agreement with a syndicate of the leading papers in the United States these notices will be copied simultaneously in the Sunday editions of the large newspapers in all parts of the country, as their musical editors will have THE MUSICAL COURIER sent to them every week, calling special attention to the musical items. They will also be mailed weekly to all the Conductors, Musical Societies and Music Festival Committees. This will afford an opportunity to our best artists to gain publicity in the right direction, these notices being circulated through a news medium having the largest circulation of any musical paper in the world.

HENRY WOLFSOHN,

131 East Seventeenth Street, New York.

The items published collectively under this heading will be discontinued until next September.

This particular page will be devoted until then to the announcements of artists who will be in this country the coming season, 1895--96.

Artists desiring further information as to terms and other particulars please address

HENRY WOLFSOHN'S MUSICAL BUREAU,

131 East Seventeenth Street, New York.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS



This Paper has the Largest Guaranteed Circulation of any Journal in the Music Trade.

TOO late for any particulars as to the discussion of the matter, we learn from our Boston office that the dinner of the piano manufacturers of that city has been postponed until some time in October next, the exact date not being fixed, so far as our information goes.

ONE of the easiest sellers in the trade is the Pease piano. Why? The piano is right and the price is right. One thing more. The Pease Piano Company helps a dealer by good and extensive advertising. That's a pointer for other houses whose pianos are right as well as the price, but who refuse to help a dealer by not advertising intelligently.

FROM some of the stories now drifting into New York we gather that "Nate's" stock has not run short. "Nate" always has a story for a dealer ready, as well as his order book to put down supplies for that dealer. Bradbury, four; Henning, six; Webster, five, is the way a page frequently looks. No wonder F. G. Smith thinks so much of Mr. "Nate" M. Crosby.

MR. ALBERT WEBER'S trip is proving a very profitable one. He is not only helping dealers but is gathering orders. Everyone who has experienced the kind of help Mr. Weber can give to a dealer knows what it means. A disheartened dealer can be turned into a very happy and hopeful man by such help as rare traveling men like Mr. Albert Weber can give.

THE success of the autoharp has been largely augmented by good advertising, as well as extensive advertising. Drop in a few moments into the house of Alfred Dolge & Son, visit the autoharp department and note the great plans on foot for the coming season of summer advertising. Work on the autoharp never ceases either in the manufacturing or the developing departments.

THE great success made by Blasius & Sons in the firm's small goods department proves what value there is in a name. That of Blasius & Sons around Philadelphia is of great importance. The respect of that community has been won by years of honest endeavor and a vast amount of hard, prosaic work. It tells, though, as the success of their small goods department amply demonstrates.

IT would save us a considerable amount of correspondence and be much more satisfactory to all parties concerned if our readers would bear in mind that a person sending a "want ad." to this paper to which only initials or a number or any other sign is subjoined does so because he or they does not want his or their name made known to the public. We cannot reveal the identity of those of our advertisers who wish it kept secret, but we make it a point to promptly forward all communications addressed to the parties who advertise, and the names of those answering are never known to us.

THIS is one of the times of the year when piano actions are put to the test. When the weather becomes warm and murky the piano action is apt to be sluggish and to stick. This is the time of year when the Herrburger-Schwander action demonstrates what a wonderful action it is.

IT is seldom that a piano concern receives such letters from afar as will be found in a full page advertisement of Kranich & Bach in this issue. It is of special interest and should be read by every dealer. It speaks in no uncertain tones regarding the standing in tune qualities of the Kranich & Bach piano, and pays high tribute to the instrument as an entirety. Letters like these are valuable.

THE latest news from Oregon, Ill., is that the name of Schaeffer will be dropped by the Schaeffer Piano Company and that their product will hereafter be known as the "Stoddard." Whether this means that the name of the company will be subsequently changed or whether there will be other changes in the instrument itself we are unable to say. The name "Stoddard" is one of the best known of the old line of piano makes.

A PRIVATE letter addressed to a member of the staff of THE MUSICAL COURIER by a trade friend in Boston says that there was perceptible increase in the good spirits of the piano manufacturers in that erstwhile quiet town on Monday last. He writes that he at first supposed that everyone was smiling at lunch because of some unusual order received by his house, but he adds that he subsequently discovered that the orders were going in the other way, that Karl Fink had reached town and was taking orders for Blue Felt, which had been accumulating while he was coying with the festive onion in Bermuda.

ISN'T that a fine phrase—"the slow evolution but triumphant result of three-quarters of a century of devotion to the noblest ideals"? And just to think that the truth of the matter is that the "triumphant result" is an instrument which has fallen into a grade where it joins the indefinite majority. And this too while younger houses, houses younger by many decades than "three-quarters of a century," have forged to the front and won position which cannot be purchased by the hiring of a man to play a piano in public which he ridicules in private. But then those words do sound so big and mighty and they do fill so much space even if their result doesn't fill a stomach.

THERE was a rumor afloat in New York city on Monday last to the effect that Messrs. Chickering & Sons intended to erect a building in Chicago to be known as Chickering Hall. Later in the day the rumor changed to the statement that the parties in Chicago who have recently undertaken the Chickering representation in that city were interested in the scheme, but this was subsequently officially denied and accompanied by the statement that the new warerooms of the Summy Company, of Chicago, would not be known as Chickering Hall. Nothing

could be learned of the matter at the New York office of Chickering & Sons, but still later in the day there came a report from Boston that the architect's plans for the structure had been seen in Boston, and that the rumor could not be satisfactorily settled there.

Therefore we don't know whether there will or will not be a Chickering Hall in Chicago, but time will tell.

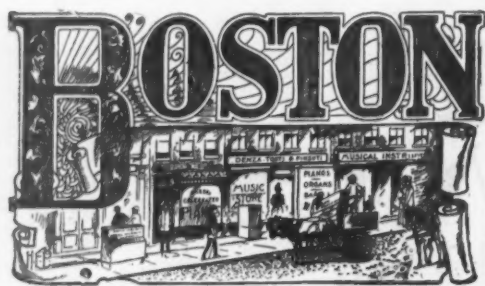
MR. P. J. GILDEMEESTER, of Gildemeester & Kroeger, is reported better this week. It will be remembered that Mr. Gildemeester contracted la grippe out West, and has been confined to his home for several weeks, a very sick man. Accustomed to active work, this enforced idleness has been very chafing to him and has perhaps retarded his recovery. It is hoped that Mr. Gildemeester will be out by next week. While he is sick he is attending to details, Mr. Gottschalk, the secretary of the company, seeing him every day.

THE Manhattan Life Insurance Company, which holds a mortgage on the factory of Haines Brothers, has served notice of foreclosure on Napoleon J. Haines and Mr. F. C. Train as trustee for the creditors' committee. The notice was served April 2, and is dated March 28. Twenty days are allowable under law for an answer to be filed. Doubtless there will be no answer. The money was borrowed and any answer would but add to the costs for Mr. Haines, Sr., to pay. The creditors' committee has been waiting for the Manhattan Life Insurance Company to take the initiative, as the committee holds the second mortgage.

At the expiration of the twenty days allowable under the notice of foreclosure, application will be made to the courts for the appointment of a referee, and the work of foreclosing and selling will be proceeded with. If nothing happens the sale of the factory will probably occur in June. Of course the interest due on the mortgage may be paid and all work on foreclosure stopped. But as the insurance company has already given Mr. Wm. P. Haines a chance to pay, and he has not done so, the work of foreclosure will doubtless go on to its logical conclusion.

MR. GEO. BAUER, who was formerly with John C. Haynes & Co., of Boston, is now traveling for Paul Stark, the manufacturer and exporter of musical instrument strings and trimmings at Markneukirchen, Saxony. Mr. Bauer will leave for Europe the end of April, going directly to Markneukirchen. From that place he will go to London to take charge of Mr. Stark's exhibit at the International Music Trades Exhibition, and will be there from June 13 to June 24.

Mr. Bauer will then take in the large cities of Europe, returning to America about August 1. From that time Mr. Bauer will visit the trade in Mr. Stark's interests. The business of this house is growing, as the goods are found to be just what the dealer demands. Of the finest quality, prepared by experienced men, nothing is allowed to leave the house unless it can be relied on to give satisfaction.



BOSTON OFFICE THE MUSICAL COURIER,
17 Beacon street, April 6, 1895.

As there has been but one snowstorm this week we feel that spring is really here and that this remarkable freedom from storms must have its effect upon the piano trade. Inquiry at the different factories and retail warerooms seems to justify this belief. The report last week that wholesale business was better still holds true, for it is just as good this week. In addition to that the retail trade has also shown marked improvement, which must help to keep the wholesale business up to the mark. There is a very noticeable increase of customers in the warerooms and the appearance of being busy that has been lacking for some time. The bottom seems to have been reached, for which let us all be duly thankful.

The removal of the Estey Piano Company to its new warerooms concentrates the retail piano business in a small space, there being five warerooms adjoining on Tremont street, near Boylston—C. F. Hanson & Co., Hallet & Davis Piano Company, the Estey Piano Company, Geo. H. Champlin & Co. and Ivers & Pond—with the majority of the other piano firms within hailing distance. So many of these firms have long leases of their premises that it seems to insure the permanency of the "piano quarter" of this city.

The Piano Trade Dinner Committee is to meet at the warerooms of C. C. Harvey & Co., on Monday afternoon to decide upon the date when the dinner is to take place. The members of the committee are:

George H. Chickering.....Messrs. Chickering & Sons.
Edw. W. Davis.....Hallet & Davis Piano Company.
Edward P. Mason.....Mason & Hamlin Company.
John N. Merrill.....Merrill Piano Company.
Handel Pond.....Ivers & Pond Piano Company.
Willard A. Vose.....Vose & Sons Piano Company.

A report of this meeting will be found in another column of THE MUSICAL COURIER.

On Thursday the Estey Company moved to its new warerooms on Tremont street, near Boylston, and while not as yet completely settled it will only be a day or two before everything is in place.

The first thing that attracts attention—and this is before entering—is the display in the window. The handsome hand-carved organ that the Estey Company had made for the Chicago Fair occupies the place of honor. This instrument was fully described in THE MUSICAL COURIER at the time of the Fair, but it is so fine a piece of work there is a great temptation to say more about it. The case is of oak, and as a contrast the upright piano that is its window companion has a deep rich mahogany case, also elaborately carved. The window comes down to the floor, so these instruments do not obstruct the light. That is one of the things that is noticeable, the abundance of light everywhere, both natural and artificial.

The building being on a corner, there are windows at the side as well as in the front and back. The electric lighting is all from above—120 incandescent lights being placed in the cornice of the large room. The show window is lighted at the sides also, while in the three parlors the lights are in the centre of the ceiling, half a dozen in each room.

This is the first time this style of lighting has been done here, although it has been in use in New York for a long time. It is very effective and might truly be called a "flood of light."

The color scheme of the decorations and furniture has been carefully worked out. An oak wainscot about 5 feet high goes all around the room; above it the wall is of a light terra cotta, with a frieze of lighter shades with more or

less white introduced. All the furniture, counters, rails, partitions, desks are of oak—the high backed settee and chairs being upholstered in dark green leather.

The large wareroom, 120 feet deep, is partitioned off at the lower end with glass, the partition being made as a door so it can be opened and the whole space thrown into one room should it be wished for recitals. At the side are three smaller rooms fitted up as parlors, with fine rugs, portières, &c.—the Estey piano room, the Estey organ room and the Decker piano room. These rooms have sliding doors that are large enough for a grand piano to be rolled through, while all the wall spaces between doors and partitions have been carefully planned for just the right amount of room to hold an upright piano. In fact every detail of the entire establishment has been carefully prepared and watched by Mr. S. A. Gould, who planned it all, even to designing the pattern for the grille work, and the result is a great triumph for his good taste and executive ability.

At the left on entering is the bookkeeper's office, well up in front, an oak counter with iron grille above serving as partition; next come Mr. Gould's desk, typewriter, &c. From this opens a private office with a crystallized, chipped glass partition—very difficult to procure here, this being the first one put up.

On the right are the desks for the salesmen, elevator to upper part of building, the door with an iron grille, telephone rooms, &c. Beyond are a broad flight of stairs leading to the basement, which is arranged with desks for the traveling salesmen, a room for scarfs and stools, a room for stationery, catalogues, circulars, letter files, &c., and at the rear end, where the large freight elevator is situated, a room has been partitioned off for a shop. The second-hand pianos and surplus stock will be kept in the basement. The floors throughout are of hardwood—in fact it is a very complete establishment in every way.

Many people have already called to congratulate the Estey Company upon the new warerooms, and there has been a constantly changing crowd of people looking in the windows for the past two days.

The Mason & Hamlin Company has just issued a large four page circular of its Liszt organ for use in Masonic lodges. William H. Gerrish, a composer of Masonic music, also organist and director of music in fifteen Masonic lodges, with a record of having played for nearly 3,000 Masonic meetings, and organist for the Washington Lodge, Roxbury, Mass., for the past twenty-five years, recently sent them the following testimonial letter:

BOSTON, January 30, 1895.

Mason & Hamlin Company:

GENTLEMEN—The organs used in Egyptian and Gothic halls of the Masonic Temple in this city are of your make, and are the Liszt pattern, single manual, without pedal keyboard (see page 3).

They were purchased by the undersigned in compliance with instructions from the M. W. grand master to procure two of the best reed instruments obtainable. They were put in place in the year 1890, and are in complete and perfect condition at this writing.

I regard that particular style of organ as the best that I know for Masonic purposes, where cost or lack of room make the procuring of a large pipe organ impracticable. I have always recommended it as such, and shall continue to do so until a better instrument is offered to fill the place.

Yours truly, WM. H. GERRISH.

Mason & Hamlin Company have received word from St. Johnsbury that their improved patent grand, played there recently by William H. Sherwood at the opening concert of the Boston Festival Orchestra, was greatly admired.

Mason & Hamlin Company seem to have monopolized the advertising in the handsome German opera souvenirs, for they have no less than seven full pages.

Mr. J. A. Norris, U. S. road representative for Mason & Hamlin, has just started on an extended Southwestern trip.

Mason & Hamlin Company report several good sales of grands during the past week; also a good general retail business.

Mr. P. H. Powers, of the Emerson Piano Company, leaves Texas to-day for St. Louis and Chicago, arriving at the latter place about Wednesday next. Mr. Powers is in fine health and has had an enjoyable trip thus far.

Mr. E. S. Payson, of the Emerson Piano Company, left Boston on Tuesday for a trip to Canada, Montreal and the West.

At the Vose & Sons Piano Company's warerooms they have had a busy week.

Major Howes, of the Hallet & Davis Piano Company,

was at the factory on Friday attending to business as usual.

Mr. Thos. F. Scanlan—the New England Piano Company—is at his desk again apparently as well as ever. They have had an extremely busy week.

The Merrill Piano Company have had a good wholesale business the past week, but retail business has been quiet.

There seems to be a constant demand for Gildemeester & Kroeger pianos, Mr. Chandler W. Smith says.

Poole & Stuart continue to sell their pianos almost as fast as they can finish them. For a young firm they feel they have been very successful, particularly when the business depression is taken into consideration.

A. T. Allis, Hornellsville, N. Y., agent for pianos and organs, among them the New England and Woodward & Brown instruments, writes to the New England Piano Company that he has just completed a volume of original poems which will soon be published. He says they are very interesting; that those who have read them in manuscript are delighted with them and advises the New England Company to purchase one of the books.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Steinert are in Florida, where they went direct from here.

In Town.

Mr. W. C. Newby, of Newby & Evans, New York, is in town for a few days, remaining here over Sunday.

Seymour Rosenberg, of the New York branch of B. Shoninger Company.

A. J. Brooks, Derby, Conn.

Frank H. King, Brooklyn, N. Y.

James M. Holyer, of Mason & Hamlin Company, New York.

To Europe.

THE spring and summer exodus of piano men to the other side of the great pond is about to commence. Announcement has been made already of the sailing dates of Mr. George W. Tewksbury, of the Chicago Cottage Organ Company; of Mr. William B. Leigh, with J. & C. Fischer. And this week Mr. Henry Dreher, of B. Dreher's Sons Company, of Cleveland, passed through the metropolis to be taken by the steamer New York on his way to London. Mr. Dreher is accompanied by his wife and goes for a vacation, purely a pleasure trip, visiting, after London, Paris, Dresden, Leipsic, Berlin and various points in Switzerland.

He relates a clever practical joke perpetrated by some intimate friends at the railroad station in Cleveland on their departure, wherein the chief performance consisted of the presentation of bouquets, the throwing of old slippers and rice, and the other ceremonies that usually prevail in the God-speed of a bride and groom on their wedding trip. The humor of the situation can be appreciated when the fact is known that Mr. and Mrs. Dreher have been married for over eight years, a statement which Mr. Dreher was obliged to repeat to the conductor and their fellow passengers many times before he was permitted to finish his journey in comfort.

Mr. Dreher will be absent for two or three months, and while away will call at the branch offices of THE MUSICAL COURIER in London, Paris, Leipsic and Berlin.

THE DIFFERENCE

— BETWEEN —

BEST and NONE BETTER.

For us to claim that the Roth & Engelhardt Actions are best of all would sound just as ridiculous as if our competitors made that claim for theirs; but when we say that there are none better than the Roth & Engelhardt we are repeating what our customers say and what we feel is true. Our work and use of the best materials prove this.

ROTH & ENGELHARDT,

Office: 114 Fifth Ave., NEW YORK.

THE FIRST ANNUAL INTERNATIONAL MUSIC TRADES' EXHIBITION

(FOR MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS ONLY),

Royal Agricultural Hall, Islington, London,

FROM JUNE 14 TO JUNE 24, 1895.

BANKERS: LONDON AND MIDLAND BANK, Cornhill.

MANAGER: H. L. BENJAMIN.

COMMISSIONER FOR AMERICA: MR. E. LINDO.

PATRONS: W. O. CLOUGH, Esq., M. P., PRESIDENT; THE EARL OF LONSDALE, SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN, SIR JOSEPH BARNBY, SIR AUGUSTUS HARRIS, SIGNOR PAOLO TOSTI, FREDERIC H. COWEN, Esq., DR. E. H. TURPIN, HENRY IRVING, Esq.



CHICAGO OFFICE OF
THE MUSICAL COURIER, 326 Wabash Avenue,
April 6, 1895.

SOME agricultural genius a few years ago wrote a book in which he endeavored to show that 10 acres was enough for anyone, and that an excellent living could be made from it if properly used. There is a larger farm than that used for the purpose of making musical instruments. It just exceeds the 10 acre farm by 1 acre, and it has this advantage over the small farm spoken of—that instead of taking two or three people to work it there can be found there somewhere in the neighborhood of 1,000 people, and a beehive is not busier.

When it is taken into consideration that it is all within a very few years, not exceeding twelve, that the first organ was produced by this concern, and that at the present time the product in this line runs up to the tens of thousands; that about 24 pianos a day are turned out; that pipe organs, both portable and stationary, are being made in increased numbers; that piano stools and benches, scarfs and covers are also produced largely, it must be considered that if it is not exactly a miracle it is a marvel.

These goods could not be produced without the proper facilities. In order to have the proper facilities about 8 acres directly adjoining the south branch of the Chicago River were obtained by the projector of this immense plant, and then began the erection of the buildings, which it must be acknowledged was not all done at once. One after another was added until the factory now contains 45 rooms of upward of 80 feet square, and 15 rooms running 50x115 feet, or such a matter, which is exclusive of the immense engine and boiler houses and the extensive dry kilns.

We have heard of factories that were said to be as clean as a neat housewife's kitchen floor. This could not be said of this factory which we speak of; there are too many things being made there and too many people; besides which it hardly seems necessary that the floor of a factory should be clean enough to eat off of.

The piano action department of this establishment is comparatively new, but the gentleman who has charge of it assures us that it is already larger than some of the smaller Eastern factories.

Of course they make their own keys, or at least have begun to do so. They have not yet come to that point where they can supply their full complement. The work is so organized in this establishment that each person has his own particular duty to perform, and naturally becomes expert in his particular branch of the business. Everything that can be made by machinery is of course produced in this way, and some new methods have been introduced. For instance, you will see a machine for the purpose of gluing on the ribs to the sounding board. No other factory has anything of this kind, and this machine appealed particularly to us, because in our previous visits to piano factories we have wondered if some new method could not be devised for this particular purpose.

To illustrate more fully the system in vogue it is only necessary to point to the backs of the pianos and show how they are made. Instead of being different shapes and different sizes every one of these upright braces is the same shape and the same size, consequently they are interchangeable, and are so arranged in the frame that no cross-pieces are necessary.

It did seem a few years ago when Mr. W. W. Kimball selected his location for an organ factory that he was going out of the world, but with the improvements which have taken place in the city of Chicago the factory can be reached now in the short space of about half an hour and very comfortably at that.

Having its own dock facilities, its extensive lumber yard space, its shipping facilities, it would almost seem as though nothing would have to be carted there or from there; it is an almost ideal place. Of course it is not handsome, but it is eminently practical. It was not constructed for the purpose of illustrating how beautiful a factory could be built. The buildings are plain, honest, substantial brick constructions, suitable for the purposes for which they are used. Brainy superintendents are to be found in all the different departments of the business, and one man who has been there from the beginning has the main charge of the whole.

Now, then, imagine the beauty of the situation for the W. W. Kimball Company. They have got this extensive

plant, and it is all paid for. They are turning out these tremendous quantities of goods, and they have got a demand for them. They own one of the finest locations on Wabash avenue, with an excellent building upon it, with the largest frontage on the avenue of any house in the trade, and the beauty of the whole thing is that they cannot fill their orders to-day.

Arrested.

A man by the name of Chas. H. Badlin, or Bodlin, is reported under arrest at Niagara Falls. He is charged with forgery and is under indictment under the name of Day, and Ogdensburg, N. Y., was his ostensible home.

His plan of operation was to write and order a piano or organ, giving good references, and ask them to draw on him in 10 days. He would forge the references, secure possession of the instrument, ship it to some other point and there sell it, pocketing the proceeds.

Among the Western dealers whom this man has attempted to swindle are Tapper & Co. and the Newman Brothers Organ Company, of Chicago, and the Fort Wayne Organ Company, of Fort Wayne, Ind. Messrs. Newman Brothers state that they only shipped him one organ and that even this organ will be recovered. We hope the other parties got off as easily.

More Orders.

Messrs. John Feuerstein & Co., of Sturgeon Bay, Wis., have taken the agency for the Steger piano and also for the Singer piano. Mr. Feuerstein was here this week and left a fine order with Messrs. Steger & Co. for the goods mentioned.

Rintelman Piano Company.

Mr. Reimann, of the Rintelman Piano Company, of this city, has been a very successful man in his former business transactions. It is not therefore astonishing to know that he is making a success of the piano business. He has devised original methods of bringing to the notice of the public the instruments which he handles, and at the north side store, which is kept open evenings, they usually have an audience of about 200 people.

Mr. Reimann is exceedingly liberal in his advertising methods and we really feel like congratulating the house whose goods his company is handling. Mr. Reimann also speaks in high terms of the ability as a salesman of his partner, Mr. A. H. Rintelman.

An Old Landmark Gone.

Major Howes, of the Hallet & Davis Piano Company, and Mr. De Volney Everett, representing the Starr Piano Company, will feel lonely at their next visit to the city. They are both old patrons of the Grand Pacific Hotel, which is now a thing of the past.

Dr. Ziegfeld's Dinner.

"A little nonsense now and then is relished by the wisest men." There is no one in this city who enjoys a good time better than Dr. Ziegfeld, of the Chicago Musical College, and when he gets through his business he is pretty apt to have one. By special invitation there met at his house on Thursday evening just a dozen gentlemen, including the doctor himself. These gentlemen were composed of professors from the college and several gentlemen connected with Lyon, Potter & Co.

The occasion was a dinner, of which the following is the menu. The sitting was a prolonged one and the gentlemen who were present speak enthusiastically of the occasion.

PART I.

Oysters. Cocktail à la Calvin Whitney.
Soup, not F— Oxtail. Sherry d'Urchin.
Livingston, Ragout fin en Coquilles. Liebfrauenmilch.
(From Col. E. A. Potter's vineyard on the Rhine.)
Intermission, one minute.

PART II.

Tenderloin, Bissell Sauce. Bordeaux, Chateau William Steinway.
Mushrooms. Asparagus. French Peas. Potatoes.
Roman Punch—Lapham's Favorite. Waukesha Water.
Spring Chicken. Grosvenor Potato Chips.
(Charles Steinway, wine in Boxbeutel.)
Lettuce and Preserves.
Intermission, two minutes.

PART III.
Ice Cream and Cake. Champagne St. Marceaux Stetson.
Cheese. Twenty-ninth season.
Cigars. Flor del Correo Musical. Flor del Ramo de Musica.
Flor del Semanario de Ffrenda. Coffee.
Flor del Journal Americana de Arts. Cognac.
Flor del Indicator. Benedictine.
Flor del Tiempo Musical de Chicago.

PART IV.

Bowl à la Tretbar.

Musical Directors—Dr. F. Ziegfeld, Louis Falk, Hans von Schiller, William Castle, Bernhard Listemann.

Special notice.—Doors will be locked during performance.

CARL ZIEGFELD, Manager.

Wm. K. ZIEGFELD, Assistant Manager.

Steinway and A. B. Chase pianos used.

Getting In Shape.

The Clayton F. Summy store at 230 Wabash avenue is being rapidly completed for their occupancy. A large elevator has been placed in the rear; quite a number of teachers' studios have been arranged in the upper part of the building and pianos have already been received. Mr. Summy expected to get his sheet music department moved in this week, but was delayed, and will probably be in next week.

It is a snug place and a fine location, and we do not mean by the word snug that it is too small for his purpose. It is a store some 100 and odd feet in depth, and a large stock of goods can be carried if they desire to do so.

Schaeffer Piano Company.

The Schaeffer Piano Company are now running their new factory at Riverview. They are also still running their factory at Oregon, but expect to be entirely removed from this latter point in about one month.

Straube & Van Matre.

The new concern of Straube & Van Matre expect to have some of their own product to show in about four weeks from now. Mr. Van Matre thinks they have a very excellent scale, and believes that the trade will be pleased with their instruments. He also said he could have sold lots of them if he had had them, and feels very much encouraged over the outlook of business.

A Lucky Deal.

The B. Shoninger Company were offered a bonus of \$30,000 for their new store at 267 and 269 Wabash avenue, which they have refused; and quite wisely, too, we think, as they are going to have a very elegant establishment with a location which is good to-day and will constantly grow better with the future.

Have Many of Them.

This is a copy of a slip which the Chicago Cottage Organ Company are enclosing in their envelopes. It speaks for itself:

THE RECORD OF A SINGLE DAY,
MARCH 30, 1895.

ORGANS SHIPPED, 101
PIANOS SHIPPED, 34

ORDERS RECEIVED

ORGANS, 70
PIANOS, 28

CHICAGO COTTAGE ORGAN CO.,

THE LARGEST MANUFACTURERS AND
DEALERS IN ORGANS AND PIANOS
IN THE WORLD.

First Prize at Rex Ball.

The daily papers of yesterday had pages of description of the grand Rex Ball, which was given on Thursday evening at the Auditorium for the benefit of the Jewish Manual Training School. Among the prizes given for the best costume for a lady, everything considered, was a \$450 Shoninger piano, which was donated by the B. Shoninger

Mason & Hamlin

PIANOS AND ORGANS.

PIANOS.

W. H. SHERWOOD—Beautiful instruments, capable of the finest grades of expression and shading.
WILLIAM MASON—They possess a tone full and sonorous, and at the same time of sympathetic and musical quality.
GEO. W. CHADWICK—The tone is very musical, and I have never had a piano which stood so well in tone.

ORGANS.

FRANZ LISZT—Matchless, unrivaled; so highly prized by me.
THEODORE THOMAS—Much the best; musicians generally so regard them.
X. SCHARWENKA—No other instrument so enraptures the player.

STANDARD INSTRUMENTS.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES AND FULL PARTICULARS MAILED ON APPLICATION.

BOSTON.

NEW YORK.

Mason & Hamlin Co.

CHICAGO.

KANSAS CITY.

Company, of this city. This prize was awarded to Mrs. Nathan Meyer, who impersonated "Time is money."

Removal.

Messrs. Emil Wulschner & Son, of Indianapolis, Ind., announce the removal of their store about April 15 to 78 and 80 North Pennsylvania street, one square north of their present quarters, mention of which has been made before. The concern will occupy the entire building, consisting of four floors and basement, which they say is nearly four times as large as their present quarters. The new store will contain a complete stock of all kinds of musical goods, and Messrs. Wulschner & Son claim that it will be one of the largest of its kind in the United States.

Kimball Doings.

On Sunday last there appeared in the daily papers of this city a double column advertisement which gave indorsements from the great artists of the Metropolitan Opera Company who have just completed a successful engagement at the Auditorium. Among the names mentioned may be found Lillian Nordica, Jean de Reszké, Edouard de Reszké, Emma Eames, Francisco Tamagno, Eugenia Mantelli, Victor Maurel, Sophia Scalchi, Mario Ancona, Zelle de Lussan, Joseph Russitano, Mira Heller, Pol. Plançon, Lucille Hill, N. Castelmari, G. Campanari, Libia Drog, Luigi Mancinelli and E. Bevigiani.

In addition to that there may be seen in the warerooms of the company a French walnut baby grand piano which has been selected by Mme. Eames for her Parisian house.

It will readily occur to anyone in the business that such methods on the part of the Kimball Company must have their direct effect, and make the sale of their instruments easy for those people who handle them.

Those Taylors Again.

The name of C. C. Taylor has appeared many times in the columns of THE MUSICAL COURIER, but unfortunately nothing complimentary has ever appeared concerning that party. We have lately had furnished us some information pertaining to him and also a man by the name of F. L. Taylor, which we are sorry to say is still uncomplimentary to both of them. The Peoria (Ill.) Times has had whole columns relating to them and their actions, and their method of conducting themselves while in that city was so questionable that they were under constant police surveillance.

It must be acknowledged that in their printed circular or even in their advertisement there is nothing which can be particularly objected to. It is on the card which they present to prospective customers wherein they represent themselves as being connected with first-class houses that their misrepresentations come in, and the parties who are the most annoyed by them in this territory are Lyon & Healy and Lyon, Potter & Co.

We append extracts from the Peoria Times.

"A suit was commenced before 'Squire' Shook to-day, in which Colin C. Taylor is complainant and Charles H. Bunn, the tailor, is defendant. The warrant served on Mr. Bunn charged him with larceny as bailee and the embezzlement and unlawful detention of \$200. It will be tried Friday morning at 9 o'clock.

"Monday evening, as Mr. Bunn was about to leave his store for supper, two men entered the store and asked to look at some overcoat goods. While they were looking at the goods one of the men noticed that Mr. Bunn wore a fine diamond in his tie, and remarked the fact. He asked Mr. Bunn what he would sell it for, and was told that it was not for sale, and that it was valued highly as a gift, and would not be parted with. Mr. Bunn also wore a large diamond ring, the stone weighing 4.64 karats, and the man next noticed this stone, and after commenting upon it and examining it critically, offered to buy it.

"Mr. Bunn sized the men up and concluded that they did not want to buy the stone, but were simply making a bluff. Finally to get rid of them he told them to call in the morning and he would talk business to them. The men left and in a few minutes Mr. Bunn was starting for supper, but just as he got to the door one of the men came in again with a woman, his wife. The woman asked to examine the ring and was shown it. Finally, after much quibbling a trade was made and the woman paid Mr. Brown \$200 in two \$100 bills.

"Yesterday they returned and wanted their money back, claiming there were bad defects in the stone and offering Mr. Bunn the ring. He suspected there was something crooked about the transaction, however, and would not accept the ring. He is positive it was not his ring they offered him, but an inferior stone or a glass imitation.

"Taylor then commenced the suit to recover the amount paid for the diamond."

Here is another:

"Colin C. Taylor, wife and young son, and his brother, F. L. Taylor, the traveling young piano tuners who gained considerable notoriety through their questionable transaction buying Charlie Bunn's diamond ring and demanding their money back and their methods of soliciting business, have left town, as things got too hot for them. They left Monday morning at 8 o'clock for Ottawa. There was a third man, younger than the two Taylors, with them, who

is a pianist and gives mandolin lessons. He is still in the city, stopping at the Hosler House, just north of the National House, and will remain here a week longer.

"Mayor Miles gave orders to Chief Fash to have the men watched after he had heard of several of their transactions which seemed rather shady, and the men had been under surveillance for a week previous to their departure. They probably became aware of the fact, and concluded to seek greener fields. They are pretty smooth individuals; for though they were watched and their transactions investigated there was no chance to arrest them upon any charge upon which a good case could be made against them. They were suspected of being crooked from the first, and the Times was correct in its estimate of their character when it first sized them up in the account of the diamond transaction. Mr. Bunn is still stronger than ever in his belief that they tried to work a flim-flam on him when they brought the diamond back and wanted their money back, and Mr. Gable, his cutter, who examined the stone they wanted to return, is more firmly convinced than ever that it was not the stone they had bought, but a very inferior one.

"Chief Fash, besides the telegram mentioned in Saturday's paper, received from the firm of Lyon, Potter & Co., of Chicago, a letter stating that they had been greatly annoyed by the misrepresentations of the Taylors, and wished that some legal step could be taken to rid them of the annoyance in the future.

"The evening the report of the Taylors' suit against Mr. Bunn appeared, they came to the Times office in great indignation and threatened to bring suit for libel unless certain retractions were made, but as nothing more was seen of them about the office, and no papers have been served on the management, it was proven to be what was first supposed—a gigantic attempt at bluffing, in which they were as highly accomplished as in the art of lying.

"It is hoped the good people who paid them several prices for tuning their pianos are satisfied with their dealings with the oily tongued swindlers, but they could have had the same work done as well by Peoria men very much cheaper and at the same time have patronized home industry, which should always have the preference. However, this only adds weight to the truth that people are always ready to patronize strangers. If these men had been doing legitimate business and had agreements with the different piano companies, as they represented, they would have gone first to the local dealers, presented their credentials and gotten recommendations as to their reliability, but as it was none of the local dealers would recommend them, but on the contrary declared them frauds, and there is now little doubt of it."

Will Move.

Mr. Max Adler, successor to the concern of Adler & Hornsteiner, dealers and repairers of old violins, and who have also handled a few Schimmel & Nelson pianos in this city, will remove from their present quarters at 240 Wabash avenue to the third floor of the Steger Building, corner Wabash avenue and Jackson street.

Failed.

Mr. M. K. Park, doing business under the style of W. J. Park & Son, has failed. This is a very old house, but fortunately the music trade will lose nothing by the failure, his principal creditors being a bank and some outside concerns.

Dissolved.

The dissolution of the concern of Scheitlin & Clark, of Knoxville, Tenn., is reported. Mr. Frank Clark succeeds to the business.

A Better Feeling.

The last week's rains have created a different feeling among the agents and dealers in the West, and as a consequence orders have been more freely received.

A New House.

There is scarcely a doubt now that another large concern is about in shape to begin business in this city. A well-known Eastern piano will be handled, and also a Western made instrument. The whole amount of capital, \$100,000, has been secured.

Personals.

John D. Pease, of the Pease Piano Company, of New York, came in town on Thursday and will remain here for several days. Mr. Pease thinks some new style upright pianos which his company is producing will make a hit with their dealers. He is the guest of Mr. MacDonald, the vice-president of the concern and the resident manager.

Mr. C. B. Detrick has been transferred from Chicago to Kansas City and will have charge of the Mason & Hamlin Company's branch store at that point. Mr. Detrick came from there to this city, we believe, and is a man in whom the company and Mr. Gill, the manager of the branch house here, have full confidence.

Mr. A. F. Norris, of the Norris & Hyde Company, was in the city this week, and left with Mr. C. A. Hyde for Boston on Wednesday last.

Mr. C. B. Harger, of the Musical Times, left for a two or three weeks' tour through the East.

Mr. Earle E. Conway, son of Mr. E. S. Conway, of the W. W. Kimball Company, has just become of age, and will take a position with the Kimball Company, beginning with May 1 next.

Mr. Chapman, of Wickham, Chapman & Co., of Springfield, Ohio, was visiting the trade this week. His concern, he says, is busy.

Mr. E. W. Furbush appeared in the city to-day. He thinks business is improving and that there is a better demand for good pianos.

Mr. I. N. Hockett, of Hockett Brothers-Puntenney Company, of Columbus and Cincinnati, passed through here on his return from the Pacific Coast. He is feeling and looking well.

Mr. F. S. Cable was in San Francisco when last heard from. Mr. G. W. Tewksbury is expected to arrive at the Auditorium in this city on Tuesday evening.

Mr. William O'Shea who has been chief salesman for Mr. N. P. Curtice, of Lincoln, Neb., comes to this city and takes a position with the Manufacturers Piano Company. Mr. O'Shea, says that business in Nebraska is in a very bad condition and that it is almost impossible to sell goods there at the present time. He is represented as a very efficient young man.

Gen. Julius J. Estey left here last Wednesday for St. Louis, Mo. From there it is his intention to go straight home.

Mr. M. J. Chase is still South.

When last heard from Mr. P. H. Powers, with his daughter, Mrs. Wadsworth, was in Galveston, Tex., as a guest of Thos. Goggan & Brother. Mr. Powers expects to be in Chicago next week, which is virtually the first time that he has visited their branch store here, as last time he was here he was in town only a couple of days, one of which he was confined to his hotel and the other was spent at the Fair.

Mr. I. N. Rice is taking a short Western trip. Just a few points will be visited by him, and he is expected back here on Monday.

Mr. John Northrop is rejoicing in an extra fine trade this month, which will compare favorably with some of the largest houses in this city. The truth of the matter is that the Emerson branch house here is becoming a very large institution, and has now a very large capital employed. Mr. Northrop also says that his quarters are becoming rather small for the business done.

The Wonderful WEBER Tone

IS FOUND ONLY IN THE



PIANOS.

WAREROOMS: Fifth Avenue and 16th Street, NEW YORK.

Lindemann Piano Company Fails.

Deputy Sheriff Corman on April 1 attached the stock of the Lindemann Piano Company. This was done in the suit of Jacob Brothers, of New York, on a claim of \$8,418.53 for pianos. The Lindemann Company is a Kentucky corporation, which made an attachment possible. One of the plaintiff firm is here, as there is a prospect of his claim being secured by mortgage, in which case the attachment will be released. It is said there are no other large claims outstanding against the defendant.—*Cincinnati Times-Star*.

MR. CHARLES JACOB, of Jacob Brothers, says that the Lindemann Piano Company was so far behind in its payments that his house was forced to the step. After closing the Lindemann Piano Company a bill of sale was given Jacob Brothers and the Lindemann Piano Company once more opened its doors. Hard times have been the cause of the Lindemann Piano Company getting behind in its payments, and while it is open again and doing business, the latter in reality belongs to Jacob Brothers, who are desirous of doing all in their power to help the Lindemanns.

One fact is brought out: that it is Jacob Brothers, who make the Lindemann piano for the Lindemann Piano Company.

Coleman's New Manager.

912 AND 914 RACE STREET,
PHILADELPHIA, Pa., April, 1895.

To the Trade:

I DESIRE to inform you that, having recently resigned the position of teacher of music at the United States Military Academy, at West Point, N. Y., I have assumed the management of the business heretofore carried on by Mr. Harry Coleman, deceased. The business comprises a manufactory of band instruments and publication of music, and for it I solicit your patronage. Being thoroughly conversant with the requirements of military bands and orchestras, it shall be my constant endeavor to fill orders with which the firm may be favored by you in manner such as to meet your entire approbation.

Trusting to be the recipient of your favors, I am

Yours respectfully,

ARTHUR A. CLAPPÉ,
Manager for Harry Coleman Estate.

Shaw in St. Louis.

THE Shaw piano will hereafter be run as the leader of the line handled by the Thiebes-Sterlein Music Company, of St. Louis, Mr. Harry J. Raymore having just personally concluded the deal. Mr. Raymore left St. Louis on Sunday to continue his trip to various other points in the West and South.

New York Through a Westerner's Eyes.

Editors *The Musical Courier*:

NEW YORK to-day; Greater New York to-morrow; the coming metropolis of the globe. London backed to-day by a continent already cultivated to its utmost. New York by a continent in its infancy; with such a showing as she already makes, what may not the future have in store for her?

Yet all this magnificence, all this wealth, must be guided by the proper spirit, else what is now a strength may develop a weakness. Wealth is as conducive to luxury as progression. Luxury is a promoter of ease, traveling by easy stages to a passive disposition that "toil not, neither do they spin." Again wealth is prone to take on airs, to consider itself impregnable, and so fails to keep its picket line out.

Has New York failed in this? Perhaps, but not now! An attack upon the outpost revived the old spirit, and now she is forging ahead, but in that attack she was for the time wounded, and that in her piano industry. Considering herself invincible she failed to deluge that Western territory when the many piano factories were showing their heads. They waited too long and now this army of piano manufacturers in the great West is thoroughly entrenched, Chicago standing first.

But keep your eye upon that ex-metropolis of the West, Cincinnati. Unless the nation's population increases rapidly, then New York's output of pianos will not again reach the majestic proportions of the past. Her territory, formerly boundless, is now limited. Turning to the East—con-

fronted with Boston—to the West, with Chicago first, Cincinnati second; yet this very opposition will be an antidote that shall prevent New York's luxurious capital from basking in the sunshine of ease.

It will arouse the American spirit, more latent perhaps in New York than in any other American city, to push on and keep at the head. Chicago's success is New York's triumph as well, for it is Chicago that has acted as pace maker for New York, and New York can and will make the time. Oh, yes, New York is a great city. Here's my hand on that, and here's the other hand for Chicago. See!

WESTERNER.

OBITUARY.

C. C. Colby.

MR. C. C. COLBY, president of the Colby Piano Company, Erie, Pa., died last Monday night at 9:40. The cause of his demise was heart failure. The news did not reach New York until Tuesday, and as it was so meagre further particulars will be given in our next issue.

—Mr. Charles Stanley, superintendent of the factory of A. Reed & Sons, Dixon, Ill., will arrive in New York to-day.

—Mr. L. Cavalli and Mr. A. Steinbach, of Alfred Dolge & Son, New York, were in Dolgeville last week on business.

—The fourth number of the School Society course at Dolgeville, N. Y., will be given at the Turn Hall next Friday evening. A pleasing program will be presented by Miss Bertha Bucklin, violinist, assisted by Mrs. Alois Brambach, the Männerchor and others.

Change of Name.

THE SOULE PIANO AND ORGAN COMPANY, doing a retail piano and organ business throughout certain portions of New England, was to hold a meeting of stockholders and directors at Brockton, Mass., yesterday to discuss the matter of changing the company's name to the Old Colony Piano and Organ Company. It is probable that the change will be promptly effected, but what effect it will have upon the conduct of the affairs of the company and what the object of the change of name is have not yet been made public.

—Mr. Geo. H. Chickering, president of Chickering & Sons, is ill and confined to his house. Nothing serious is feared.

—Mr. Wm. Rohlfs, of Wm. Rohlfs & Sons, of Milwaukee, Wis., visited Mr. Alois Brambach last week at Dolgeville.

—Mr. B. H. Mitchell, who has for some time been selling the Estey line at Waterville, Me., has secured a store there and will make it his permanent location.

—Ludlow Barker, of Hartford, Conn., is one of the oldest piano dealers in the East. His business was established on April 9, 1850, 45 years ago yesterday.

WANTED—A young man (age 30) who has for several years had charge of a piano and organ department in a leading Western city desires position as chief salesman or manager of a branch house in the East, where application and ability will be appreciated. Address Manager, care of THE MUSICAL COURIER.

WANTED—Two men of experience as outside salesmen, who will work on a moderate salary for the months of June, July and August, with guarantee of yearly contract (if successful) beginning September 1. Immediate, care of THE MUSICAL COURIER.

Mason & Hamlin**New Style Upright.****STYLE 24.**

FURNISHED IN MAHOGANY, BLISTER WALNUT OR EBONIZED CASE.

\$100

RETAIL.

WAREHOUSES:

1199 Broadway, New York.

Self-Playing Piano
ATTACHMENT

FITTED TO
ANY PIANO.

AUTOMATON PIANO CO.,

Factory, 675 Hudson St., cor. 9th Ave. and 14th St.

Like Master Like Dog.

THERE is an old adage that you can tell a master by his dog. It is possible to judge the manufacturer by the piano he makes, or in other words, that the individuality of a piano will in any manner express the individualism of its maker. This thought came to us as we examined a Reed & Sons piano which Mr. J. W. Reed has with him in New York.

Mr. Reed tested the piano in every conceivable manner, and while making no pretension to being a pianist, he has a "tone technique" which many of the finest pianists might envy, showing that in nature's soul he has the true element of melody. Now this piano responded in the highest degree to every demand upon it, and one could see the

blending of the individual and the individuality of the piano; and so did the thought arise that the individualism of maker and piano might be so identical as to be a perceptible fact.

It is certainly not unreasonable to suppose that a piano guided in its scales and construction by a master judge of tone would respond to and resemble the tone quality traits of its maker, his ability as a manufacturer being of course taken into consideration. This theory is well worthy of consideration, and the Reed piano gives strong evidence in its support.

It is a piano of most magnificent tonal qualities, and in bringing this instrument to New York the Reeds need have "no palpitation of the heart," for it is a gem of brightest color.

The Wissner Piano in Boston.

OLIVER DITSON & CO., of Boston, have added the Wissner to their regular line of pianos. The deal was concluded last week too late for announcement in that week's issue. Mr. Frank King said on Wednesday last that he had hopes that Oliver Ditson & Co. would push the Wissner, adding that Mr. Tyler, the head of that institution's piano department, liked the Wissner piano very much and was disposed to let the people of Boston know of and judge it.

The new Wissner upright pianos need but just this showing off. The cases are beautiful and attractive, the cabinet work of a high order, the finish of the varnish delightful to the eye, while the tone is satisfactory to the ear. These new Wissner upright pianos are bound to be very popular.

List of Legitimate Piano Manufacturers in the United States.

(THIS IS A PARTIAL LIST ONLY AND WILL BE COMPLETED DURING THE COMING MONTHS.)

APOLLO PIANO CO.
MANUFACTURERS OF
FINE PIANOS
IN 5 AND 7 OCTAVES
ADDRESS: PRICES & CATALOGUE
APOLLO PIANO CO. BLOOMSBURY N.J.

BAUER PIANOS.

STRICTLY HIGHEST GRADE.

Dealers in want of a leader will do well to examine these instruments. Catalogue on application. Correspondence invited.

JULIUS BAUER & CO.,

Warerooms: 226 & 228 Wabash Ave.,
Factory: 600, 502, 504 & 506 Clybourn Ave.,
CHICAGO.

BEHR BROS. & CO. PIANOS.

Warerooms and Factory, 292-298 11th Ave. and 550 West 29th St.,

NEW YORK.

THE BLASIUS PIANO CO.

(INCORPORATED.)

CAPITAL, - - ONE MILLION DOLLARS.

WOODBURY, N. J.

BOARDMAN & GRAY—Manufactured by Boardman & Gray Piano Company, Albany, N. Y. (See advertisement.)

BRADBURY—Manufactured by Freeborn G. Smith, Brooklyn, N. Y. (See advertisement.)

BRAMBACH—Manufactured by Brambach Piano Company, Dolgeville, N. Y. (See occasional advertisement.)

BRIGGS—Manufactured by Briggs Piano Company, Boston. (See advertisement.)

A. B. CHASE—Manufactured by A. B. Chase Company, Norwalk, Ohio.

CHASE BROTHERS—Manufactured by Chase Brothers Piano Company, Muskegon, Mich. (See advertisement.)

CHICKERING—Manufactured by Chickering & Sons, Boston. (See advertisement.)

CONOVER—Manufactured by Conover Piano Company, Chicago. (See advertisement.)

"CROWN"—Manufactured by Geo. P. Bent, Chicago, Ill. (See advertisement.)

DECKER BROTHERS—Manufactured by Decker Brothers, New York.

EMERSON—Manufactured by Emerson Piano Company, Boston. (See advertisement.)

ESTEY—Manufactured by Estey Piano Company, New York.

J. & C. FISCHER—Manufactured by J. & C. Fischer, New York. (See advertisement.)

THE ELEGANT
Ern

PIANOS & HARPS.

Factories: SAGINAW, MICH.
NEW CATALOGUE JUST ISSUED.

ADDRESS **FRANK H. ERD.**

FOSTER PIANOS.

MANUFACTURED BY

FOSTER & CO.,

ROCHESTER, N. Y.
GILDEMEESTER & KROEGER—Manufactured by Gildemeester & Kroeger, New York. (See advertisement.)

GRAND AND UPRIGHT

HALET & DAVIS—Manufactured by Hallet & Davis Piano Company, Boston, Mass. (See advertisement.)

HARDMAN & LA GRASSA—Manufactured by Hardman & La Grassa, New York. (See advertisement.)

HAZELTON BROTHERS—Manufactured by Hazelton Brothers, New York. (See advertisement.)

HENNING—Manufactured by Henning Piano Company, New York.

HIGH GRADE UPRIGHT PIANOS.

HOUSE & DAVIS

PIANO CO.,

—PIANO MANUFACTURERS—

160, 162 & 164 W. VAN BUREN ST.,
CHICAGO, ILL.

IVERS & POND—Manufactured by Ivers & Pond Piano Company, Boston.

THE JEWETT UPRIGHT PIANOS.

Illustrated Catalogue and Price List on application.

JEWETT PIANO CO., Manufacturers,
LEOMINSTER, MASS.

KELLER BROTHERS—Manufactured by Keller Brothers & Blight Company, Bridgeport, Conn.

KIMBALL—Manufactured by W. W. Kimball Company, Chicago, Ill.

KNABE—Manufactured by Wm. Knabe & Co., Baltimore, Md.

KRANICH & BACH

Grand, Square and Upright

... PIANOS ...

Received Highest Award at the United States Centennial Exhibition, 1876, and are admitted to be the most Celebrated Instruments of the Age. Guaranteed for five years. Illustrated Catalogue furnished on application. Prices reasonable. Terms favorable.

Warerooms, 237 E. 23d Street.
Factory, from 233 to 245 E. 23d St., New York.

KURTZMANN—Manufactured by C. Kurtzmann & Co., Buffalo, N. Y. (See advertisement.)

LINDEMAN—Manufactured by Lindeman Piano Company, New York.

MALCOLM LOVE PIANOS.

A High Grade Piano, equal to any!

MANUFACTURED BY

WATERLOO ORGAN CO., WATERLOO, N. Y.

We invite correspondence from Dealers in localities where we are not represented.

LUDWIG & CO.—Manufactured by Ludwig & Co., New York. (See advertisement.)

MARSHALL & WENDELL, 1853. PIANOS. 1895.

Exquisite Tone! Durable Qualities!
ALBANY, N. Y.

MASON & HAMLIN—Manufactured by the Mason & Hamlin Company, Boston. (See advertisement.)

McCAMMON—Manufactured by McCammon Piano Company, Oneonta, N. Y.

MEHLIN—Manufactured by Paul G. Mehl & Sons, New York. (See advertisement.)

MERRILL—Manufactured by Merrill Piano Company, Boston. (See advertisement.)

NEEDHAM—Manufactured by Needham Piano and Organ Company, New York. (See advertisement.)

NEWBY & EVANS—Manufactured by Newby & Evans, New York. (See occasional advertisement.)

NEW ENGLAND—Manufactured by New England Piano Company, Boston. (See advertisement.)

WE MANUFACTURE THE

POOLE & STUART PIANOS.

Dealers will find them just what they want.

5 Appleton St., BOSTON, MASS.

THE RUSSELL PIANO CO.

Succeeding Stark & Strack Piano Co.,

171 & 173 S. Canal Street,
CHICAGO, ILL.

ADAM SCHAAF, MANUFACTURER OF PIANOS.

Factory: 398 & 400 West Monroe Street.

OFFICE AND SALESROOM:

276 WEST MADISON ST.,
CHICAGO, ILL.

Schaff Bros. Co.

PIANOS.

Nos. 126 to 130 N. Union St., Chicago, Ill.

SCHAEFFER—Manufactured by Schaeffer Piano Company, Chicago.

SCHIMMEL & NELSON—Manufactured by Schimmel & Nelson Piano Company, Faribault, Minn. (See advertisement.)

SHAW—Manufactured by Shaw Piano Company, Erie, Pa.

SHONINGER—Manufactured by B. Shoninger Company, New Haven, Conn.

The SINGER.

THE BEST PIANO TO HANDLE.

—MADE BY—

THE SINGER PIANO CO.,

235 Wabash Avenue, CHICAGO, ILL.

SMITH & BARNES PIANO CO., UPRIGHT PIANOS.

FACTORY:

471 CLYBOURN AVENUE, CHICAGO.

SEND FOR OUR NEW CATALOGUE

SMITH & NIXON—Manufactured by Smith & Nixon, Chicago.

SOHMER—Manufactured by Sohmer & Co., New York. (See advertisement.)

STARR—Manufactured by Starr Piano Company, Richmond, Ind. (See advertisement.)

STECK—Manufactured by Geo. Steck & Co., New York. (See advertisement.)

THE CELEBRATED

STEGER PIANOS

Containing the Techniphone Attachment.

STEGER & CO.,

Factories at Columbia Heights.

OFFICE AND WAREHOUSES:

Cor. Jackson St. and Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

All mail should be sent to the office.

Send for Catalogue.

STEINWAY—Manufactured by Steinway & Sons, New York, London and Hamburg. (See advertisement.)

STERLING—Manufactured by the Sterling Company, Derby, Conn. (See advertisement.)

STRICH & ZEIDLER—Manufactured by Strich & Zeidler, New York. (See advertisement.)

STUYVESANT—Manufactured by Stuyvesant Piano Company, New York.

TRYBER & SWEETLAND

Manufacturers of the

LAKESIDE PIANO,

Nos. 246, 248 & 250 West Lake Street,
CHICAGO, ILL.

VOSE—Manufactured by Vose & Sons Piano Company, Boston.

WEBER—Manufactured by Weber Piano Company, New York. (See advertisement.)

WEBSTER—Manufactured by Webster Piano Company, New York. (See advertisement.)

WEGMAN—Manufactured by Wegman Piano Company, Auburn, N. Y. (See advertisement.)

WESER BROTHERS—Manufactured by Weser Brothers, New York. (See advertisement.)

WHELOCK—Manufactured by Wm. E. Wheelock & Co., New York.

WISSNER—Manufactured by Otto Wissner, Brooklyn, N. Y. (See advertisement.)

A Japanese Victory!

85 Hijasli, Lambaicho,

Sendai, Japan, Jan. 21, '95.



Mr. W. H. BURGNER,

Tuscarawas St., Canton, Ohio, U. S. A. :



Dear Sir :

The Kranich & Bach Piano shipped to us from New York on August 28 reached us December 28. It was in perfect condition, and not at all badly out of tune. It is fully equal to the one you showed us in Canton. Mrs. S. is much pleased with it. I want to express my thanks to you and to the company for kindness in the matter.



We live in a Japanese house, and are quite comfortable. We both are studying the language, and also teach in the college and theological seminary, and Mrs. Snyder in our girls' school.



Wishing you well in your business and that you may ever be interested in extending our Master's Kingdom to the ends of the earth, I remain,



Sincerely yours,

(Signed) REV. S. S. SNYDER.



KRANICH & BACH,

New York, N. Y., U. S. A.

HINTS FOR ADVERTISERS.

By Charles Austin Bates.

No. LXXVI.

IN order to make this department as useful as possible, and to know that it is being made useful, correspondence is invited. If there are any questions about advertising which we can answer, we will be glad to do so. Advertisements sent in will be criticised and suggestions made for their improvement. In order that these ads. shall not go astray in the mails or among the mass of exchanges which come to this office, it is recommended that the advertisement be cut from the paper, marked with the name and date of issue and mailed to us under letter postage.

COLUMBIA, S. C., March 25, 1895.

Mr. Charles Austin Bates, New York:

DEAR SIR—I clipped an ad. and sent you for criticism about a month ago, but see no mention of it yet.

Did not care whether you reproduced it or not, but should have liked a reply. I know there is no one who appreciates the interest you are taking in aiding the retail piano and organ dealers to advertise more than myself. Very truly

M. A. MALONE.

I publish this letter of Mr. Malone's merely as a text to give me an opportunity to say that I can by no possibility criticise all of the advertisements that come to me, nor can I answer all of the letters or any considerable part of them. I am always glad to receive letters and advertisements. When these seem to present some subject which may be made of general interest I try to use them. I may fail to use something which is better than something else which I do use. That is only another evidence of the misfortune of being merely human, which reminds me of a story told of Joseph Pulitzer, proprietor of the New York World. Returning from one of his frequent European trips he found a new man at work in the World office. He stopped at the desk and said: "I presume you are Mr. Smith. I am Mr. Pulitzer. Are you doing good work?" The new man replied that he was doing the best he could, to which Pulitzer responded, "Angels can't do more."

ONEIDA, N. Y., March 22, 1895.

Mr. Charles Austin Bates:

DEAR SIR—If you have any copies of the booklet by S. D. Lanter Co., Newark, please send me one.

I inclose copy of one of our advertisements for your criticism. We change them each issue.

In regard to your question in THE MUSICAL COURIER of March 13, as to Ludden & Bates not publishing special prices, I would suggest that they feared to do so, as any piano customer, seeing a special price published on a certain make of piano, would certainly take that price as a starting point and march off to other music stores first to see if he could do better, and Ludden & Bates would be the last one he would visit. I think their advertisement was very good, and well calculated to bring customers into the store, and that a what advertising is for. But publishing special prices on well-known makes will defeat its own purpose.

Yours,

E. E. ROOT,
Of Crandall & Root.

I am glad to have this letter with the talk about the publication of prices. I wish I could get more of them, so that possibly I might learn why prices should not be published. I must confess that this letter does not convince me. If it was right, the argument would apply to any other line of

business just as well as to pianos—and it doesn't apply to any other line of business that I know of.

There are dealers who sell pianos solely on the one price basis. It seems to me, from the outsider's standpoint, this is the only fair way to sell pianos; and when it is done, I can't see the difference between telling a dozen people in the store the price of the piano and telling twenty thousand people in the paper the price of the piano. I can't see any reason for Mr. Root's assertion that the people who would read of a certain price on a certain piano would go first to the other music stores. I think exactly the opposite would be true. The dry goods man who advertises the special prices on a certain article does so because experience has taught him that such a procedure will bring the reader directly to his store in preference to any other store. Just why this should not be true in the piano business I fail to see, anyway. I will be glad to receive communications from others on this same subject.

The advertisement which Mr. Root sends me is a pretty good one, but I believe it would better if he advertised the names of the pianos. Here is the ad. to speak for itself:

WE TRY TO BE FAIR!

And we believe that is the only basis on which to build a permanent business reputation. The degree of favor we have been shown by our townsmen is a pretty fair indication of how we do business. We keep a carefully selected stock of some of the finest Pianos and Organs made, and if you patronize us you will have money left.

CRANDALL & ROOT,
MAIN ST., ONEIDA, N. Y.

Here is a Mason & Hamlin ad. from Chicago. It is a good ad., all but the headline. The headline doesn't mean

When You

Start out to buy a piano it will pay you to look into our claims of superiority. Our Pianos contain all the essential features required in a first-class instrument that are in any piano. Then we have the "Screw Stringer" system of fastening the wires, which makes the piano stand in tune longer than any other. The Mason & Hamlin is the only piano that contains this improvement. Call and see it or send for catalogue.

Mason & Hamlin

New
Warerooms,

252 Wabash Avenue.

JAMES K. M. GILL,
Manager.

anything, and doesn't excite curiosity. If another line had been added to make the heading read, "When you buy

pianos," it would have been improved very much. I believe that every piano ad. ought to have the word "piano" or "pianos" prominently displayed in some way. It might be placed at the bottom of the ad., with the signature, as has been done in the ready made advertisements which have appeared in this department. It ought to be there some place, anyway.

The Century Piano Company, of Minneapolis, has wasted a good deal of space and time in this advertisement in being cute. I do not believe that any salesman in their store

"Twice Two Is Four."

Sounds prosy, but it is true if it IS in an "ad."
"The Anderson Piano is absolutely unexcelled by any upright piano in the world;" sounds like agents' "talk" but it is just as true as the multiplication table, and being true you ought to know it. If you have any doubt call and see for yourself.

CENTURY PIANO CO.,
Century Building, Minneapolis.

would talk to a customer in such a childish way as this advertisement talks. This advertisement is very different from those published by W. J. Dyer & Brother and by Foster & Waldo, both of Minneapolis, and two of the most intelligent piano advertisers I know of.

Here is a reading notice from the New Orleans Picayune. Like most all reading notices, it is too bald an advertisement to be good. A reading notice to possess any value ought to be interesting, and ought to appear as a piece of news or as an interesting bit of information. The advertising part of it will be stronger if it is made very inconspicuous. This reading notice ought to have started out by describing the piano as a new invention or something of that sort, telling of its features and incidentally mentioning the name. Toward the end of the notice the fact that it could be seen at Grunewald's, 715 Canal street, could have been stated with perfect propriety.

A NOVEL PIANO.

Something to Interest Musicians.

Among the musical novelties of the age is the Crown Piano, manufactured by George P. Bent, of Chicago, for which the Grunewalds, of 715 Canal street, have just accepted the agency. This wonderful instrument has pedal attachments, by the use of which exact imitations of the harp, guitar, mandolin or zither are produced. It is also so constructed that the instrument can be easily changed into a dumb piano and used for practice. Taken as a whole, the "Crown" is a scientific achievement in a musical way, and has only to be seen and heard to be appreciated at its full value. So as to afford musicians and others an opportunity to inspect this new candidate for popular favor, the Grunewalds cordially invite the public to call and inspect it at their mammoth music emporium.

WANTED—A practical piano maker with a few thousand dollars wants a partner with capital to engage in the manufacture of pianos; one who understands and knows the trade. Address A. B., THE MUSICAL COURIER.

CROWN PIANOS AND ORGANS



The Orchestral Attachment and Practice Clavier
are found only in the "CROWN" Pianos.

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL AND WONDERFUL
EFFECTS CAN BE PRODUCED WITH
THIS ATTACHMENT.



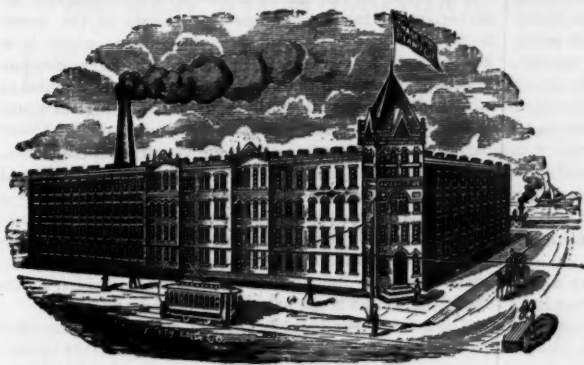
IT IS MOST HIGHLY INDORSED BY THE
BEST MUSICIANS WHO HAVE
HEARD AND TRIED IT.

Call for Catalogue.

Agents Wanted in all Unoccupied Territory.

MADE AND SOLD TO THE TRADE ONLY BY

GEO. P. BENT, 323 to 333 SO. CANAL STREET,
CHICAGO.



CHASE BROS. PIANO CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Grand and Upright Pianos.

MUSKEGON, MICH.

CHICAGO, ILL.

NEW ENGLAND PIANOS

LIVE WORKING AGENTS WANTED.
SEND FOR CATALOGUE. MAILED FREE.LARGEST PRODUCING PIANO FACTORIES IN THE WORLD.
MANUFACTURING THE ENTIRE PIANO.

Dealers looking for a first-class Piano that will yield a legitimate profit and give perfect satisfaction will be amply repaid by a careful investigation.

NEW ENGLAND PIANO CO., 32 GEORGE STREET,
BOSTON.

Warerooms: 200 Tremont St., Boston—98 Fifth Ave., New York.

262 and 264 Wabash Avenue, CHICAGO, ILL.

Have you seen
THE NEW
SCALE

STERLING
Pianos

FACTORIES
DERBY, CONN.

C. BECHSTEIN

GRAND
AND
UPRIGHT
PIANOS.

By Specie Appointment to

His Majesty the Emperor of Germany, King of Prussia,
Her Majesty the Empress of Germany, Queen of Prussia,
Her Majesty the Queen of England,
Her Majesty the Empress-Queen Frederick of Germany,
His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh, Duke of Saxe Coburg-Gotha,
Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise of England (Marchioness of Lorne).

Largest Factories in Europe.

LONDON, W.

40 WIGMORE STREET,

BERLIN, N.

5-7 JOHANNIS STRASSE.

THE VOCALION ORGAN.

THE MOST IMPORTANT AND BEAUTIFUL INVENTION
IN THE MUSICAL WORLD OF THE NINE-
TEENTH CENTURY.The Music Trade and Profession are invited to hear and inspect
this charming instrument as now manufactured at WORCESTER, MASS.

FOR CATALOGUES AND PRICES ADDRESS

THE MASON & RISCH VOCALION CO. (Limited),
Worcester, Mass.

NEW YORK WAREHOUSES:

10 E. 16th St., between Fifth Ave. and Union Square.

CHICAGO WAREHOUSES:

Lyon, Potter & Co., 174 Wabash Ave.

THE HIGH GRADE

Mehlin Pianos

Are the Most Improved &
BEST SELLING
HIGH GRADE PIANOS.
Strictly of the Highest Class and
just what you want for a LEADER.

Have you seen
OUR PATENT
INVERTED
GRAND

Western
Factory
Minneapolis Minn.

Paul G. Mehlin & Sons
U.S. 40th ST.
COR. 10th AVE. NEW YORK

WEGMAN & CO., Piano Manufacturers.

ALL our Instruments contain the full Iron Frame with the Patent Tuning Pin.
The greatest invention of the age; any radical changes in the climate, heat or
dampness cannot affect the standing in tune of our instruments and therefore we
challenge the world that ours will excel any other.

AUBURN, N. Y.



JACOB DOLL,

MANUFACTURER OF

HIGH
GRADE Grand and Upright Pianos.FACTORY: Southern Boulevard, East 133d, East 134th Streets
and Trinity Avenue.

WAREHOUSES AND OFFICE: 113 East 14th Street.

Frishmuth Collection of Primitive Musical Instruments.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL research, in the amazing strides it has taken within the past few years, has brought to light no relics of an ancient people so interesting as their musical instruments. As the baby's first impulse is to make a noise, so the most primitive of races has or had its knee rattle, its Pan pipes or its rude drum, representing as much ingenuity as, if not more than, our organ, piano or violin, and affording equal delight to a people whose musical perceptions are at that happy stage when sound and melody mean the same thing, and there is no overcultivated ear to find torture in dissonances. To trace the evolution of these rude instruments to those of the present day, which, in all but a few instances, are only improved variations on the old pipes, whistles and one stringed fiddles, is an extremely interesting study.

Fascinating as the field is for those who have the collecting crase, the extreme difficulty of procuring these ancient and priceless relics has debarred many archæologists from entering it, and there are only three collections of the musical instruments of ancient and modern races in the United States. One of these has been gathered together by Mrs. W. D. Frishmuth—a magnificent collection of close upon 400 pieces, a number of which were used by Dr. Hugh A. Clarke to illustrate his lectures on primitive musical instruments. It is probable, indeed, that the University Museum will be selected as the place of lodgment for these treasures, as the collection is fast outgrowing the accommodations of any private house.

This transference will be made when the collection is completed. That it does not already include every conceivable instrument of every conceivable nation, tongue, tribe and people on the face of the earth is difficult to realize in looking on the bewildering variety of bells, drums, pipes, whistles, rattles, guitars, gongs, horns and hurdy-gurdies with which the world in its young days expressed its over exhilaration of spirits in sounds, musical and otherwise. Here are the pipes of Pan from Leper's Island, the earliest musical instrument used by the human race, of which our magnificent cathedral organ of the present day is the last and highest stage of development. Beginning with the single reed—whose use was probably suggested by the melodious sighing of the wind through the grasses—it was easy to proceed to a number of reeds of different lengths to produce difference in tone effects, bound together with a rustic braid of straw. Familiar as it is in pictures—where Pan and his nymphs and satyrs dance merrily to its music—it is extremely difficult to procure the interesting little instrument, which was used with little change by all the Oriental nations. Few people of to-day have even seen one.

The sho from Japan (appearing in China under the name of ching) is the earliest progenitor of our organ. Bamboo pipes of different length are bound together in cylindrical form and fastened in a small cylindrical box with a mouth-piece attached.

The marimba, or African piano, is in reality an organ, and is one of the most curious and characteristic instruments in Mrs. Frishmuth's collection. This specimen came from Guatemala, in Central America, whither the negro slaves brought the art of making and performing on it from Africa. It is identical with that used by the natives of the Dark Continent. A wooden frame supports a number of wooden keys, beaten like a xylophone with two sticks, tipped with little rubber balls. The rude organ pipes are curiosities in themselves, consisting of gourds of varying lengths, each perforated with a small hole, almost covered with beeswax. The wax is used to increase the resonance of tone, and Livingstone says that the African natives sometimes stretch spider webs over the holes to serve the same purpose. The instrument is slung over the performer's shoulder by a curved bamboo frame.

African ingenuity in musical instruments seems rather to run toward pianos. The Central African zanze, a pretty little carved box with a row of bamboo keys of graded lengths raised from the surface by means of a bridge, is played with the fingers, and furnishes some of the most ear splitting music which soothes the savage breast.

By far the largest and most interesting part of the collection consists of stringed instruments of every shape, size and style and degree of antiquity imaginable. One of the crudest and oldest is the tsetze, or fiddle, from Mom-

basa, East Africa, sufficiently primitive in its construction to have been the first attempt of Jubal, spoken of in Scripture as the father of music. It is simply a stick of wood, with the bridges for the single string carved out at one end, and with a dried half of a gourd acting as the body of the fiddle. Equaling it in primitive simplicity is the kissar, or Soudanese lyre, the only form of the lyre in existence to-day. The body is a hollow bowl of wood covered with skin, and an oblong frame of rude sticks supports the strings, which are tuned by twisting and untwisting them from the little rolls of rag which serve as tuning keys. A chain of cowrie shells hangs across it as a decoration. This specimen is very old.

Fantastic forms are much sought after by nations a little farther advanced in civilization. The megyung from India or Siam, a guitar carved into a lifelike representation of an alligator; an old Hindoo fiddle carved out of one piece to represent a fleur-de-lys; the taus, an Indian guitar-fiddle, made in the likeness of a gorgeous peacock; an odd Persian guitar, whose body is formed by a large bladder tied tightly in the middle, and the far famed sitar, whose melodious music is extolled by Oriental poets, are picturesque features of the collection. A very rare and valuable specimen is the Burmese violin or thro, which cannot be obtained for love or money, so attached are the musicians to these instruments. It is of wood, ornately carved and inlaid with tiny bits of glass the size of a pin's head, and the whole painted black and highly polished. A very old banjo, made from a squash, came from a negro cabin in Georgia, and was brought thither from Africa by the savage forefathers of its nineteenth century owners. Another quaint instrument is the shovel-shaped rebab estsharer (poet's fiddle), from Persia, and still another is the old-fashioned English hurdy-gurdy, 200 years old, which appears to be a little of everything, having the shape of a guitar, the keys of a piano and the turning crank of a hand organ.

An instrument which the curious will eye with especial interest when the collection is transferred to the University Museum and thrown open to the public is the old harpsichord or David's harp, supposed to be identical in style with that used by the sweet singer of Israel. It is the only instrument known which has a double sounding board, and was in high favor and use about the year 1600. The one stringed Japanese and Chinese harps or lutes are oddities and can no longer be obtained. Those in Mrs. Frishmuth's collection are flat wooden boards affording no resonance, and the frets are tiny birds carved of ivory.

Coming closer to modern times, the collection contains a number of fine lutes, including the seventeenth century viol d'amour, a Cremona guitar, a Voboam lute and an exquisitely decorated French harp of the Louis XVI. period, unstrung by some vandal during the stormy days which followed that monarch's reign.

The drum and rattle, the first delight of the childhood of the race, as well as of the individual, appear in some interesting forms. There is the knee rattle used by our own Apache Indians, a turtle shell with a string of tiny deer hoofs attached for rattlers; an Alaskan rattle in the shape of a bird with a curious likeness of a human face painted on the back, and the suza, or red lacquer rattle, hung with bells, which is used in the temple service of Japan by the scarlet women, and is the exact counterpart of the plaything dear to the heart of civilized babies. Of drums and gongs there is a large enough representation to deafen Babel or Pandemonium themselves were they beaten simultaneously; the Japanese shoulder drums and thigh drums, made in hour glass form of lacquered wood and sheepskin; the terra cotta pots and vases from Egypt, Arabia and Persia, covered with skin and beaten with the hand; the tremendous Japanese war drum, hollowed from the trunk of a tree, which hangs in a frame, and the thlinkat or bearskin council drum of the Alaskan Indians.

The largest article in the entire collection is an immense horizontal frame of rudely carved and decorated wood, strung across with wires, on which stand fourteen gongs, which, when struck rapidly in succession, produce a weird effect on the ear. Another Burmese instrument consists of a large upright frame decorated with gilt eagles, from which are suspended two brass gongs. The performer beats between the two. Another superb specimen is a Japanese temple drum, which also hangs from an upright frame and is exquisitely decorated with gorgeous paintings upon a gilt ground.

It is taking a step backward from semi-civilization to barbarism to turn from these instruments to the queer drum used by the natives of New Guinea, which is a wooden cylinder, depressed in the centre into somewhat the shape of an hour-glass hung horizontally. Snakeskin is stretched tightly over the ends and a fringe of small square pieces of mother-of-pearl is fastened on the lower part, and mingles its gay jingling sound with the rub-a-dub-dub of the drum. Another curiosity is the "musical pot" from Mysore, India, used in the native orchestras—a big clumsy thing, which at a certain point in the performance is thrown high in the air and suffered to come down broken. This fact of their always being broken makes them extremely difficult to procure, and that in Mrs. Frishmuth's collection is the only one in the country.

The musical kite is a gay affair of colored and decorated paper—a butterfly about the size of an eagle, fitted up with an arrangement of strings on the reverse side of his body, which acts, when the kite is flown, on the principle of an Æolian harp. China furnishes them. They are used chiefly as toys.

Flutes of all nations, from the nose flute of burnt bamboo of the South Pacific islands to the ponderous looking old English opheicleide or bassoon, form one department of the collection. Among war trumpets the African koodoo horn and the Japanese war trumpet are characteristic specimens. The latter, a huge conch shell covered with a net, is of almost priceless value, and it took three years to procure this particular one. The shofar, a goat horn hung with bead amulets, used by the dervishes for serpent charming, is the same instrument used by the Jews in their temple worship from ancient times up to the present. The cholera horn of India, a huge horn of copper gaily painted, is used to frighten away the dread plague. The "serpent" flute or horn is a curious thing—a tremendous trumpet shaped like a black serpent, still used in England in the Moravian Church service.

Human bones were apparently popular with the ancients for making musical instruments. In the old English ballad of Binnorie a harp is made of the golden tresses and the breastbone of a drowned maiden, and the same rather ghastly utilitarianism is adopted in Thibet, which contributes to this collection a flute made of the thigh bone of a lama, and a double drum made of the skulls of two lamas, covered with skin and with a beater, in the form of a small bit of bone or metal at the end of a string attached to it. Most of these instruments are of undated antiquity, and those that are not are exactly the same as if made centuries ago, for the unprogressive Oriental never changes his musical instruments. The European adapts, improves and occasionally, though very rarely, for there is nothing new under the sun in this direction, invents; but to-day the native of Egypt or Thibet plays exactly the same instrument in exactly the same way of his great-great-great and so on backward into the mists of antiquity.—*Exchange*.

John Ludwig's Business Trip.

MR. JOHN LUDWIG, of the house of Messrs. Ludwig & Co., started Monday for a protracted tour among the piano dealers. It is his intention to be absent the better part of the month.

This move has been contemplated by Mr. Ludwig for some time, as he has a desire to visit the men who handle the Ludwig instrument in its present highly improved state. Besides, there are many business matters, such as figures, &c., that the head of the firm can more readily settle than his salesmen, and such matters need not be delayed by the slower process of letter writing.

The factory additions for facilitating case making have been perfected, and an augmented force of men is seen about the factory.

So far as getting abreast of orders is concerned, affairs have not improved in the least, according to Mr. Ludwig, and the firm are still behind in filling the demands for pianos. The improved scales that were being worked on have been brought to a state of perfection.

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THE NEW STAIB FACTORY.

BARTOLOMMEO DI FRANCESCO CRISTOFORI, the best harpsichord maker in Padua, and later of Florence, is the accredited inventor of the piano action. He was born in 1651 and was patronized by Prince Ferdinand, a son of the Grand Duke Cosmo III., a noted harpsichord player, who visited Padua in 1687 and induced Cristofori to take up his abode in Florence.

It was Cristofori who first overcame the difficulty of introducing hammers into the harpsichord, obstacles that included great increase of tension. Prince Ferdinand died in 1713, and Cristofori, continuing in the service of the Grand Duke, in 1716 received the charge of the eighty-four musical instruments left by the prince. Of these nearly one-half were harpsichords and spinets. Seven of these were of Cristofori's make. History gives descriptions of his action or hammer mechanism in 1711. It shows the key with the intermediate lever and the hopper, the thrust of which against a notch in the butt of the hammer jerks the latter upward to the string. The instant return of the hopper to its perpendicular position is secured by a spring, thus the escapement or controlled rebound of the hammer is without doubt the invention of Cristofori.

The fall of the intermediate lever governs an under damper, but there is no check to graduate the fall of the hammer in relation to the force exercised to raise it. It was not long until this end was realized. A Cristofori grand piano made in 1720 bears evidence of the check completing the machine. Cristofori died in 1731. The march of improvement in the piano action has culminated in the evidently perfect action of the present day, and in no country is this more evident than America, which is noted for the superiority of its pianos.

It was Mr. G. Bernhard Shaw who characterized the piano as the most important of all musical instruments, and declared that "its invention was to music what the invention of printing was to poetry."

The New York firms engaged in this line of industry involve most notably what is known as the Staib Piano Action Manufacturing Company. Its plant is located at 134th street and Brook avenue. The present incumbents of office in connection with this house include Mr. Albert Staib, president; Mr. G. F. Abendschein, secretary, and his son, Mr. George Abendschein, treasurer.

It is not because the trade is not familiar with the name of the firm under consideration that THE MUSICAL COURIER presents this descriptive article relative to the Staib enterprise, but because, after five years of strenuous work in the old downtown quarters, the company has made a step in the direction of undertaking heavier contracts, and to this end has increased facilities, comprising the most modern improvements.

Without doubt the Staib piano action factory is one of the best arranged of any in upper New York. The building, 50x100 feet in space and six stories in height, was erected by Mr. George Abendschein, the treasurer, to whom it belongs. Three floors of this structure are occupied by the Staib Company and the remaining three stories are rented out.

Three sides of this factory—the east, west and north sides—are liberally lighted by high, wide windows, while the south wall is blind. The entire factory from start to finish is cleanly, and order is a characteristic feature of the place. The temperature is kept even, steam being the heating agent.

On the west side of the factory is the lumber yard, 40x100 feet in space, where lumber is received in the rough, or log sawed. In the yard the air drying is done, after which the lumber is placed in the department arranged over the boilers for kiln drying. This room has a capacity for 15,000 feet of lumber.

In a finely fitted department on the second floor is the stock room. Here are found the various materials used in the manufacture of actions—the company does not make keys nor hammers—including cloth, felt and such hardware

as is necessary to use in the process of action construction. In the case of stock, as well as woods, the highest grade of materials is used.

The arrangement of the various working departments has been carefully considered and carried out. The boiler rooms contain two 80 horse power boilers, and the machinery of the plant is propelled by a 100 horse power engine. By means of late inventions all of the sawdust and waste is carried from the various departments of the factory and by a fan system fed into the boilers. The ventilating is augmented by the use of fans.

Convenience has been taken into account, and the mill room is located handily on the ground floor. Here there are all of the latest inventions in the way of wood cutting machines, planers, saws, joiners, &c., and the lumber is cut, trimmed and planed.

The machine room is next to be visited. This is on the second floor, where the moldings are cut up and bored. Then the parts are taken to the finishing department, on the third floor. The finishing embraces the work of covering, stringing, bushing, gluing, sandpapering, polishing, &c.

Thirty-two modern made machines are in use in this factory, and the large body of hands employed at once impresses the visitor.

The personal supervision of the Messrs. Staib and Abendschein is conducive to careful, reliable work, and as a consequence the trade demands for this company's piano actions are growing.

It is Mr. Staib's ambition to develop the facilities of his factory by the continual addition of modern improvements, and he hopes that in time he will be under the necessity of notifying the tenants of the upper three floors to vacate and make way for the manufacture of piano actions to satisfy the company's spreading patronage.

—Mr. Wiley B. Allen, the well-known music dealer, of Portland, Ore., is just recovering from a severe illness. He was so low a few days ago that his life was despaired of.

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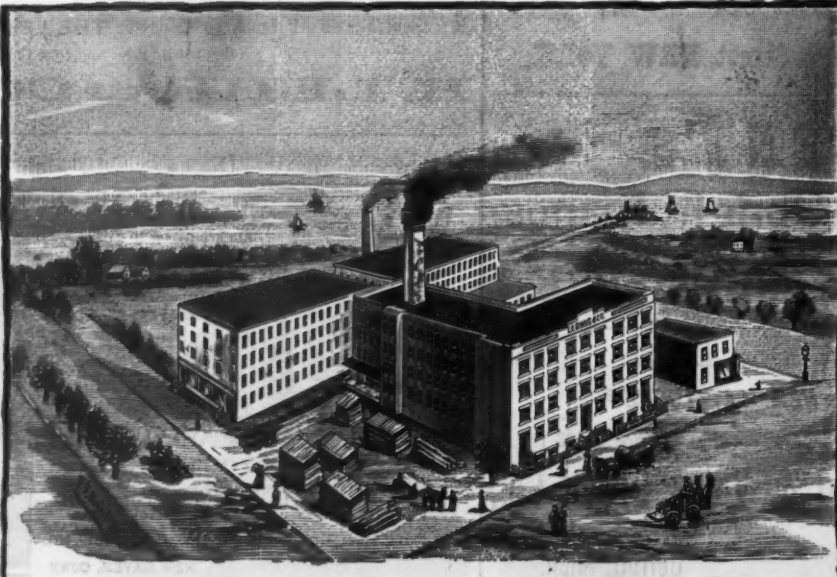
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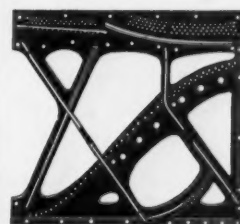


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Patented November 3, 1891.

Messrs. ALFRED DOLGE & SON, New York City:

Dear Sirs—We have consulted counsel and are advised that the use of a sounding board button, or any similar article, glued or in any other way secured to the back of a piano, for the purpose of effecting the same result as that effected by our patent packing thimble, would undoubtedly be an infringement of the patent. We therefore see no way but to notify such infringers courteously, and if they do not desist, then appeal to the courts.

The essence of our patent, the "novelty" that entitles us to the patent, is not in a new form, but in a new use of a form not new. It is entirely immaterial whether the packing thimble be made of wood or metal, or other substance, and it is entirely immaterial whether it be a button attached by glue or any other means, or a button provided with a tube for attaching it to the piano. The instant the mere button is attached for substantially the same purpose as that accomplished by the thimble, that instant the button becomes the head and the wood around the screw-hole becomes the tube of the very article patented, viz., a packing thimble, and thus the infringement is accomplished in fact as in spirit.

Masonic Temple, Tremont and Boylston Streets,
Boston, Mass., March 13th, 1895.

Yours very truly, IVERS & POND PIANO CO.,

G. A. GIBSON, Treas.

ALFRED DOLGE & SON, GENERAL SELLING AGENTS, 110 & 112 East 13th St., New York City.



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